

MASSEY-HARRIS BICYCLES.

**RELIABLE,
GUARANTEED,
EASY TERMS.**

Stead's
REVIEW OF REVIEWS
FOR AUSTRALASIA



The New King: A Character Sketch.

**WESTERN AUSTRALIA AT THE BEGINNING OF
THE CENTURY.**

MARCH - 1901

PRICE - NINEPENCE

YOUR SIGHT.

CARTER & WERNER,

YOUR SPECTACLES.

OPTICIANS, 56 ELIZABETH ST., MELBOURNE; 151 OAK ST., BALMORAT.
YOUR SIGHT THOROUGHLY TESTED, and your Spectacles and Pin-ceraz made to measure. SPENT TESTING by C. H. F. Wernie;
by Examination: Diploma of Fellowship, War Hospital, Company of Spectacle Makers, London.

CARLTON ALE

**SUPPLIED TO
HER LATE MAJESTY
QUEEN VICTORIA**

Schweppes Soda.

**AND
HIS MAJESTY
KING EDWARD VII.**

[Registered as a Newspaper for transmission through the Post.]

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

NO!

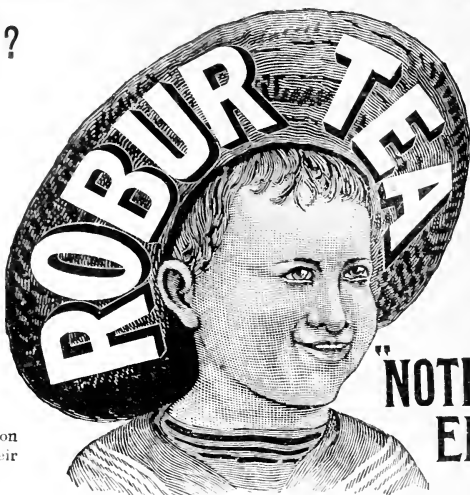
THEN YOU OUGHT!

We do not
Endeavour
To influence you
By what we could
Ourselves say.
We simply
Ask you to

READ THE FOLLOWING

Testimony of the Leading Experts on
Food Products in these colonies: if their
opinions will induce you to try it,

THE TEA WILL DO THE REST.



**"NOTHING
ELSE"**

"THE LEAF OF THE TRUE TEA PLANT."

Government Analyst, Vic., reports

Melbourne, 30th May, 1883.

I hereby certify that I have made an analytical examination of "Robur" Teas taken from stock, and found them to be of superior character, strong and rich in extract, of very pure flavour, and well blended. From the results obtained I can recommend these teas to public confidence.

C. R. BLACKETT,
Laboratory, 339 Swanston-st., Melbourne.

21st June, 1900.

After a lapse of a period of seven years I have again in my private capacity as Analyst examined samples of "Robur" Tea taken from stock by myself, and endorse my formerly expressed opinion of same. I found the Tea in packets identical with that in tins.

C. R. BLACKETT, Analyst.

Public Analyst, Melbourne, reports

From my analytical and microscopical examinations I am enabled to testify that the "Robur" teas are of excellent quality, pure, strong, and fragrant. The samples I operated upon were selected by me personally from a large stock, representing between twenty and thirty tons.

JOHN KIRSE, Public Analyst.

Public Analyst, N.S.W., reports

A careful chemical analysis of each of the four samples of "Robur" Tea, marked "Special," No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3, show them to be strong and rich in extract, free from adultera-

tion, lead, and impurities; the aroma and strength are directly in the order given.

W. A. DIXON, F.I.C., F.C.S.

Government Analyst, W.A., reports—

I have carefully tested and analysed the three samples of "Robur" Tea you sent me, and find, under the microscope, that they consist of the leaves of the TRUE tea plant, and by analysis that they contain a high percentage of extract, and are free from artificial colouration and other adulterants, while the infusion proves that they are excellent in flavour and aroma.

BERNARD H. WOODWARD,

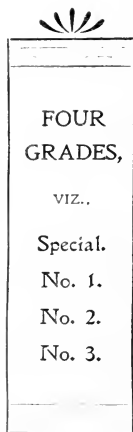
Government Analyst.

N.B. The method of packing in 5 oz. and 1 lb. tins is especially advantageous for this colony, and ought to recommend itself to all those travelling in the bush, for the tins preserve the quality and prevent the danger of lead poisoning which might result from the use of that metal.—B.H.W.

Government Analyst, Queensland, reports—

I, the undersigned, Government Analyst for the Colony of Queensland, do hereby certify that I received samples of "Robur" Tea and have analysed the same, and declared the result to be as follows:—The "Robur" Tea is the genuine leaves of the tea plant; it is exceptionally rich in extractive matter, and of the highest standard for purity and strength.

J. BROWNIE HENDERSON.



HUNDREDS OF TONS SOLD ANNUALLY

IN TINS AND ODOURLESS VEGETABLE PARCHMENT PACKETS.

Ask your Grocer to get it for you if he has not already got it in stock.

For mutual advantage when you write to an advertiser please mention the Review of Reviews.



"THE KING"

NOT A BIT AFRAID

Employer (to clerk who has been sent to collect some money): "Well, what did he say?"

Clerk "That he would break every bone in my body and pitch me out of the window if I showed my face there again!"

Employer. "Did he? Then go back at once and tell him that he is vastly mistaken if he thinks he will intimidate me by his violence."



FRETWORK, CARVING.

Highest Awards. Gold Medals.

Brass, Bent Iron, Burnt-wood, Bamboo,
Leather Work, and Picture Framing.

Catalogue, 1000 Illustrations, Post Free, 6d.
GIVEN AWAY to each purchaser of this Edition of our Catalogue, a Full-sized Design of the Bracket illustrated.

HARGER BROS.,

Settle, Yorks, England.

24 R DEPT.



25s.

Head and Face
Steaming
Attachment
3s. 6d. extra.

.. THE .. "QUAKER"

TURKISH AND VAPOR BATH CABINET

For Hot Air, Vapor, or Medicated
Baths at Home.

PRESCRIPTIONS FREE.

All who suffer from Rheumatism, Liver,
Kidney or Bladder troubles, Catarrh,
Eczema, Obesity, Night Sweats, etc.,
should write at once for one of these
wonderful Cabinets.

J. CHALMERS, AGENT.

229 COLLINS STREET,
MELBOURNE.

Quaker Oats

PRIZE WORD CONTEST.


OPEN TO AUSTRALASIA ONLY.



The competitors in this contest have been far more numerous than was anticipated, and many of the lists have been compiled without the competitors adhering strictly to the conditions. In some instances proper names have been used; in others the trade marks have not been forwarded; while many competitors, one in particular, who has gone to a considerable amount of trouble and would probably have been successful, have omitted to send either name or address, and it is with great reluctance that we are compelled to pass these lists.

It is expected, however, that the April number of the "Review of Reviews" will contain full particulars as to the successful competitors. In the meantime

SAVE THE TRADE MARKS.

 Cut from the front of the packet of **QUAKER OATS**, and watch for the **NEXT COMPETITION**, which will be much simpler to solve, and the rewards will comprise

**A MUCH LARGER CASH PRIZE,
AND 100 WATCHES.**



MORE SATISFACTORY.

Sunday-School Teacher "BE GOOD, WILLIE, AND I'LL GIVE YOU A NICE NEW BIBLE FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY."
Willie: "I'M GOING TO BE BAD. I WANTS A SHOOTIN' GUN."

This Popular English Sweet
 is shipped regularly to the
 principal ports of Australia.



Absolutely Pure. Delicious Flavour.

SOLD BY ALL CONFECTIONERS
 AND STORES.

WORKS - - LONDON, ENGLAND.

UNDER THE ROYAL PATRONAGE OF

H.M. THE QUEEN OF GREECE.
H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SPARTA.



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF SPARTA.
H.R.H. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE.
H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE
 (High Commissioner of Crete, etc., etc.)

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR

THE GREAT
 HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER.

The Finest Dressing Specially Prepared and
 Delicately Perfumed.

A Luxury and a Necessity to Every Modern Toilet.

"HARLENE"

Produces Luxuriant Hair. Prevents its Falling Off or
 Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of
 the Beard and Moustache. The Renowned Remedy for
 Baldness. For Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering
 the Hair Beautifully Soft; for Removing Scurf, Dandruff,
 etc., also for restoring grey hair to its Original Colour.

Full Description and Direction for use in 20 Languages
 supplied with every Bottle.
 1s., 2s., 6d., and 3 times 2s. 6d. size 4s. 6d. per Bottle,
 from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World.



EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 & 96 High Holborn, London, W.C.

"SEMPER EADEM,"
WHICH, LITERALLY TRANSLATED, MEANS "ALL THE SAME."

THIS IS WHY THE "LION BRAND"

THE LION BRAND.

**I defy all
to
approach
it.**



**JAMES
STEDMAN**

OFFICES, CLARENCE ST.
& WORKS, KENT ST.
SYDNEY.

MANUFACTURING CONFECTIONER.

CONFECTIONERY IS SO POPULAR.

Only the Finest Ingredients used.
They are the Greatest Favourites with the Children.
Manufactured only by **JAMES STEDMAN, 451 Clarence St.,
SYDNEY.**

The New Terai.

The Original Tropo.



THE NEW TERAJ,
10/6 and 12/6.



Two Hats manufactured specially for the
Australian Climate. Comfortable and Durable.
The Best that Money can Buy.

ORIGINAL TROPO,
Sun and Rain Proof,
By Post, 11/- and 13/6.

B. MOUNTCASTLE & SONS,
326 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

WILLINGTON BROS.,

587 George Street,
SYDNEY.

**ELECTROPLATERS,
SILVERSMITHS,
LACQUERS,
BRONZERS.**

For Repairs to Plate,

Biscuit Boxes, Toast Racks,
Cruets, Soda Stands, Teapot
Stands, Tea and Coffee Ser-
vices, Cake Baskets, Butter
Dishes, Entree Dishes, Meat
Covers, Menu Stands, Spoons
and Forks.

For Curio and . . . Heirloom Mountings,

Emu Eggs, Shells, Horns, Bric-
a-brac in Silver, Electroplated
Ware, Gold, Lacquer or Bronze.

For Trophies . . . Manufactured or Repaired,

Shields, Challenge Cups, . .
Wreaths, Epergnes, Flower
Stands, Bronzes.

DOCTORS DECLARE THAT

GRANUMA

IS THE KING OF PORRIDGE FOODS.

KING OF

GRANUMA

FOODS.

The Food of Health, Strength and Beauty.
It Builds Up Bone. Flesh and Muscle.

JAS. INGLIS & Co., Wholesale Agents.

HEALTH AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT.

READ WHAT VITADATIO IS DOING.

CONSUMPTION, PLEURISY, ABSCESSES.
A WONDERFUL CURE.

DOCTORS DIAGNOSED, BUT VITADATIO CURED.

381 Swan-st., Richmond, Victoria, October 21, 1900.

MR. S. A. PALMER,

Sole Distributor of Webber's Vitadatio, Sydney.

Dear Sir,—As I consider Webber's Great Herbal Remedy has been the means of saving my life, I think the least I can do is hand you my testimonial. I do this absolutely of my own free will, with the hope that it will encourage others who suffer in a like manner as I did myself to persevere with Vitadatio, and through persevering may be cured of their infirmities. I had been suffering for five years. In the first place I was a youth, not quite nineteen years of age. I worked in a cellar in Melbourne, and through the rapid changes of temperatures I caught cold after cold, which at last brought on Pleurisy; I was under one of the best doctors in Richmond for about three months, but I made no progress to recovery. He advised me to go for a trip to build me up; so in October, 1895, I left Melbourne for New Zealand, I was first under a doctor at Wyndham, N.Z., who failed to do me any good. He wished to hold a consultation, so I got another from Invercargill, N.Z. They came to the conclusion that I was suffering from Consumption; and that I could not live more than a month or two; they also advised me to go further north. So, on their advice, I went to Wellington. I was treated as an out-door patient at the Hospital there from March, 1896, till March, 1898; but they failed to do me any good. I tried private doctors, but with the same disheartening result; they said it was consumption, and took it for granted (it could not be cured). After that I saw Mr. Palmer in Wellington, and he advised me to take Vitadatio, and seeing the good it had done him, I started to take it, but after taking it for some time, I got disheartened, and thought it would not cure me. I expected a few bottles to cure me, but it did not, so I gave it up. So after that I went under another doctor, but he said he could do nothing for me, but as I am a member of the Foresters' Lodge, I had to get a certificate report every fortnight; in such report he wrote I was suffering from Phthisis. He told my sister there was no possible hope for me, so I decided to come back to Melbourne. If I were to die I would die at home. I left Wellington in February, 1899, for Sydney; when in Sydney I could not go about for my feet were both swollen, so I had to stop there some time. I arrived in Melbourne in March, 1899, and the winter following I was confined to my bed. I could not turn myself in my bed without aid. I was very weak, and the doctor said I would not live a fortnight. After that I again saw Mr. Palmer, who still persisted that Vitadatio would do me good if I would just stick to it. He also told me I would die if I did not take it, so, to please my family, I again took it. After taking it for some time I began to swell very much in the stomach. I got the doctor to call; he wanted to tap me, but my mother would not

allow him. I verily believe that to have been the Vitadatio working on the complaint. After that I made rapid progress. I used to feel the abscesses forming, and when they were to their height I could hardly breathe till they broke. I would start vomiting up blood mixed with phlegm, after that I would feel easy till some more was forming, which would come away in a like manner. But I have to thank God and Vitadatio I have got beyond that stage now. I never have those sicknesses now, and am able to go anywhere, and everywhere, and eat well and sleep well. I have now not a pain nor an ache anywhere. I am a member of the Foresters' Lodge here, and the doctor gave me a certificate last month to say that I may follow any light employment, believing it will not injure my health by so doing. When I arrived in Melbourne one year and seven months ago, I barely weighed eight stone; now I am nine stone ten pounds, thanks to Vitadatio and your persistence. You are at perfect liberty to make what use you like of this testimonial. I will be pleased to answer any questions your patients may wish concerning my case.—I remain, dear sir, yours truly,
J. ATKINSON.

We, the undersigned, have been sick visitors of the Lodge Brother J. Atkinson is member of, and hereby certify to his recovery.

HENRY FORDHAM, 173 Dover-street, Richmond.

HENRY JAMES BIRD, 47 Market-street, South Melbourne.

ALFRED ALLEN, 76 Henry-street, Windsor.

W. N. WRIGHT, 171 Mary-street, Richmond.

ANOTHER CASE OF TUMOUR.

DOCTORS ADVISED INSTANT OPERATION.

VITADATIO HAS REMOVED IT.

READ WHAT MR. ARSCOTT WRITES.

MR. S. A. PALMER.

Dear Sir,—I think Vitadatio worthy of great praise as a genuine remedy. It has saved me a few pounds' expenses in doctors and medicine. My wife had a tumour on her neck, causing her much pain and alarm. The doctors, when consulted, advised instant operation—there being danger in delay—but my wife shrinking from this, we consulted a herbalist, who wanted six guineas per quarter for an indefinite period, to remove the disease. Vitadatio was then brought under our notice, and we resolved to try it. By the time the fourth large bottle was used the tumour had come right away, leaving only a mark on the neck where it had been. There has been no return of the trouble, and my wife has enjoyed good health since. You are welcome to use this as you please, I am so satisfied with what Vitadatio has done for my wife.

W. C. ARSCOTT.

Park-street, Hackney, S.A., February 2, 1901.

For further particulars, **S. A. PALMER**, 45, 47 Bourke St., Melbourne.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

WRITE FOR TESTIMONIALS.

For mutual advantage when you write to an advertiser please mention the Review of Reviews.



IDEAL STUDY "THE KING"

"I SUPPOSE, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, THAT YOU WILL RETURN TO COLLEGE SOON AND TAKE UP YOUR REGULAR CLASS WORK WITH GREAT INTEREST. WHAT STUDIES WILL YOU PURSUE?"
 "OH! YES, FOOTBALL, BASKET-BALL, GOLF, BOWLING, ROWING, ARCHERY AND HOCKEY, AND—AND—WELL MAYBE I'LL TAKE UP A LITTLE LITERATURE JUST FOR RECREATION"

ESTD. 1793. **WALPOLES'** ESTD. 1793.

BEING MANUFACTURERS

OF

IRISH DAMASKS AND LINENS,

GOODS ARE SOLD AT
MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

**ALL ORDERS VALUE £20 SENT
 CARRIAGE PAID**

TO PORT OF LANDING—

AND A PORTION OF CARRIAGE PAID ON ALL ORDERS OVER
 £5 IN VALUE, AS BELOW:

VALUE OF GOODS	£5 0 0	£10 0 0	£15 0 0
PART CARRIAGE	0 5 0	0 7 6	0 9 0
DELIVERED AT PORT OF LANDING FOR	£5 5 0	£10 7 6	£15 9 0

WRITE FOR PRICE LISTS AND SAMPLES SENT FREE

IRISH TABLE DAMASK, HOUSEHOLD LINENS,
 CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, SHIRTS, COZIES, ETC.
 ALL GOODS MARKED AND MARKED FREE OF CHARGE.

WALPOLE BROS. LTD.

16 BEDFORD ST., BELFAST.

LONDON, DUBLIN AND WARRINGTON.

CHILDREN

now-a-days have notoriously
BAD TEETH, because the
 White Bread they live on
 lacks the Wheaten Phos-
 phates (rejected with the
 Bran) which go to make good,
 sound Teeth, as well as Bone,
 Brain, and Nerve substance.

CEREBOS SALT, used like
 common salt, supplies these
 necessary Phosphates, and is,
 therefore, invaluable in the
 daily food of mothers and
 children.

Wholesale Agents—

PETE' SON & Co., MELBOURNE

Sold by Grocers and Stores.

MEMORY

**SUCCESS AT EXAMS,—MIND WANDERING CURED,—
 SPEAKING WITHOUT NOTES,—BOOKS MASTERED IN
 ONE READING, by the**

PELMAN SYSTEM

OF MEMORY TRAINING.

Scientific Development of the Natural Memory.

THE PELMAN SYSTEM is easy and interesting, the youngest and
 oldest can learn it, and it is of special value to

**Clergy and Ministers, Students and Teachers,
 Doctors and Lawyers, Civil Service Candidates,
 Business Men, etc.**

Hundreds of Testimonials from Successful Students.

The British Weekly says:—"Excellent work is being done
 by the School of Memory Training. For public speakers, writers,
 preachers, students and business men, such a system is invaluable."

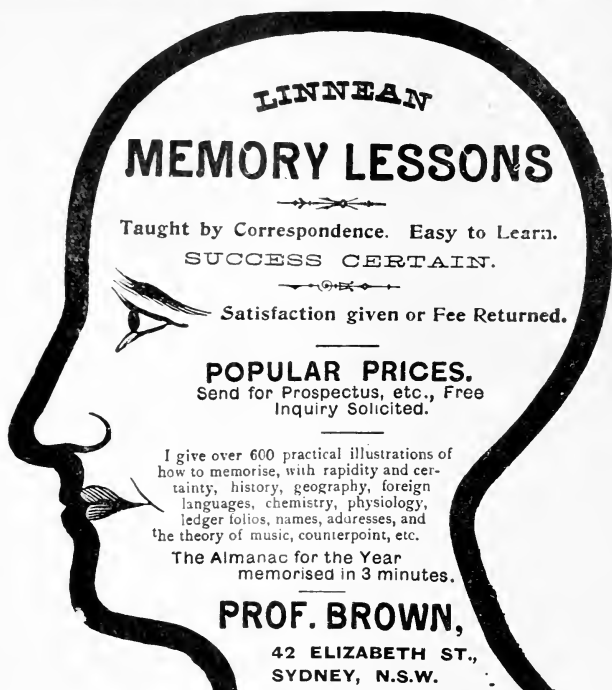
Great Thoughts says:—"The system is almost indispensable
 to examination candidates and the student of languages; to the
 preacher who would dispense with notes it is a necessity."

CORRESPONDENCE TUITION.—Pelman's System is taught
 as thoroughly by Postal Lessons as by voice. Pupils in the Colonies
 experience no difficulty in taking the course. The Lessons are con-
 ducted in English, French, German, Italian, or Dutch at the option
 of the Pupil

Prospectus, Testimonials, etc., post-free from the Secretary,

Pelman's School of Memory Training,

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LINNEAN

MEMORY LESSONS

Taught by Correspondence. Easy to Learn.
SUCCESS CERTAIN.

Satisfaction given or Fee Returned.

POPULAR PRICES.
Send for Prospectus, etc., Free
Inquiry Solicited.

I give over 600 practical illustrations of
how to memorise, with rapidity and cer-
tainty, history, geography, foreign
languages, chemistry, physiology,
ledger folios, names, addresses, and
the theory of music, counterpoint, etc.

The Almanac for the Year
memorised in 3 minutes.

PROF. BROWN,
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SYDNEY, N.S.W.



OPINIONS OF PUPILS.

J. T. GRESEY, Esq.,
Professor of Music, Sydney.

"It has increased my natural memory for music to a remarkable degree. To musical students it will be a great boon, and a sure stepping-stone to success."

W. A. METCALF, Esq.,
Teacher, Bateman's Bay, N.S.W.

"I had previously learnt two systems—one from an English professor. Yours is by far the easier to learn—more true to mental process and more rapid in application. By it an average school-boy could acquire stores of facts without the usual fagging method of oft repeating."

JAMES URE,
Teacher, Prahran, Victoria.

"I have now completed your course of lessons, and I must candidly admit that your System, for examinations, makes a perfect certainty of remembering anything required, if your rules are carried out."

REV. THOS. JENKIN,
Hillston, N.S.W., June 5, 1900.

"I am surprised how your System has strengthened my natural memory. It has made possible and easy that which was impossible. No student should be without it. It cures mind wandering, and fixes dates, events, and facts in the mind, and is a great time saver. The lessons are practical, clear, concise, and a boon to the student."

S. KINGSBURY, Esq.,
Brisbane, Queensland, 28/5/00.

"I heartily recommend your System. The sense of power and confidence it gives one is a big factor in the exam. History, with its long string of dates, battles, etc., French, Latin, Geography, and Poetry can all be easily and permanently learned by it."



HE WAS RIGHT.

He: "If I were you, I wouldn't be a fool!"
She: "Indeed you would not."

Over 100 Years have proved their Value.

INVENTOR OF
G. L. ROBERTS, M.D.
Dr. ROBERTS' POOR MAN'S FRIEND OINTMENT.

The best for all WOUNDS and SKIN DISEASES, CHRONIC SORES, ULCERATED L. GS. PIMPLES, S. S. EYES, &c.

Use **Dr. ROBERTS' ALTERNATIVE PILLS** for all impurities of the blood. Invaluable for Skin Diseases. Prices, 1s. 10d. and 2s. 6d each of Medicine Vendor, or post free for Stamps from Sole Makers, BEACH & BARNICOTT, Ltd., BRIDPORT.

Born 1766, Died 1834.

In these variable Australia climates keep cool, and always maintain your presence of mind.

Presence of Mind in sudden emergencies depends on the placid condition of the faculties. A weak Throat, a faulty Chest, a wasting Lung, an exhausted Nerve, an ache in the Bones or Kidneys, a Headache, Earache, Toothache, are fatal obstacles. They deprive you of your strength, give you the "shakes," and make you "go to pieces."

Raffan's Bronchial Catarrh Remedy

regenerates the whole system, and makes you feel yourself a "new person." It has to be tried to be believed. Agents wanted everywhere. 2s., per post 2s. 6d.

R. RAFFAN, Pharmacist, 3 Garraway's Rooms, Queen's Walk, Melbourne.

HAS
No Equal.

The Most
Lasting.
The Most
Reliable.



PRICES :—
10/6,
12/6, 16/6, 21/-
25/- to £20.
Of all
Stationers.
Ask for
The 'SWAN'.

CATALOGUE POST FREE.

MABIE, TODD, & BARD,

93, Cheapside, London, Eng.



ECZEMA

CURED BY
"OLEAC"

Discovered by
Christopher Mudd, F.L.S., F.R.G.S., M.B. PHLS.,
London, the Prince of Wales' Botanist.

Used with great Success in the
Melbourne Homœopathic Hospital.

"Oleac" is an absolute cure for all parasitical
skin diseases, and stops the intense itching.

"Oleac" is not a grease. Does not stain
the clothes. Brings out the disease.

3oz. Jars, concentrated, 4/6; post, 4 10.

Foy & Gibson's, all Chemists, or direct from
Colonial Representative for the Proprietors,
Fred. J. E. Phillips, 317 Collins St.,
Melbourne.

A. BRONNER, Specialist,

AUSTRAL BUILDINGS, 117 COLLINS STREET EAST,

Ranks foremost in treatment of **Skin Diseases**, Debility, **Heart Defects**, Diseases of the Digestive and Abdominal Organs, **Prostate Gland**, etc.

His new treatment of Cancer, Cancerous Growths, Epithelioma, Rodent Ulcers, etc., eradicates these dreadful complaints in an absolutely safe and permanent way, without operation. See certificate, Miss Sampson, State School teacher, Warragul, "Argus" or "Age," 8th December last.

MORTÈIN

The Great
Insect Destroyer.

Its Effect is Marvellous.

... Sold Everywhere.

This invaluable discovery, whilst totally harmless to animal life, is certain death to every variety of insect.

In order to use Mortèin to the best advantage a spreader, as shown in woodcut, should be used, through which, by gentle pressure of the hand, the powder is ejected and well diffused.

WHOLESALE—ALL MERCHANTS.



DR. LANGSTON'S VEGETABLE CURE FOR

DRUNKENNESS

A TESTED AND INFALLIBLE REMEDY,
Within the reach of all, can be given SECRETLY.
NO FAILURES. CURES GUARANTEED.

A genuine Home Treatment without dangerous hypodermic injections. Call or write for treatise, posted, two stamps. Prepared only at the Laboratory of

SURGEON LANGSTON

M.R.C.S. Eng.

68 RUSSELL STREET, MELBOURNE.



DEAFNESS and Head Noises relieved by Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums. Comfortable, invisible. Write for free book. J. Chalmers, 229 Collins Street, Melbourne.



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Patent
Steel
Water-
Troughs.

Manufacturer and importer of all Requisites for Watering Stock, House, or Garden.

The Cheapest, Simplest, and Most Durable MILL Manufactured.

Awarded 5 Gold Medals, Hundreds of Testimonials.

The Largest Manufacturer and Supplier in the Australian Colonies Catalogues Free on Application.

Specially adapted for Stock Water Supply.

Address, **JAMES ALSTON,**
NEAR QUEEN'S BRIDGE, South Melbourne.



THE CELEBRATED

C.B. CORSETS

Have far and away the Largest Sale
of ANY CORSET, British or Foreign,
in the World.

C.B. CORSETS set off good figures to perfection. Even indifferent
figures are endowed with grace and symmetry by wearing
C.B. CORSETS.

C.B. CORSETS,
WHEREVER EXHIBITED, HAVE ALWAYS TAKEN
HIGHEST POSSIBLE AWARDS.

C.B. CORSETS are undoubtedly the most durable of any Corsets;
as a guarantee, they are English made. Five Thousand English
Girls are Employed to make them in the Six English Factories.



“Sparklets”

“You shake the Bottle. Nature does the rest.”

AERATED WATERS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900. 5 GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.

Bottles and Sparklets
in two sizes (large
and small).

**Bottles last indefi-
nitely.**

**ABSOLUTE SAFETY.
PERFECT PURITY.
GREAT ECONOMY.**

The new Toggle Cork
Bottles are Invaluable
and a further economy
where more than one is
required.

“The carbonic acid gas is very pure. The system is safe.”—“Lancet,” Sept. 29th, 1900.

ALL CHEMISTS, STORES, ETC., KEEP

Patentees and
Sole Manufacturers,

AERATORS, LIMITED, BROAD STREET AVENUE, LONDON.

“Sparklets”



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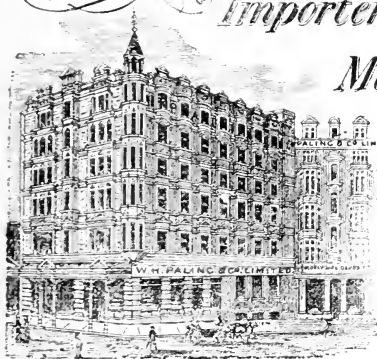
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"I have finished the Bronchitis Cure you sent, and am amazed at what it has done in the time. The difficulty of breathing has all gone.—J. HARRINGTON, Bingleigh, Morandah, N.S.W."

"I lately administered some of your Bronchitis Cure to a son of mine, with splendid effect. The cure was absolutely miraculous.—D. A. PACKER, Quena, Neutral Bay, Sydney, N.S.W."

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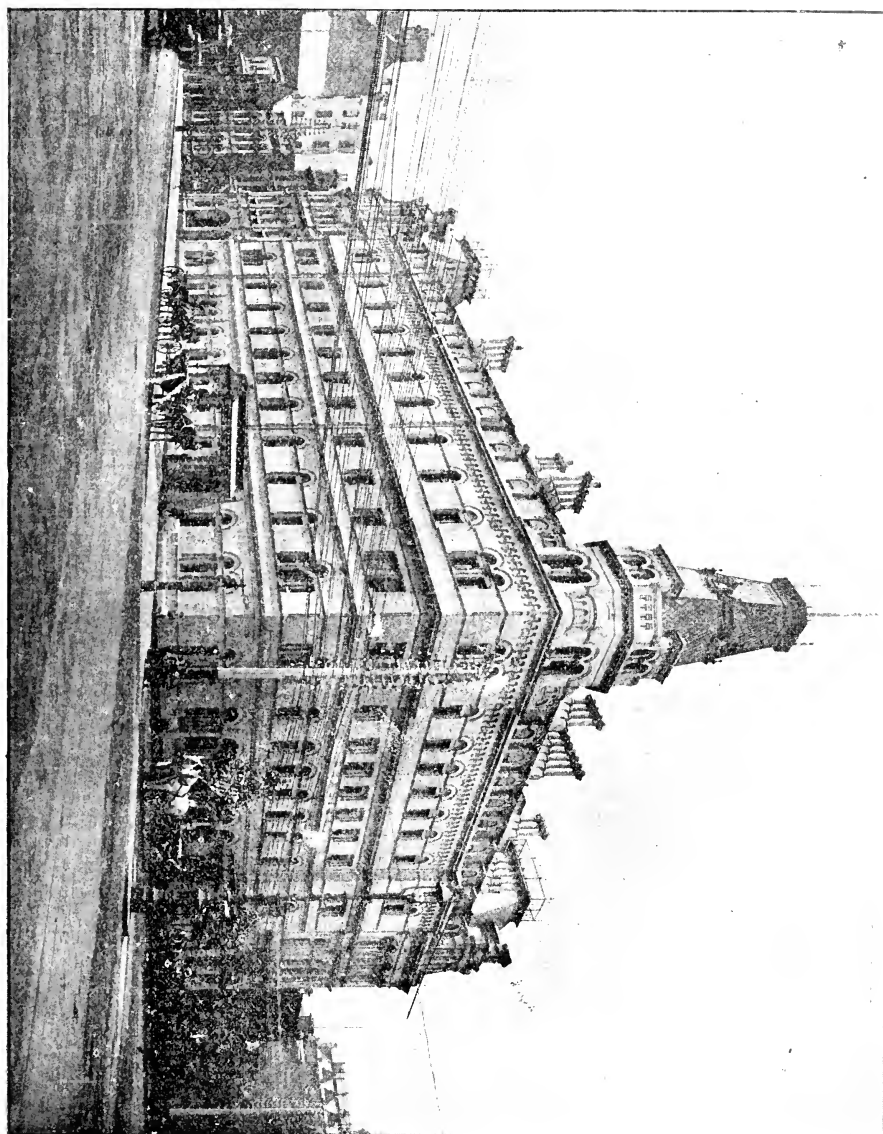
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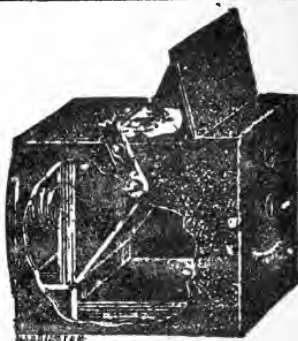
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THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS FOR AUSTRALASIA.

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"Punch."]

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FOR AUSTRALASIA.

HEAD OFFICE - 167-169 QUEEN STREET, MELBOURNE.

Editor: W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. Manager: T. Shaw Fitchett.

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VOL. XVIII. No. 3.

MARCH 20, 1901.

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THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

The Federal Elections

As we write, the nominations for the Federal Parliament in the various States are completed. The elections follow closely, and within a few days the first Commonwealth Parliament will make its appearance in history. Great Britain is the fruitful "mother of Parliaments," but it may be doubted whether the British race has ever yet evolved a Parliament with a greater task before it, and greater possibilities, alike of failure and success, than the body to which the shaping of Australian destiny is entrusted. The curiosity, as well as the good wishes, of the whole Empire will

gather round it; and certainly, for good or ill, it will live in history. It is idle to deny that the nominations, taken as a whole, do not very favourably impress the general imagination. The Federal Convention was a body of very high character and ability. The strong men of all the colonies found a place in it. It was really a Parliament of leaders. But it is already clear that the first Commonwealth Parliament will by no means reach the level of the Federal Convention. Incidentally, indeed, the question is raised whether we have a sufficient stock of political ability to equip two sets of Parliaments. And what will be the in-



"S.A. Critic."

THE FEDERAL ELECTIONS.

fluence on the political future of the Australian Commonwealth if the State Parliaments turn out to have a higher standard of personnel than the Commonwealth Parliament!

Political Capacity

It is true that in each State a group of the ablest men already in politics are candidates for seats in the Federal Parliament. Amongst the candidates, too, are some conspicuously able men—such as Sir Langdon Bonython and Sir William McMillan—whom the local Parliaments did not tempt. But it is also true that a considerable number of gentlemen who were defeated in their attempts to win seats in the State Parliaments are offering themselves, with fair prospects of success, for the Federal Parliament. The policy of the Labour party, too, threatens to lower the intellectual standard of Parliament. That party is indisposed to borrow its representatives from other classes, but insists that they shall belong to its own ranks, by actual occupation, as well as by political creed. As a consequence, for example, the Labour nominations for the New South Wales Senate include a stonemason, a tobacco-worker, a carpenter, a tram conductor. These candidates may be both able and honest; but the process of collecting tickets in a tram-car, of dressing granite in a quarry, or of sawing planks in a carpenter's shop, is certainly not the best training for the task of legislating for a continent. A tram conductor or a stonemason may be more loyal to his special class, because he belongs, by occupation, to it; but he can hardly be, on that account, better fitted to make the laws of a nation.

Geography in Politics

Australian geography, again, has to be counted amongst the forces likely to affect injuriously the character of the Australian Parliament. Able business men, charged with great affairs, or lawyers with many clients, cannot afford to give months to Parliamentary work in a city as far from the seat of their own business as London is from St. Petersburg. On the whole, the calibre of the approaching Federal Parliament is of somewhat uncertain quality. It stands in greater peril than even the State Parliaments of falling into the hands of professional politicians to whom the mere salary is a shining prize.

Free Trade and Protection

In the Press and on the platform alike the debate between the advocates of Free Trade and Protection rages with great spirit. A humourist, with no bias either way, might well con-

template the struggle with enjoyment. From the very same sets of figures the most opposite conclusions are triumphantly extracted. The whole debate, indeed, illustrates afresh the elastic quality of statistics. They can be pinched into any shape and made to prove or disprove with equal facility any given proposition. A sufficiently ingenious disputant, of course, if he were allowed to select some figures and ignore others, might prove by the multiplication table itself that two and two make five. Facts themselves, for a disputant in distress, appear or vanish according to the necessities of his argument. All Victorian Protectionists have an alarmed conviction that, under a reduced tariff, their industries would perish. That under the same conditions the manufactories of New South Wales have expanded is for them a circumstance which has neither relevance nor weight. The two colonies apparently exist under totally different natural laws!



"Bulletin."]

RIVAL ARTISTS.

In defence of Protection, however, The "Ruin" of England! which are as humorous as anything in Mark Twain. For one thing, it is asserted that high duties mean low prices. The manufacturers who clamour for a high tariff do so in a paroxysm of self-denying virtue. They want to reduce the prices of the goods they produce! An equally humorous contention is that England prospered under Protection, and has now been reduced by the policy of Free Trade to a ruin over which the benevolent mind can only

weep. And yet this "ruined" England, somehow, has three-fifths of the carrying trade of the world under her flag. Her imports and exports are more than double those of the United States, and equal those of France, Germany, and Russia put together. What nation would not rejoice to be "ruined" after this delightful fashion!

**The
Royal Visit**

The Duke and Duchess of York sailed for these shores on March 16. The voyage itself is attended with every sign of public honour. Two fine cruisers escort the Ophir; but from port to port other battleships will add themselves to the convoy, while the whole Mediterranean fleet meets the Royal Squadron at Malta, and the Italian fleet at Suez. A pilot has been despatched from Australia to meet the Ophir at Colombo, and that vessel, transfigured for the time into a Royal yacht, will thus enter Hobson's Bay without pause or challenge. The Duke, it is announced, will visit the capital cities of Australasia and New Zealand only. In Victoria a single exception to this rule is permitted. A visit of exactly one hour's duration to Ballarat is to be made, to enable the ducal party to descend one of the great mines there. Ballarat must spend a very large sum of money to artistically equip itself for that one memorable hour; and already it is somewhat disgustedly debating whether it is worth while spending so much for so little. It demands, that is, a more adequate visit. Melbourne is planning decorations on a gorgeous scale; and Sydney, it is certain, will spare no cost or energy to clothe itself with a still more

stately beauty than is possible to Melbourne. In New Zealand a bill is to be passed authorising municipal bodies to spend municipal funds in civic decorations; and Mr. Seddon announces, suo more, that if any municipality shows itself inert it will be peremptorily brushed aside by the State. Where the foot of the Duke touches Australasian soil, in a word, flowers—or, if not flowers, beauty of a more artificial type—are to spring up. The Duke's visit, indeed, ought to permanently quicken the instinct for civic adornment throughout Australasia.



"Bulletin."]

A CHANGED MOOD.

Cripple: "Well, I'm back from the war, you see."
Smug: "Wot war?"



"S.A. Critic."]

Sydney: "Pooh! You think you'll knock 'em with your bloomin' celebrations, but I'm goin' to have two buckets o' crackers, an' a jumpin'-jack."

When the Australian Premiers assemble in Melbourne to meet the Duke of York in May next, one will be absent. Mr. Philp, the Premier of Queensland, has suddenly sailed for South Africa by the transport Temp'etore, which carries the fifth contingent. Mr. Philp wanted a holiday; he takes keen interest in the South African War—his son is serving in the Fourth Contingent—and so he sailed there. "Hallo; here's a church," says Mr. Wenmick, in "Great Expectations"; "let's get married." In the same way, Mr. Philp appears to have exclaimed, "Hallo! here's a transport. Let's go to South Africa"! And

**Mr. Philp's
Departure**



"Bull-tin."]

ACROBAT LYNE IN HIS CELEBRATED DARING DOUBLE-TRAPEZE ACT.

"He was not going to be frightened out of his position by a hostile Sydney press."—Speech at a place with a name like Tumbleunder.

he has sailed, leaving his Attorney-General, Mr. Rutledge—a very competent man—to fill his place. It would almost seem as if the prospect of meeting the Duke and Duchess of York was too much for Mr. Philp's equanimity. "Without impugning his loyalty," Mr. Foxton, another member of his Cabinet, says, "he would venture to say that Mr. Philp had no desire to meet these august personages. The Premier was plain 'Bob Philp' wherever he went, and thought that possibly the Duke of York would not be able to understand 'Bob Philp.'" So, to escape putting a strain so severe on the understanding of the Duke of York, Mr. Philp sailed hurriedly for South Africa. Mr. Philp's anxiety about the Duke of York was needless. The Premier of Queensland would be an honoured and welcome presence in any State function. Mr. Philp was probably flying from an undesired knighthood, when he took refuge on board the *Templemore*.

Big Schemes

The approach of Federation quickens into something like courage many great, if somewhat vague, schemes. Sir John Forrest, for example, expects that the first task of Federated Australia will be to complete the transcontinental line of railway to the West, thus linking Perth to Brisbane by an unbroken railway system. Mr. Holder, the Premier of South Australia, thinks that the Commonwealth must take over the Northern Territory as a Federal asset, and develop it by the construction of another transcontinental railway.

A line to the northern seaboard is, according to Mr. Holder, as important and urgent as that from Port Augusta to Kalgoorlie. South Australia has shown great courage and public spirit in connection with the Northern Territory, and it may well be that the Commonwealth ought to assume a burden which is too great for a single State, and in which all the other States have a natural partnership. But



THE BIGGEST JUMP OF THE CENTURY.

("Montreal Herald.")

it is interesting to note how the new Commonwealth is stirring the Australian imagination, as the moon is supposed to stir the sea tides. British New Guinea, which lies only a hundred miles from Australian shores, is already being discussed as "a mere dependency of the Australian Commonwealth"!

Naval Policy

Three striking articles are published by the Brisbane "Courier," dealing with the naval defence of the Commonwealth. The problem of Australian defence is naval as well as military; it is almost more naval, indeed, than military; and we ought to have a common policy for both. We should do on sea, that is, as we do on land: train our own men, equip our own forces, and be ready to fight our own battles. At present, however, we have diverse and irreconcilable policies for these two forms of defence. We raise and train our own land troops, and are even able to despatch formidable auxiliaries to a remote battle-field in defence of the Empire. But for sea-defence we are practically content with ignobly paying a subsidy to the Imperial Navy. And there is real danger that the Commonwealth may forget that its defence has a naval side quite as important as the other, and purely military, branch. The forgetfulness of the naval side of the problem is, in truth, an illustration of the mischiefs of the subsidy system. That system acts as an opiate. On the sea we pay the British Admiralty for our defence; and we have no sense that we ought to be ready to defend our own ports and trade.

An Ignoble Policy

But suppose we adopted the subsidy plan for land defence; and, in place of training our own forces, hired from the Imperial Government the services of a dozen regiments of regular troops! That policy would involve a loss of manliness and of self-respect. It would enervate the national character. It would leave our political development incomplete. And what is true of the land is true of the sea. It is inevitable that Australia and New Zealand must be the dominating forces in the Pacific. Our own geography makes a sea development certain. And our contribution to our own future, as well as to the naval strength of the Empire, ought to take the shape, not of Australian sovereigns, but of Australian ships and seamen. The naval subsidy we pay is quite inadequate. A Parliamentary paper has just been issued in London, which shows that Australasia spends on naval defence one half-penny

for each pound's worth of trade; the United Kingdom spends 1s. 5d., or thirty-four times as much! For every ton of Australian-owned shipping Australia spends 10s.; the United Kingdom spends 57s. Great Britain devotes 4s. 4d. out of every £1 of its public revenue to the naval defence of the Empire; Australasia spends 1½d. But instead of increasing our subsidy, let us multiply our seamen.

Diverging Types

It is probable that a purely Australasian squadron would develop special characteristics of its own. The United States, in the war of 1812, invented a new type of fighting-ship. They crowded well-nigh the armament of a line-of-battle ship into the decks of a frigate, with the result that they captured one British ship after another. It is a curious instance of the persistency of a successful tradition that still an American man-of-war carries more guns, and those of heavier calibre, than a British ship of war of the same tonnage. And there are some signs that Australian ships of war will diverge in policy from British traditions at the same point. The writer of the articles in the Brisbane "Courier," for example, shows that while the Wallaroo, a British man-of-war, of 2,500 tons, has a weight of broadside of only 340 pounds, the South Australian gunboat Protector, of only 960 tons, has a weight of broadside of 580 pounds! Ships, of course, intended for purely local defence, might well have a vastly heavier armament than other ships intended for service in all seas.

Banking Recovery

The banking institutions of Australasia are amongst the most expressive tests of its prosperity. When their dividends and capital value shrink, it is a sure sign of bad times. When they expand, it is a proof of fast-growing and general prosperity. That the banks survived the black days that followed the land boom is a demonstration of their vitality and general soundness; and since then they have been steadily regaining prosperity. A list is published showing the increase in the share value of twenty-two of the leading banks of Australasia, Tasmania, and New Zealand during the interval betwixt the beginning of 1899 and the end of 1900. Fifteen banks out of the twenty-two pay enlarged dividends; while the aggregate increase in share value of the entire list is no less than £5,658,000. Into the pockets of a single class, that of bank shareholders, that is, this enormous sum has been poured in a little less than two years!

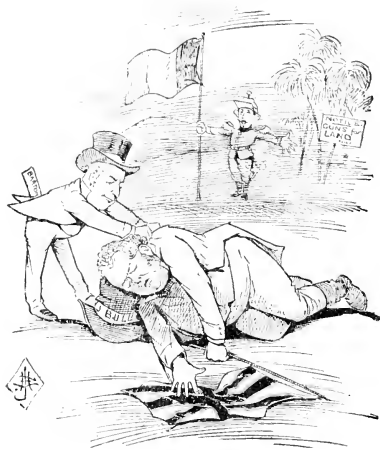
N.Z. Experiment

The characteristic qualities of Mr. Seddon's Cabinet, its business courage and energy, continue in evidence. Results amply vindicate the courage with which the perilous experiment of penny postage was undertaken. The volume of business has expanded to such a scale that, if Mr. Ward's estimate is correct, there will be an actual increase of £15,000 in postal revenue. The cable rates betwixt Australia and New Zealand are exasperatingly high. Mr. Ward has looked into the matter. He proposes to purchase the cable and bring down the rates to sixpence for twelve words, a change that would enormously stimulate business, and, as Mr. Ward believes, would involve no loss to the State. Mr. Seddon has called tenders for a direct line of steamers to South Africa. A novel and somewhat startling development in the functions of the State is further contemplated. The price demanded for coal in New Zealand is high, a circumstance due, Mr. Seddon says, to the existence of a "combine" which controls the coal supply. Trusts which starve the many to make millionaires of the few, may exist, Mr. Seddon says, in America; but they must not be allowed in New Zealand. He proposes to ask Parliament for authority to start a national coal mine. The State is to clothe itself with the functions of a wholesale and retail coal dealer. Mr. Seddon is confident that the experiment will yield profit to the State and bring down prices for the public. On Mr. Seddon's principle, there is no reason why the State should not take into its hands every form of business in turn; and this opens up an almost limitless horizon for State action. The State, in a word, may make a divine providence unnecessary by assuming all its functions!

N.Z. and Federation

The New Zealand Federation Commission has been taking evidence in New Zealand itself with great diligence, and is now visiting Australia for the purpose of taking evidence there. Of the 185 witnesses examined in New Zealand, 112 were hostile to Federation, 50 were favourable to it, and the remainder apparently had no opinion on the subject at all. The chief result of the inquiry, so far, is to show that the average New Zealander has little sentiment on the subject of federation with Australia, and almost no knowledge. Very few of the witnesses examined had read the Federal Bill, or had anything but the vaguest knowledge of its provisions. Mr. Seddon, who is a shrewd

and vigilant student of popular opinion, has decided to postpone indefinitely the proposed federal referendum. That fact is an expressive proof of the temper of public opinion in New Zealand on the question of federation with Australia.



"Adelaide Chronicle."

THE NEW HEBRIDES QUESTION.

Barton: "Wake up, John, or the Frenchmen will have bought all the New Hebrides with their rusty muskets and bad liquor."

An Official Rebuke

Mr. Chamberlain has officially rebuked the Governor of Fiji for his speech on the New Zealand proposal for union with Fiji. An official rebuke is, of course, mild in form; but its softly flowing syllables have great impact and sharpness. Mr. Chamberlain says that Sir George O'Brien used language open to misconstruction, and calculated to give umbrage to the New Zealand Government. His speech, Mr. Chamberlain thinks, was based on imperfect knowledge of New Zealand affairs and intentions. "The Secretary of State," the despatch goes on to say, "has too much confidence in the discretion of the Governor of Fiji to think that he would wittingly use language which he regarded as being unfavourable criticism of the administration of another part of His Majesty's dominions. He regrets, however, that some passages of the speech are open to this construction." These sentences will be sweet in Mr. Seddon's ears; but they are not calculated to increase the comfort of the Governor of Fiji.

**Labour
Ideals**

The Factories Act does not work very smoothly in Victoria; it threatens, indeed, to produce some very surprising results. In some trades, for example, the employees have chosen as their representatives on the Wages Board persons who are unconnected with the trade. They are clever labour organisers, or influential public men, but in no sense experts in the industry concerned. The employers in the woollen industry have refused to sit with the representatives chosen by the employees on this ground, and a deadlock—with perhaps the arrest of this whole industry—is threatened. The prosecutions under the Shops Act have a humorous aspect. A butcher is fined heavily for selling a pound of chops at 5.25 p.m., when the law required him to close his shop at 5 p.m. A hairdresser is fined with equal heaviness for shaving a customer at 2.30 p.m., when the law required him to take his weekly half-holiday and shut up his shop at 1 p.m.

**A
New Sin**

The new legislation, in a word, threatens to bring with it a whole new code of industrial ethics. Under what may be called the Benjamin Franklin code, industry was a virtue. The man who began earlier than his neighbour and kept on longer, was held up to admiration, and was rewarded with wealth. But under the modern code, industry is a thing suspect. It must be severely limited by Act of Parliament. The man who plies hammer or razor or shears for ten minutes longer than his neighbour is a criminal, to be whipped by fines, and to have his furniture sold up under a distress warrant if he cannot pay the fines. A law of this quality—if it continues to exist—must profoundly affect national character and habit. As a matter of consistency, the lawmakers ought to obey their own laws, and if Parliament sits more than a statutory number of hours in the week, the entire House—His Majesty's Government and His Majesty's Opposition alike—ought to be fined! The law ought to be applied to the professions, and a doctor who sees a patient—even though he is dying—after the statutory hours—ought to be prosecuted. What is sauce for the goose, in brief, ought to be sauce for the gander! What if the men who planted these colonies had conducted the enterprise on the principle of recent labour legislation, which treats—not idleness, but—industry as a vice!

Socialism

But the socialistic impulse, the courage, unchastened by experience, which would clothe the State with ever-expanding functions, beats strongly in many political brains. Thus in a speech on St. Patrick's Day, in Melbourne, Mr. Trenwith, the Minister of Railways for the State, announced that "the world would never be really free while there was a private landlord in it." The State must be the sole landlord, and own, apparently, not only every farmer's field, but every tradesman's shop, every merchant's villa, and every workman's cottage! Mr. Trenwith does not propose confiscation; he has an ingenious scheme for abolishing the landlord in sections. He would have a ten per cent. probate duty; and wherever the estate was landed estate, he would take the duty, not in cash, but in land. Thus, "in less than a century" by this beatific method, all lands would be vested in the State. How a house could be appropriated in tenths is not so clear. Land in Australia—where a population scarcely equal to that of London is sprinkled along the edges of a continent as big as Europe—ought to be the cheapest and most abundant of things. The social ideal, indeed, ought to be "every man his own landlord." But Mr. Trenwith proposes to extirpate the landlord with the help of an heroic scheme of probate duties!

**Old Age
Pensions**

The working of the Old Age Pensions scheme in Victoria is a memorable example of mistaken calculations. Sir George Turner calculated that there would be 6,000 applicants for pensions, and he ear-marked £75,000 to provide for the first half of 1901. But already nearly 11,000 pensions have been granted, and the number still grows. Sir George Turner's figures, in a word, will be more than doubled; and Victoria must either provide over £300,000 a year for old age pensions, or must break faith with its aged clients and cheat the expectations it has kindled. Mr. Peacock declares that Victoria cannot provide so great a sum for this purpose, and he has asked the various benevolent societies throughout the State to assist the authorities in protecting the public revenue from undeserving applicants. The old age pensions scheme thus cruelly undertaken has had some curious results. It has half-emptied at least some of the benevolent asylums. Some of the pensioned have celebrated their newly found independence by getting gloriously drunk and making their appearance in the Police Courts. Some old people who were

really well to do have secured pensions by false statements, and are to be prosecuted for perjury. Amongst the pensioned are some justices of the peace, who have been called upon to resign their commissions. Sir George Turner's old age scheme, in brief, is an evil political legacy to his successor.

The drought which has wasted, so long, as with the breath of fire, vast areas in Queensland and New South Wales, has partially, at least, broken up; and the silent plains, turned into mere stretches of sand, and strewn with the bones of perished flocks and herds, will quickly be transfigured into rich, far-spreading pastures. It will be many years, however, before the mischiefs of this long-enduring drought are repaired. Mr. Russell, the Government astronomer of New South Wales, predicted the recent rainfalls. He claims to have established a certain periodicity in the rainfall of the continent. He has, he declares, "overwhelming evidence" that it is possible to predict good years, and to tell when a drought may be expected, and what will be its probable duration. Australian weather runs, it seems, in cycles of nineteen years. Nineteen years ago heavy rains fell in Northern New South Wales and Western Queensland; and Mr. Russell, relying on the nineteen years' weather-law, predicted the rains which have fallen. Sir Charles Todd, an equally experienced meteorologist, holds that Australian records are too brief to justify a generalisation like that of Mr. Russell. But if it could be proved that there is a definite rain-cycle running through the apparently planless Australian climate, this would revolutionise the great pastoral industry of the continent.

What the recent drought has cost Australia is now capable of being expressed in figures. Thus in New South Wales the number of sheep in 1896 was 48,318,700; at the end of 1899 these had shrunk to 36,213,514. This represents an actual loss of more than 12,000,000 sheep, beside cancelling out the natural increase of three years. The net decrease in the wool produced in Australasia betwixt 1898 and 1899 is no less than 75,000 bales. But the industry is beginning to recover. Thus in New South Wales it is estimated that there will be an increase this year of 75,000 bales; in South Australia one of 5,000 bales. But in Queensland there is an estimated decrease of from 75,000 to 80,000 bales.

That the pastoral industry should survive such immense losses is a striking proof of its vigour. As we may now reasonably expect we are on the edge of a cycle of good seasons, there will be a magical expansion of flocks and herds throughout Australasia.

It is characteristic of English politics that names linger behind facts. Every now and again old names have to be stretched to cover new facts, or new names invented to correspond with existing facts. And, plainly, the title of the King of England is no longer co-extensive with his office. The British realms constitute an "Empire;" but its head is a "king." Moreover, within the bounds of the Empire new political organisms—Commonwealths and Dominions—are coming into existence; and the royal title is hardly capable of being stretched to cover these. The very word "Empire" has a vague and fluctuating sense. It may mean a cluster of subject provinces, under a sovereign State. This certainly does not correspond to existing facts; and, a century ago, the endeavour to act on this definition cost us America. Or an "Empire" may mean a group of separate States under a supreme ruler. But this, again, by no means corresponds to the actual facts.

On this whole subject an interesting debate has been waged in the British press. It is contended that some special recognition in the title of the new Sovereign should be given to Australasia, Canada, etc. The Empire, it is argued, is really a catalogue of sister kingdoms, and the royal title should recognise this fact. There have been "kingdoms" before under the crown of England. Under the Stuarts Virginia and Carolina were "kingdoms;" later still, Nova Scotia was a "kingdom." Why should not Canada and Australia be recognised as kingdoms, and Edward VII. be "King of Canada" and "King of Australia"? Another suggestion is that His Majesty should have as one of his titles "Hereditary President of Australasia." But the attempt to make the royal title an accurate reflex of all the diverse political organisms within the bounds of the British Empire is vain. Certainly, Australians have no wish to see the title of "King of Australia" added to the catalogue of royal titles. There may come a time when a phrase can be invented to cover the whole Empire; but that time has not arrived yet.

LONDON, Jan. 31.

**The Death
of
the Queen.**

The Queen died on January 22. Full of years and of honour, she left the world bereaved. The English-speaking world mourned her as the common mother of all who speak the English tongue. Her dusky subjects in every continent lamented the Sovereign who for sixty years had represented to them the human and sympathetic side of the great Empire whose iron rule they felt and understood, but did not love. Nor was it only within the limits of the Empire and the Republic that the death of the Queen was felt as a personal loss. No human being since the world began was ever mourned so universally by men of all races, languages, and creeds. Her blood relations were to be found in every Court in Europe. The German Emperor is her grandson; the Tsar of Russia is married to her grand-daughter. She was indeed a grandmother of Europe, and her demise created in every land a profound sense of personal loss. As a world event this grouping of all the children of men as mourners round the bier of our Sovereign Lady the Queen is one of the most significant events of our time, one of the most dramatic and touching illustrations of the shrinkage of the world and the unity of mankind.

**The
Universal
Mourning.**

The sentiment of sorrow in Great Britain was universal, and found immediate expression in the usual time-honoured and conventional forms by which it is our wont to manifest our grief. The flags were everywhere lowered, and for the first time in history the Stars and Stripes floated half-mast high for a deceased monarch over the Capitol at Washington. The English people draped themselves in black. The change which came over the moving myriads in the streets of London was almost inconceivable. Black was the only wear. The price of crape went up with leaps and bounds, and those who from principle objected to the assumption of sable garb, in the presence of death, found themselves like speckled birds in the midst of the sombre-suited multitude. Everywhere throughout Greater Britain the same sight was seen; but to New Zealand belongs the honour of having devised the still more striking manifestation of the sense of loss which the Empire had sustained. From 12 to 12.30 on the day of the funeral, every locomotive on the New Zealand railways was arrested. As in the Apocalypse it is said in heaven that

there was a silence for the space of half an hour, so in New Zealand the whole of the railway traffic was suspended for thirty minutes, and all the employes remained bareheaded as a token of respect and manifestation of grief. In England the railway companies confined themselves to running only Sunday trains. Several of the legislatures of Europe adjourned on receiving the news of the Queen's death, and everywhere nothing was left undone to mark the sense of sorrow at the departure of one who for sixty years had filled a foremost place in the world.

**Proceed-
ings in
Parliament.**

In accordance with the invariable usage, Parliament assembled within twenty-four hours of the demise of the Crown, in order that the oath of allegiance might be taken to the new Sovereign. Two days later the formal votes of condolence were moved in both Houses. The speeches both in Lords and Commons were marked by the note of personal sorrow and of sincere veneration which the character and the career of the Queen had inspired in her subjects. The tributes of Lord Salisbury, Lord Kimberley, and the Archbishop of Canterbury in the House of Lords did full justice to the character of the Queen, both as a woman and as a Sovereign. In the House of Commons, Mr. Balfour made an admirable speech, in which he declared that the influence of the Crown in the Constitution had increased and must necessarily increase, owing to the growth of Greater Britain. The observation passed without comment, and almost without notice, although it is curious that the Crown should have gained in prestige and in power by the growth of the colonies, which are republics in all but in name. The proceedings in both Houses were marked by dignity and pathos. Lords and Commons alike showed themselves at their best, and gave adequate expression to the universal sentiment of the action which they represented.

**The Funeral
of
the Great
Queen.**

The public attention, however, was much more concentrated upon the preparations for the funeral of the Queen than on speculation as to the terms in which her successor had been proclaimed. Lying in state was dispensed with. The body of the Queen was not displayed, like that of her predecessors, before burial. It remained at Osborne until the day of the burial, and was then transported across the Solent, in a great naval pageant, which recalled by contrast the imposing naval display

which was one of the most striking features of the Jubilee of 1897. The Queen was borne to her last resting-place past the long line of battleships, which during her life had been the potent bulwarks of her realm, to the great dockyard at Portsmouth, where the coffin remained over-night. The King, the German Emperor, and the host of Royal Princes remained on board their yachts for the night. In the morning they travelled to London by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, passing through the station of Bosham, famous in English history as the place from which the ill-fated Harold embarked on that voyage to Normandy which preceded and led up to the Norman Conquest. Between the embarkation at Bosham, which figures as the first scene in the famous Bayeux tapestry, and the passing of Victoria, nine centuries have elapsed. What stirring scenes, what vicissitudes, what tragedies, what glories have been associated with the British Crown! From the London station which bears her name, the great Queen was borne on a gun-carriage, in sad and solemn procession, through the streets of her capital, to Paddington. From Paddington the funeral train conveyed the body to Westminster, the line being crowded during its whole length on either side by the employees of the Great Western Railway. At Windsor the burial service was read in St. George's Chapel. From thence the procession was reformed for the last stage of the journey, which ended in the mausoleum at Frogmore, where the mortal remains of Victoria were laid to rest in the tomb of Prince Albert.

**The
Primate on
Constitutional
Monarchs.**

The Press, Pulpit, and Platform have vied with one another in their tributes to the memory of the Queen; but of all the utterances which found their way into print, few deserve to be remembered so much as the singularly precise and historically accurate summing up of the Queen's position as a constitutional monarch, which is to be found in the report of the sermon preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury in St. Paul's Cathedral. The passage, although somewhat lengthy, well deserves being placed on permanent record as a singularly apt exposition of the motives which governed the action of the Sovereign in carrying out the wishes of her people, even when she was firmly convinced that they were based upon imperfect knowledge of the facts and would result in injury to the State.

According to Constitutional Law recognised for six centuries, the Prince of Wales became King of England the moment the Queen died. He was formally proclaimed at a Council held at St. James' Palace on the following morning, when the King addressed his Privy Councillors in a speech which extorted admiration even from those who are least prone to flatter the Court. The speech, which is reported in the "Court Circular," is not quite identical with that which the Prince delivered when he spoke extempore; and as no reporters were admitted, the Court Chronicler had to ask the King to repeat his speech to the best of his remembrance, after the Council was over. According to the report of those who heard the first speech, the King declared that he had decided to adopt the title of Edward VII. instead of that of Albert, in deference to the wishes of his mother; but that does not appear in the official record. The King, at this his first appearance as the new monarch, spoke with dignity and with deep feeling, and there was a note of solemn determination in the pledge with which he concluded his speech when he declared that he was resolved to devote his whole strength during the remainder of his life to the arduous duties which had devolved upon him by inheritance. It remains to be seen whether those solemn promises will be followed by a serious performance, but for the present everyone is hoping for the best.

**The
England
of Shake-
speare.**

The ceremony of proclaiming the advent of Edward VII. was carried out by the time-honoured ceremonial which, at the accession of each Sovereign, reminds us of the unbroken continuity of the monarchy. The scene in front of the Mansion House revived strange memories of bygone days, and Shakespeare's England for a moment seemed to live and breathe before our eyes. It was some satisfaction to know that with the one exception of making adequate provision for the representatives of the Press, all the stately functions which were necessitated by the advent of the new Sovereign went smoothly and without a hitch. The King was proclaimed in the various cities of Great Britain and in the capitals of the various colonies and dependencies of the Crown. The old form was preserved throughout; but at Pretoria the King was proclaimed not only as King of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of Hindustan, but also as Supreme Lord of and over the Transvaal, a novelty which has ex-



"Sphere."]

EARL ROBERTS, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY, AND SIR ALFRED MILNER, HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR SOUTH AFRICA AND GOVERNOR OF THE TRANSVAAL AND ORANGE RIVER COLONY.

cited much remark. It indicated, no doubt, an intention to treat the Transvaal as a political entity, possessing a status quite distinct from that of such a colony, for instance, as Malta or Ceylon; and speculation is rife as to the author of this unexpected addition to the Royal titles. The general opinion prevails that it originated with the German Emperor, especially as the phrase "of and over" is entirely foreign to the style usually observed by English Sovereigns.

**The
Recovery
of
the Tsar.**

While the English-speaking world was mourning the death of the Queen, the Russians, more fortunate, were rejoicing in the return of the Tsar to his capital. This event passed with comparatively little comment, owing to the preoccupation of the newspapers with our own bereavement. Otherwise Europe would have rung with thanksgiving at the complete restoration to health of the Russian Emperor. Various alarming rumours have been circulated from time to time as to the sequel of his illness, but they appear to have no foundation in fact. The Tsar has completely recovered his health, and all anxiety on that score may happily be dismissed.

**The Bi-
Centenary
of the
Prussian
Monarchy.**

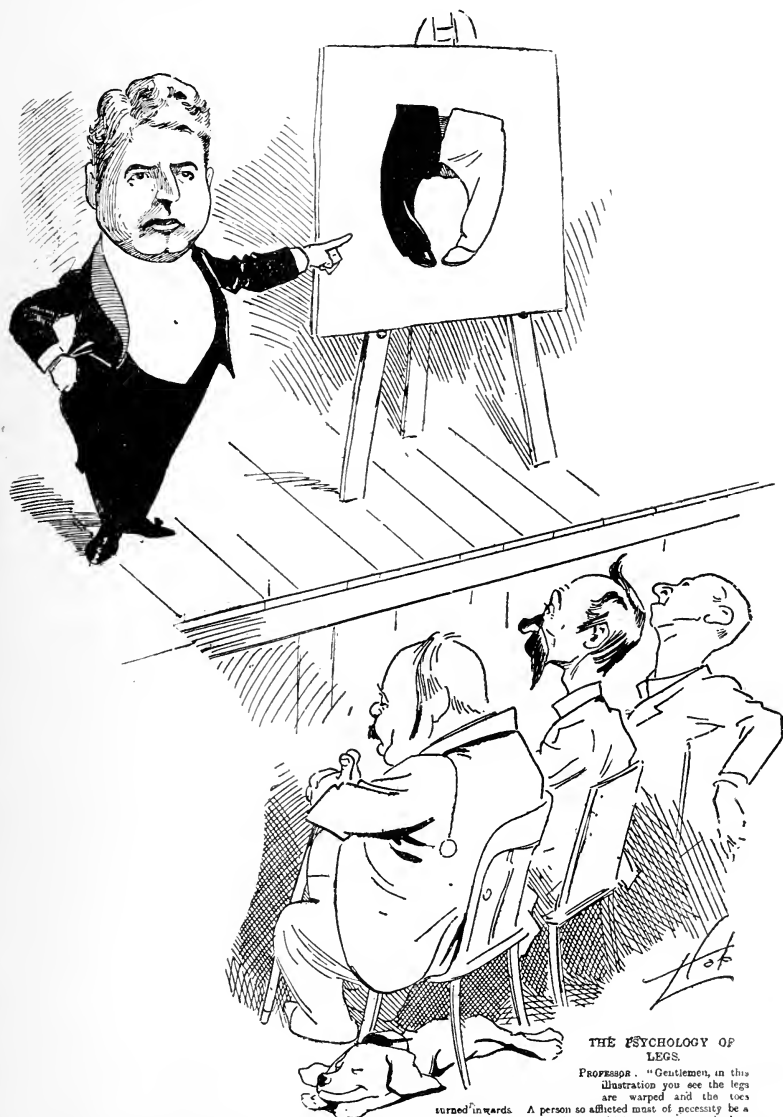
Another great European event which has been eclipsed by the death of the Queen was the celebration of the bi-centenary of the foundation of the Prussian Kingdom. It is stated that the Queen forbade the issue of any bulletins before the Friday when the first intimation appeared that her life was in danger, lest the news should mar the festivities at her grandson's Court. The speedy break-up of her constitution rendered it impossible to delay the official announcement any later; but the delay had enabled the loyal Prussians and the head of the house to celebrate with stately pomp and popular enthusiasm the birth of a kingdom, which has one of the most remark-

able histories of modern times. It is not so much what the Prussian Kings have already achieved which interests the world, as the speculation as to what their descendants are likely to achieve in the present century. So far as can be gathered from their utterances, their ambition will be to make Germany as puissant on the sea as their predecessors made her powerful on land.

**The
Nicaragua
Canal.**

The question of the Nicaragua Canal has also fallen into the background. The American Press was on the qui vive for information as to the line which the British Government would take when it met the middle of last month; but no one in this country, and probably no one in the Cabinet, has spared one thought to the Nicaragua Canal. It is one of those matters which can be forgotten with profit by the British public. According to the reports from Washington, Mr. Choate had by no means an unsatisfactory conversation with Lord Lansdowne on the subject of the canal. The clause forbidding the fortification of the canal was not struck out by the Senate, although it was practically rendered of no effect by another clause which authorised the United States to take what measure it required to protect its own property. It is believed in influential quarters that no serious objection will be taken by the British Government to the treaty as it stands. It is sincerely to be hoped that this report is true. We have everything to gain by the construction of the canal, and we have nothing to lose by giving the United States the freest possible hand in carrying out an enterprise which they would be fools to undertake unless they were free to defend it whenever its safety was endangered. The only result of rejecting the canal would be to play into the hands of those who desire to denounce the Clayton-Bulwer treaty or to treat it as non-existent.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.



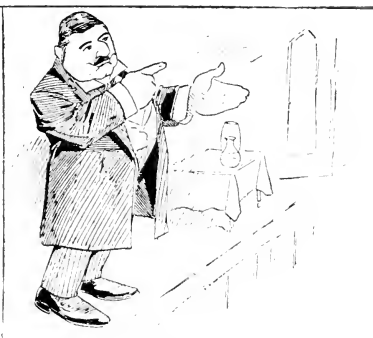
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF LEGS.

PROFESSOR. "Gentlemen, in this illustration you see the legs are warped and the toes turned inwards. A person so afflicted must of necessity be a wobbler; his natural tendency to kink amounts to an absolute inability to go straight in any given direction. If you know such a person, Beware, strike him off your list."





ROLICKING AFTER DINNER SPEECH.
Chairman (at Undertakers' Place). "Gentlemen, I have a whole lot of—I say, say much melancholy pleasure in proposing 'for toast,' 'Society to the undertakers' trade!'"



CANDIDATE FOR COMMONWEALTH HONORS. "Now, what you want in public life, don't you know, is lots of rather." [A VOICE: "Meaning great (loud)."]



A RATHER SUDDEN HALT.
On account of the appearance of a bubonic rat in the vicinity of Sidney Harbord the N.S.W. Mounted Company, for St. Anna has postponed its departure. I think that one would be better off to hold him away. (The N.S.W. Mounted Company for De Wet.)



Bulletin.]

THE POLITICAL GAROTTERS.

The York-street Push: "Hang on to him, George. I'm collarin' his stamps." George: "You bet: he'll have to give a big hoist to get me off his chest."



A YOUTHFUL VIEW OF HISTORICAL FIGURES.

(By special permission of the proprietors.)

CHARACTER SKETCH.

KING EDWARD VII.

I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world;
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flowed in vanity till now.
Now doth it turn.

Presume not that I am the thing I was.
For heaven doth know so shall the world perceive.
That I have turned away my former self,
So will I those that kept me company.
Henry IV., Act 5.

"Prince Hal is dead, and no mistake!" was the exclamation which burst from the lips of one who knew the Prince of Wales well, after the King made his first public appearance at St. James' Palace on the day after his mother's death.

"It was amazing," said a member of the Privy Council who was present on that occasion, "the change which we all noticed in the King. The Prince whom we knew so well seemed to have disappeared. In his place there stood a new being, between whom and ourselves there had suddenly sprung up an invisible but potent barrier. There was a dignity which we had never seen before, and we felt ourselves in the presence of a King."

The speaker was not a nobleman given to hysterics, and the impression made upon him was very deep. With his accession to the throne, Albert Edward seemed to have disappeared. In his place there stood Edward VII., not weighed down but rather inspired and lifted up by a consciousness of his sovereignty.

I.—FROM PRINCE TO KING.

The unthinking may deride the possibility of such a sudden transformation, and may ridicule the idea that an event so natural and inevitable as the death of an old lady could have changed the outward appearance and infused a new spirit into the body of her son. But those who remember the immense tradition which surrounds and to some extent glorifies the English throne, will see nothing improbable or unnatural in the effect which this has produced upon the latest of our Sovereigns. Shakespeare, in a famous scene, has described a more miraculous transformation, which was effected when the death of Henry IV. made Madcap Hal one of the soberest and most resolute of English monarchs. The consciousness of his inheritance, the subtle but potent influence of his monarchical succession, compared with which the influence of Apostolical succession upon the clergy is but a trifle light as air, would suffice to explain the change. Twenty-four hours before, the Prince had been a cipher in the State. He was Heir-Apparent, no doubt, but he was outside the machine, a Master of Ceremonies, a leader of Society. The consecrating touch of supreme responsibility had never been laid upon his head. When the Queen breathed her last, the demise of the Crown—to quote the old phrase—made him actual Sovereign of the world-wide Empire of

"I have a horror of gambling, and should always do my utmost to discourage others who have an inclination for it, as I consider that gambling, like intemperance, is one of the greatest curses which the country could be afflicted with."—Letter from the Prince to the late Archbishop Benson, August 13, 1891.

Britain. He stepped in one moment from the outer court of the tabernacle to the very arcanum of the Constitution. To others it may seem a mere figure of speech to speak of the Army and the Navy as becoming his Army and his Navy; but to the Prince it is a very real thing.

The Steadying Influence of Responsibility.

It was impossible for the son of Victoria not to take his sovereignty seriously. It is the fashion, or, rather, it was the fashion in some quarters, to treat the position of the Sovereign in a constitutional State as being little more than that of a mere figurehead of the civil State. The Queen, however, never for a moment entertained such a conception of her royal duties; and her successor, from the very fact that he had been so long jealously excluded from all share in the discharge of the duties of the Crown, might naturally regard them even more seriously than the reigning sovereign. Distance lends enchantment to the view; and it is no paradox to say that during all the sixty years of his life the Prince has had nothing but a very distant view of the actual exercise of sovereign power. Wisely or unwisely, Queen Victoria was of an excessively jealous disposition in all that related to the Crown. So far from making the Prince an under-study and preparing him to take her place whenever she might be invalidated or indisposed, she rigorously restricted him to the performance of ceremonial functions. He was never her confidential adviser on affairs of State. His one duty, from a political point of view, in the eyes of his august mother, was to efface himself, to abstain religiously from the expression of any opinion upon public affairs. The Prince was not merely a loyal subject of the Queen; he was brought up to honour and obey his mother, and his filial affection was never devoid of a certain element of fear. But on that day when he was proclaimed King, he suddenly found himself invested, in a single moment, with all the vague mysteries, undefined and undefinable, of the attributes of sovereignty, from which he had all his life been so rigorously shut out. It is not much wonder that the effect of so instantaneous a change made itself visible even to every observer.

King at Last.

He looked a King, yes, every inch a King; and to-day his subjects are looking forward with expectant

hope to see him display it on the great field on which he has a right to pre-eminent domain. Many of the associates of the Prince of Wales will laugh to scorn the idea that their old companion of the former days should be capable of blossoming out in one year into a serious Sovereign. Those who writ him down after his seeming, questioned whether he were capable of the high mission of playing the great role in the governance of his realm which had been so long filled by his mother. Those, however, who enjoyed his intimacy maintained that there is nothing that he would like better than to essay his powers in this new field. He had cast wistful and envious eyes at the opportunities enjoyed by others, who long before they attained their sixtieth year were vested with all the panoply of sovereignty. Many years ago the Prince commented somewhat plaintively upon the difference between him and his nephew, the Kaiser. "Look at my nephew," he said. "He is but a youth; he is the centre of everything, he orders everything, directs everything, is everything; whereas I am not allowed to do anything at all."

The Example of the Kaiser.

Some have even gone further than this, and maintained that he has even cherished the ambition of being as influential in the British Empire as the Kaiser is in Germany. Ten years ago a writer in "Lippincott's Magazine," of the name of Frank A. Burr, made a statement as to the Prince's view of the role of monarch in the British constitution, which will be read to-day with some misgivings in many quarters. Mr. Burr declared that the Prince and the German Emperor saw eye to eye upon this question, and added the prediction that "when the time comes for Albert Edward to assume the reins of government, he will hold them with even a firmer hand than does his mother. While it would be impossible for him to dominate England as the Emperor does Germany, on account of the different conditions of the two nations, still he would impart a new vigour to government such as Great Britain has not known for many years." In Mr. Burr's opinion such a change would not be unwelcome to his subjects. He adds that Mr. Chauncey Depew was of opinion that the Prince of Wales was one of the strongest men he had ever met, one so full of practical resources that he had a right to be regarded as a somewhat remarkable man.

Most Englishmen will, however, be disposed to agree with Mr. Justin McCarthy, when he said:--

But whatever may happen in Germany, it is certain that we could not have the King of England uprearing his crest in this ostentatiously heroic fashion. The Prince of Wales has shown of late years, at all events, that he thoroughly understands the nature of the duties, and the limitations of his functions as heir to the throne. He will, I have no doubt, show, when he comes to the throne, that he understands his part in that more responsible position just as well.

But admitting that Mr. McCarthy is right, no one can follow the course of recent events or have any acquaintance with the inner history of the Court, without recognising that our Constitution affords ample field and scope enough to satisfy the most exalted ambition which Edward VII. is likely to entertain.

The King's Own Idea of Kingship.

As to the King's own ideas upon the proper role of a constitutional sovereign, we are not left in the dark. Four years ago I published my "Studies of the Sovereign and the Reign," in which I set forth what in some Radical quarters was regarded as a very extreme doctrine as to the active influence continuously exerted

by the Sovereign in the direction of the policy of the Empire. I had the honour to receive an intimation from the Prince that he regarded my exposition as far the most accurate statement of the actual workings of the modern monarchy in a democratic State which he had ever read. This entirely coincides with the tenor of his conversation with Gambetta in 1878, when Gambetta met the Prince in Paris, and lunched with him at the Hotel Bristol.

His Conversation with M. Gambetta.

In the course of the conversation the Prince let fall a remark which is well worth recalling to-day. Speaking about the monarchy, especially in its relation to the inner history of the foreign policy of the Queen's reign, he told Gambetta that he would do well to read Baron Stockmar's Memoirs, which Gambetta had never seen. The Prince promised to send Gambetta a copy of the book, which he did shortly afterwards.

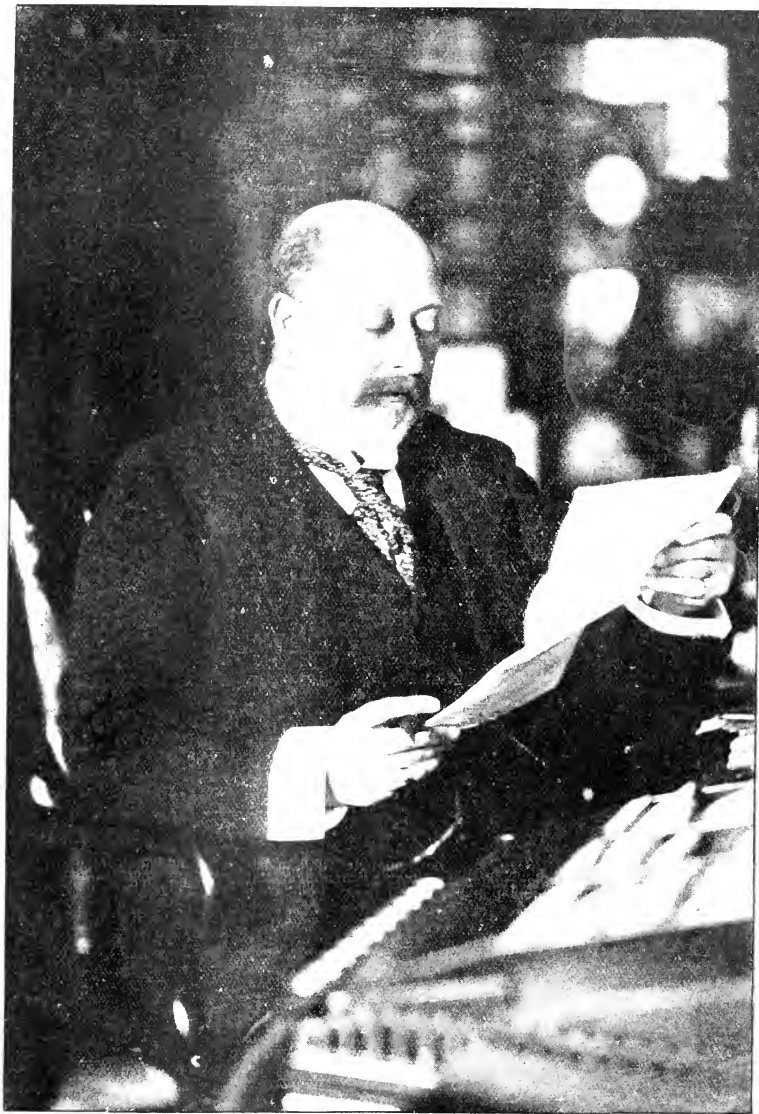
We may take it, therefore, that Edward VII. accepts a theory of the duties and responsibilities of the Crown which was expounded by Stockmar, and which I described in actual working in the history of the late reign.

It is interesting to recall the impression which the King left upon the great Republican statesman. "The Prince," said Gambetta, "shows a decided taste for foreign politics. He knows a great deal about them, but I should say that a life free from strain of every sort cannot be a favourable condition for their study. He is well-informed and shrewd, but he has not a keen or a subtle mind, and I imagine that he would be no match for sharp Americans or for wily Russians."

In discussing the Prime Ministers of the Queen, the Prince gave the highest place to Sir Robert Peel, which somewhat surprised Gambetta, who had never appreciated the statesman who abolished the Corn Laws, regarding him as a minor light compared with Caiden. The Prince recommended him to read Sir Robert Peel's speeches. He took the advice of the Prince, but was not impressed. He thought Peel's speeches lacked the movement oratoire, and could not for a moment be compared with the exquisite spoken essays of Lord Salisbury, or the strong, flowing, though too copious, oratory of Mr. Gladstone. The Prince spoke with strong appreciation of the high personal character of all his mother's Prime Ministers, and from this encomium he did not exempt, somewhat to Gambetta's surprise, Lord Beaconsfield. He praised Gladstone also, but without enthusiasm, which was not surprising, considering that the meeting took place in 1878, at the moment when Lord Beaconsfield's star was in the ascendant, and Mr. Gladstone was under a cloud at Court owing to the vehemence of his anti-Turkish enthusiasm. Of Lord Salisbury, who had not yet been Prime Minister, the Prince spoke with much appreciation. He said he was a highly accomplished and very clever man, whose speeches, from a literary point of view, were much superior to those of Mr. Gladstone. "Salisbury," said the Prince, "never forgot that he was the descendant of Cecil, the great Minister of Queen Elizabeth, and studied his methods." The Queen liked him because he was not Utopian, he had no objection to Republicanism as an abstract principle, but he clung to the ancient constitution of Great Britain, believing that nothing so good could be obtained if it were cast away.

The Crown in the Constitution.

"In my judgment," said Mr. Balfour, in moving the vote of condolence in the House of Com-



HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

This picture is a reproduction of one of 13 Art Plates contained in the "Royal Portrait Portfolio," published at 2s., and described on page 353.

The photograph was taken at a special sitting given to the "Review of Reviews" by His Majesty.

mons, "the importance of the Crown in our constitution is not a diminishing, but an increasing factor. It is increasing and must increase." Mr. Balfour may be right, but even if the influence of the Crown on the Constitution does not increase, but merely remains at the high watermark to which it was advanced by the Queen, it is high time we recognised the immense importance of the monarch in the Councils of the Empire. The Sovereign has been described as the Permanent Under-Secretary of the Prime Minister, but I prefer my own definition, which is that the Queen made herself the Permanent Editor of the Realm. While she never dictated, she influenced, and although she never arrogated to herself a prerogative of command, she exercised constantly the far more subtle and influential power of expostulation and argument.

II.—A DEMOCRATIC PRINCE.

What kind of a king will he be, this Edward VII., who was last month proclaimed King of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of Hindustan? The man he was we all know; the King he will be who can say? And yet we are not without some information as to how he will act now that he has been raised to the throne, for while in London, at Marlborough House, at Windsor, at Osborne, at Balmoral, he has only been the Prince; there was one place in the world in which he reigned as undisputed King. In all other parts of the Empire he was only Heir Apparent, but at Sandringham, in the county of Norfolk, was a kind of little kingdom in which he has for many years exercised almost all the royal prerogatives. On Sandringham the shadow of the Victorian throne never fell. In Norfolk his will there was none to dispute. Elsewhere he was trammelled by endless limitations, and cabled, cribbed, and confined by innumerable restrictions upon his freedom of action. At Sandringham he was a law unto himself. There he held a kind of Royal Court, and lived and moved among devoted subjects, to whom his slightest wish was law. Of course, it would be somewhat precipitate to argue that the Prince will transfer to Buckingham Palace and Windsor the manners and customs of his Norfolk country-seat; but we may fairly argue that the distinctive characteristics which displayed themselves at Sandringham will make themselves visible when the Lord of Sandringham is elevated to a higher sphere. This is indeed a thing of good augury, for if the past of Sandringham enables us to interpret the future of Buckingham Palace, then the omens are favourable, for at Sandringham the Prince realised to an extent hitherto almost incredible the conception of a democratic Prince. Whether the democratic Prince of Sandringham will be a democratic monarch, no one can say; he may change in that as in other things. But the instinct of the man would tell in that direction. His life there has been described ad nauseam by a thousand pens, mostly wielded by men who had every motive, professional and personal, for painting everything colour de rose. As their narrative must be discounted, I prefer to quote the description of a former tenant on the Sandringham Estate, who believed that she had the strongest personal and financial reasons for being aggrieved with the Prince. The writer of the little book "Eighteen Years on the Sandringham Estate" farmed several hundred acres of land in the immediate proximity of the Royal residence. She had differences with her landlord, or, rather, with his agent, on various questions in which that of game figured rather conspicuously; but she ultimately gave up her holding. Instead of being com-

pensated for the capital she had sunk in her farm, she was, according to her own account, a loser by several thousands of pounds—a fact which apparently impelled her to write the little book as a kind of getting even with the Prince. An aggrieved tenant who considers that her landlord has caused her to lose several thousand pounds, is, it must be admitted, not a witness likely to be prejudiced in favour of that landlord, and anything that she may say to his credit may be regarded as matter beyond dispute. Hence the importance of the following extracts, which bring into clear relief three prominent characteristics of the Prince, one of which everyone knew, the second of which was very generally known, while the third was by no means matter of common knowledge. My first extract relates to what Mr. Smalley once described as the Prince's pleasure in being pleasant, and the pains which he will take to please other people. That is itself a good quality for any man to have, and an admirable disposition on the part of a Sovereign. Mrs. Cresswell says:—

Whenever I went I never failed to spend a pleasant evening, and received more courtesy from my illustrious host and hostess than from any house I ever was in. The Prince is noted for his powers of entertainment and exertion to make everyone enjoy themselves. When a "house-party" is expected he superintends the arrangements and remembers their particular tastes and pursuits. A goatly squire who once grumbled at having to go, was completely mollified at finding a room prepared for him on the ground floor, the Prince thinking he would prefer it. The effect of a visit to Sandringham upon a certain order of Radicals, who are treated with the greatest deference, is perfectly astounding. It acts as a patent conjuring machine—a Republican studied in at one end, a courtier squeezed out at the other.

This, it may be said, is matter of universal knowledge. Everyone knows that the Prince has a kindly disposition, and that he likes to make people feel at ease. An American who had been presented to the Prince of Wales at Homburg once told me that he must be a good fellow, because he had talked to him "just like any common gentleman."

But the second point on which I quote Mrs. Cresswell's testimony is not quite so well known—namely, the extent to which the Prince went at Sandringham, and offended the exclusive ideas of the county families of Norfolk by the range of his hospitality. Mrs. Cresswell says:—

Being wounded in the tenderest point, the squires attempted a slight rebellion. They considered, and with some reason, that the Sandringham County Balls should be kept exclusively for their own class, or perhaps to a few outsiders, duly introduced and patronised by themselves. In former days they were fairly "select," but of late years had been turned into an omnium gatterum; had degenerated into a crush, for almost anyone can get an invitation, so the glory and honour has departed. They began to make excuse and stay away, in some instances glad to escape the expense of new dresses—a serious consideration in times of agricultural depression and reduced rentals. H.R.H. very speedily noticed the omission, read the Riot Act, and brought them to their bearings, and they had to go with as good a grace as could be assumed, relieving their minds of a few mutterings and wonderments at the Royalties "making themselves so common, and that the line should be drawn somewhere."

The Sandringham festivities were so arranged that all classes could share in them; and that with county farmers' hand-servants' balls, labourers' dinners, visits to country houses, meets of the homeds, and other socialities, everybody from far and near had the opportunity of making acquaintance with their Royal Highnesses.

"Bustle about," said Lord Beaconsfield to a young man who asked his opinion upon the best way of getting on in life. "Bustle about, get hold of the press, and shake hands with everybody" might have been the advice of that astute connoisseur of human nature to the Heir to the Throne, in whose case policy and pleasure are happily combined, he so thoroughly enjoys going everywhere and seeing everybody and everything, looking round their houses, and enquiring how they live and what they do. Headaches and nerves must be an unknown quantity to him. He loves a mob, a noise, and a crowd, is always on the stir about something, and would find repose and quiet the most grievous infliction. I believe all England would be invited to Sandringham, if they could be crammed in, and everyone, from the highest to the lowest, treated with hospitality, and made to feel welcome and at home.

Unbounded popularity is the result of this accessibility. Everything must be condoned and forgiven in a Prince who is all jollity and affability to all sorts and conditions of men, and Norfolk stands first and foremost in fealty and obedience. It is his very private and part cular kingdom. However much his power may be curtailed elsewhere, there his word is law and his rule absolute; he is allowed to meddle and manage exactly as he pleases. If he held up a field mowkin (scarecrow) to be worshipped, the inhabitants would fall down before it, whilst any individual who had unfortunately incurred the Royal displeasure would be boycotted and hounded to the death. To my mind this has rather spoiled the dear old county, and think a certain amount of independence would be preferable. I look forward, not without misgiving, to the time when, if our ubiquitous Prince continues to fly about the country in all directions, opening parks and public buildings, dining with "Savages" and newspaper staffs, mixing in every kind of society, and making up between times to the "working man," the infection will spread until we are transformed into a nation of courtiers, a consummation the reverse of desirable for many reasons.

Personal Energy.

The third point upon which her evidence is most valuable relates to a faculty which the King is not usually credited with possessing. I refer to that of sheer physical energy. An impression prevails that the King, who has attained his sixtieth year, has more or less burnt up his vital energy, in a rapid life of forty years. He never was a man keenly devoted to exhausting physical exercise. No one has ever pictured him as an athlete. His has been more of a sedentary disposition. Hence the impression has gained ground that he is somewhat, if not exactly, languid, yet of a tepid temperament. In other words, the impression is general that his initial stock of energy has been so heavily drawn upon that there is not much left. This to a certain extent is true. He has not got the daemonic force of Mr. Gladstone or of the German Emperor. But those who know him best maintain that he has a far greater store of physical vitality than is generally believed. "You are quite wrong," said a friend to me the other day, "in thinking that he has no energy. He has plenty of energy. You wait and see if he does not exert it."

My third quotation bears on this point. Mrs. Crosswell says:—

The house party, equerries, ladies-in-waiting, and all invited from the neighbourhood, were ordered to join in, no shirking or sitting out allowed, and when the sides had been made up, the Prince and Princess set off with their partners, round and round, down the middle and up again, and so on to the end, the Prince the jolliest of the jolly and the life of the party, as he is wherever he goes. I never saw such amazing vitality. His own Master of Ceremonies, signalling and sending messages to the band, arranging every dance, and when to begin and when to leave off,

noticing the smallest mistake in the figures, and putting the people in their places. In the "Triumph," which is such an exhausting dance, he looked as if he could have gone on all night and into the middle of next week without stopping, and I really believe he could. He is an antidote to every text and sermon that ever was preached upon the pleasures of the world palling upon the wearied spirit. They never pall upon his, and year after year he comes up "to time" with renewed capacity for revelry and junketings. Almost before one dance was ended the Prince started another, and suddenly the Scotch Pipers would screech out, and the Prince would fold his arms and fling himself into a Highland fling, and so on fast and furious until far into the small hours of the morning.

This book was written twenty years ago, and it is hardly fair to expect a man of sixty to be the man that he was at forty; but the King is much better preserved than his subjects generally believe, and in the picture of the Prince in the Sandringham ballroom, we may see an image of the King that is to be. What the Prince was in the midst of his guests, so the King would like to be in the midst of his Court. A governing, directing mind, with an eye that sees everything, with a tact which foresees everything, the whole man thoroughly alert, instinct with kindly feeling, and anxious above all things to avoid any contretemps, and to make things go well—that is the King that Edward VII. will be if the premises of his reign at Sandringham are fulfilled.

The Wearer of the Crown.

That is all very well, some will say. He may be a very good King of a Court; but that is very different from being the Supreme Lord of the British Empire, to say nothing of the Transvaal. But let us go one step at a time. The Court is nearer to the King than the Empire, and his rule in the Court is more absolute than in the administration of Imperial affairs. It is in the Court that the King's personal influence may be most directly felt, and from the Court that influence is diffused throughout all the various strata of society, down to the very lowest. Those who remember how even costermonger girls envied the Alexandra limp when our present Queen suffered from an illness which temporarily crippled her, will not question the far pervading influence of the circle which centres round the King. The influence of the Queen on the Court in the early years of her reign was admittedly immense; and many are the lugubrious forebodings as to the effect of the change of sovereign. Ever since her widowhood the Queen has been more or less in retreat. She was an august figure, but a kind of veiled Prophet of Khorassan, formidable and feared, but not the living and restraining influence which she was in her early days. There has been practically no Court for years. A levee or a drawing-room does not constitute a Court. It is not so much a new Court as a resurrected Court which we have to anticipate, and the influence of that Court is not likely to be the same as that of the early Victorian era. If we may judge from the example of Sandringham, the resurrected Court will be much more free and easy than that over which the Queen presided. The King may have become a new man, but it is improbable that he has entirely lost his liking for being amused. As Mr. Justin McCarthy says:—

I have no doubt that many of the indiscretions of his younger and wilder days came from his delight in the companionship of those who amused him, and helped him to make life pass pleasantly for him. Therefore, he surrounded himself with artists and actors and singers and the tellers of good stories and the makers of good jokes, and he delights in the theatres, is made

gladsome by the burlesque, scorns not the ballet, has no conscientious objection to short skirts.

The same instinct will probably lead him to welcome to his Court many persons who would not have been received by the Queen. Those who think that Queen Alexandra will put any serious check upon this tendency will find little to justify them in the Sandringham precedent. The Princess received at Sandringham all those whom the Prince cared to invite, nor does she seem to have placed any restrictions even upon the most objectionable incursion of wealthy nobodies who descended upon Sandringham at the time of the annual horse sales, and paid for the hospitality by liberal purchases of the Prince's blood stock. Of course this complaisance may have been compelled by the exigencies of finance. Needs must when the devil drives, as the old proverb says; and it is not well to look a gift horse in the mouth, to say nothing of purchasers of horses who bring lavish gifts in the shape of fancy prices for yearlings. At the same time, it is hard to feel that there may not be some truth when Mrs. Cresswell says:—

Without wishing the Princess of Wales to become strong-minded, or lose her unique identity, an occasional stand against some of the most notorious characters, instead of ignoring, condoning, and receiving all alike, might be desirable in the interest of morality; and though the Princess suits the nation so well, the Duchess of Edinburgh would perhaps make a better leader of society. That *tres grande dame*, with her Romanoff temper and determination, would soon make a clean sweep within the precincts of the Court, which, as the Court reigns supreme in all social matters, might lead to better things.

The money necessity, however, no longer exists. The King has a Civil List adequate to the discharge of the duties of his high position, and the Jew money-lender or vulgar plutocrat will no longer have a *raison d'être* for remaining in the Royal presence. There are some who hope that the Prince will address his former boon companions who have betted with him on the turf, or shared with him the fascination of "bridge," as Henry V. addressed Sir John Falstaff and his friends. He provided them with a maintenance, but forbade them to come within ten miles of his presence. The edict will be rather mournful reading for some persons, but if it were published in the "Gazette" the majority of the subjects who read it would rejoice to know that the Prince meant business, and had definitely turned over a new leaf. Without indulging in any expectations of so drastic a measure as the banishment of the Prince's smart set beyond the ten-mile radius of the Royal person, there is reason to hope that the Prince will replace them gradually by more serious persons, who have a real interest in the affairs of the empire, and in the improvement of the condition of the people.

Is it possible, I wonder, for us ever to see a really democratic King holding Court in the midst of a democratic people? At present our monarch has always been the Sovereign of the well-to-do. So far as social intercourse is concerned, the Court exists for the upper ten thousand. The forty millions are left outside. This may be desirable from the point of view both of the blue-blooded Patrician and the austere Republican. The former objects to see royalty making itself cheap. The latter objects to the corruption of the masses of the people by extending to them the blandishments of a Court. But the King might do worse for his throne and for his realm than eagerly to seize every opportunity of making the picked leaders of the working-class the representatives of the toiling multitude, whose labour is the basis of the social pyramid, feel that they

were as welcome guests in the palace as any poet or potentate in the land. Who can estimate how much might be done by well-considered action in this direction? What an incentive to individual exertions, what a rich and rosy ray of romance would be shed into many a dingy workshop if it came to be the rule that any handicraftsman, eminent among his fellows for skill, any humble inventor who had improved the tools which are the weapons of civilisation or any man of the humble artists, engineers, or artificers upon whose dexterity of hand and sureness of touch depend the stability of our industrial pre-eminence, would be sought out and invited to the presence of the King, not at formal levees of courtly popinjays, but in those familiar assembles in which the opportunity was afforded without ostentation, pomp, or expenditure, to come into personal contact with the sovereign, and to feel the keen and kindly interest with which they were regarded by the sovereign who was the father of his people. It is all nonsense, saying that it would bore the King to meet a dozen working men, each king of his own craft. It would be, indeed, a welcome change from the humdrum monotony of London society. But the same principle is capable of endless development. All those who distinguish themselves by special merit in any department of life—the sailor who risks his life to save the drowning comrade, the engine-driver who by his magnificent courage snatches a whole train from imminent destruction, the nurse who glorifies her divine calling by some signal instance of heroism and self-sacrifice—all distinguished types of human service, all eminent examples of human heroism, especially in humble life, might be sought out and welcomed, until to be received at Court, instead of being regarded as a mere item in the routine of the plutocrat or the peer, should be the recognised guerdon of merit, the stamp affixed by Royalty on all those who have truly served the State in public or private life, in low as well as in high positions. That is entirely in accordance with the mind of the King, with his keen popular instinct, and with his shrewd common sense, I have no doubt. It will require some nerve and resolution to take the initiative, but what is the good of a King if he does not sometimes dare?

III.—THE KING AT WORK AND AT PLAY.

There is no royal road to success, in kingship or in any other department of public service, that is not based upon hard work. If Queen Victoria distinguished herself as a Sovereign, it was because she ground up her facts, interviewed everybody, and stuck to her business. Will the King prove to be a good worker? The answer to that is whether or not he has been trained to industry. There is no doubt that in his youth his parents made him work with a vengeance. They probably overdid it, for those who knew him in his teens were rather impressed with the fact that he seemed both cowed and sad.

When thirteen years old he was described by his governess as "extremely shy and timid, with very good principles and particularly an exact observer of truth."

When he was seventeen, Prince Metternich noticed that he had "an embarrassed and sad expression."

When he was fifteen he paid his first visit to Paris, and enjoyed himself extremely. He begged the Empress Eugénie to get leave from his mother for the Princess Royal to stay a little longer. "Oh," said the Empress, "I am sure the Queen and the Prince Consort will never be able to do without you." "Not do without us!" cried the boy. "I don't fancy that, for there are six more of us at home, and they do not wait us." The Queen, however, was obdurate.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

This picture is a reproduction of one of 13 Art Plates contained in the "Royal Portrait Portfolio," published at 2s., and described on page 353.

The Queen and Prince Consort spared no pains to give the future King of England the best possible education that could be procured. Perhaps they rather overdid it. At any rate, such was the opinion of "Punch," who, under the title of "A Prince at High Pressure," described the process of cram to which he was subjected in kindly but doggerel verse, a copy of a stanza of which may be quoted as a sample:—

To the south from the north, from the shores of the Forth,

Where at hands Pre-hyterian pure science is quaffed,
The Prince, in a trice, is whipped to the Isis.

Where Oxford keeps springs medieval on draught,
Dipped in grey Oxford mixture drest that prove a fixture!

The poor lad's to be plunged in less Orthodox Cam,
Where dynamics and statics, and pure mathematics,
Will be piled on his brain's awful cargo of cram.

It was perhaps not altogether unnatural that when the Prince came to man's estate, and he was free to unstring the bow which had been so tightly strung, there should have been considerable reaction in the other direction. The Prince flung himself with such zest into the business of amusing himself that many people imagined it was his only object in life. What he did he did heartily, and displayed a certain boyish exuberance of high spirits which led him to play many practical jokes. In his early married days the guests at Sandringham used to be the victims of practical jokes which were more in keeping with the character of a big schoolboy than that of the Heir Apparent to the English throne. To make up an apple-pie bed, to roll a guest in the snow, or to stuff up his dress-coat pockets with sticky sweets are among some of the pranks which he played on those whom he knew could be used as butts for this roystering humour. In after years, when he sobered down somewhat, he still spent much of his time in recreation, although this was tempered by a considerable allowance of what may be called the ceremonial sentry-go of his position. On this subject a good deal has been written.

An Unjust Sneeer.

An American, writing some years ago on the way in which the Prince of Wales spent his time, waxed sarcastic in speaking of the severe labours of the Heir Apparent. He said that he had before him a list of the Prince's engagements compiled from—

the papers from January 1 to September 30, 1890. It is for the most part a list of the engagements of a man of pleasure. Every one unites in lauding the Prince of Wales for the admirable manner in which he fills his position. He is deservedly popular with the racing community. Twenty-eight race meetings were honoured with His Royal Highness's presence. Thirty times he went to the theatre. Forty-three times he went to dinner parties, banquets, balls, garden parties, and concerts. Eleven attendances at the House of Lords; and the official and charitable engagements, together amounting to forty-five occasions, practically complete the record of the public life of the Prince of Wales while in London during the year 1890.

Facts came to the writer's knowledge which convinced him that injustice had been done to the Prince; that the latter not only knows a great deal more of how the poorer classes live than many of those who cry him down, but that His Royal Highness is deeply and sincerely penetrated with earnest desire to help them, and is constantly engaged in doing so. Upon this the writer publicly withdrew what he had written, and wrote to the Prince's secretary to say what he had done. I cannot think that an indiscretion will

be committed if I venture to record one passage from the letter received in reply:—

He (the Prince of Wales) cannot help feeling that you are a little hard and unjust upon him in your book: he says unjust, because you evidently wrote about him without knowing his real character. There are many things which he is obliged to do, which the outside world would call pleasures and amusements. They are, however, often anything but a source of amusement to him, though his position demands that he should every year go through a certain round of social duties which constantly bore him to death. But while duly recording those social "pleasures," you pass over very lightly all the more serious occupations of his life; and I may mention, as a proof of what he does, that during the last week of — he opened or laid the first stone of three polytechnics, and opened the — at —. I much doubt whether many of the Social Republicans who are so fond of crying him down would much care to do this.

The King as Speaker.

In racing circles and with sportsmen the King is a popular favourite. The winning of Derbies and the excitement of the turf naturally looms much more before the public eye than the collar-work of Royalty, but the latter was conscientiously and assiduously performed. The Prince had a good memory. When he attended public functions, he could deliver a speech which had been prepared for him as faultlessly as if he had made it himself, on the spur of the moment. He is no orator, but he has developed a style of speaking, after-dinner speaking especially, which has considerable merits. An Irish observer, not too favourably disposed, says of him:—

He speaks directly and to the point. He never obtrudes himself between the audience and the business of the occasion. He never uses the wrong word, and he never says a word too much. He puts as little of himself as possible into his speeches; and while there is always a firm and manful tone about him, there is never any indication whatever of a desire to impose himself and his position on his audience.

As a Chairman of a Committee everyone agrees that he is admirable, and few better tests of business capacity can be imagined. Uniformly suave, courteous, always apparently interested, he nevertheless brings people to the point, and gets things put through in a way that does him credit. His attendance at Committees over which he does not preside is exemplary for punctuality and attention to the business in hand. In such institutions as the Royal Agricultural Society, of which he is a member, he has set an example to other members for the painstaking care with which he attends their meetings and participates in their discussions. His estates at Sandringham are said to be admirably managed, although authorities differ as to the extent to which he personally takes part in the business. Mrs. Cresswell, whom I have quoted already, who lived eighteen years as a tenant at Sandringham, says:—

During my long residence on his property, I never heard of the Prince receiving or listening to any of the residents on business matters. He seemed to hear all that was going on, too often in an upside-down fashion, and all the news and gossip into the bargain; but I have often heard it regretted that it was impossible to tell the Prince how things really stood. Kings may love those who speak the truth, but I suspect they very seldom have that felicity. I tried once or twice to put in a little wedge of business when honoured with the opportunity of converging with His Royal Highness, but he was quite unapproachable upon estate matters; and as "manners are manners," I could not, when invited to his house, or when the Royalties came to Appleton, intrude subjects upon him that he did not choose to hear.

On the other hand, it is easy to understand that this complaint on the part of a tenant who wished to air her grievances to her landlord does not amount to much. Another criticism which the same writer makes touches upon one point in the Royal character to which attention is not often called:—

One of the faults that I had occasion to find with the Prince during my residence on his property, was the fatal habit of listening to tales from any quarter, without taking the trouble to enquire into the truth of them, which I attribute to his not having passed through the wholesome discipline of a public school, where boys contract a horror of sneaks and sneaking, and also to that love of gossip inherent in the race of Guelph, a cheerful, sociable quality enough, making you feel pleasantly at home with the Blood Royal (the weaknesses of great people being much more sympathetic than their loftier attributes, but leading to grave results when the gossip is malicious and you are the victim).

It would be a mistake, however, to imagine that the Prince is fond of malicious gossip. He is not; he is too good-natured for that, but that he truly loves gossip, and has a marvellous memory for all that is interesting, even among the trivialities of small talk about his enormous acquaintance, is quite true. It is this apparent absorption in trifles which has given rise to the erroneous impression that he is a trifler. That the Prince is capable of grasping a subject and mastering it thoroughly, even without the assistance of the secretaries who devil for kings, would seem to be established by the following reminiscence.

A Quick Intellect.

An anonymous writer in "Harper's Magazine" for August, 1898, controverting the popular impression that the Prince lacked both the intelligence and the interest to take an active part in public affairs, recalls an incident that took place apparently in connection with the anti-Jewish agitation which raged some years ago in Russia. He says:—

Here is an instance that came within my personal knowledge. A few years ago an attempt was made by certain philanthropists to influence the sovereign of a Continental nation in favour of a certain class of his people who were suffering from ill-treatment, which was not known—so it was believed—to the sovereign in question. Circumstances so complicated the matter that the mere study of the facts, so as to grasp the situation, was no mean test of any man's abilities. The Prince sent for the person concerned in the negotiations, and listened attentively—but without taking a note—to a long statement bristling with technicalities and side issues. Shortly afterwards his Royal Highness again sent for his informant, and read to him a lengthy letter, of at least a dozen pages, addressed to the Princess of Wales, who happened at the time to be staying at a Court where the sovereign concerned was a guest. This letter was a masterly description of the whole situation, without omitting one essential point or including an irrelevancy, and was, in short, a document that indicated an endowment of memory and intellect given to few professional lawyers or statesmen. When the special request involved was granted no one knew that to the Prince of Wales was due the gratitude of those he had secretly helped. It may be added that this episode took place at Homburg, where the Prince is not generally believed to devote himself to secret and laborious philanthropy. The incident is only one of a number.

It must be admitted that in conversation the Prince, or, rather, the King, did not impress the company with the sense of sustained and concentrated attention. His conversation is essentially desultory. After talking apparently with deep interest upon a subject for a few minutes, he will fly off at a tangent upon a subject which is connected by some strange association of ideas

with that in hand; and his listeners, perforce, are compelled to follow him. This gives an impression of superficiality and lack of concentrateness, which may be got over when the King comes to deal with the graver affairs of State. It is the fault of the outsider, of the man who sits in the Royal box, watching a performance in which he takes no part. His mind glances rapidly from one subject to another, and seldom seems to dwell long enough upon any point to make it thoroughly his own. On the other hand, when once he gets into a rut, he sticks to it. He works steadily at the Imperial Institute, and at the Royal College of Music, to mention only two among the many subjects into which he puts his whole heart. When he was serving on the Royal Commission for the Housing of the Poor, no Commissioner was more painstaking and industrious. He also sat on the Commission for the Treatment of the Aged Poor. There again, although his attention was not so keen, he did not fail in his attendance, or in the attention which he paid to the subject under discussion. So far from being bored by these two commissions, it was a great disappointment to him when Lord Salisbury refused to place him upon the Labour Commission. It is probable that what the King would say, if he were talking frankly about his apparent shortcoming, is that he deserves to be pitied rather than to be blamed. He certainly pitied himself. He considered that he was continually trying to do things, and then being pulled up short just as he thought he saw a chance of making a bit. He would also say, and say truly, that it was no use grinding up political questions, seeing that he could take no part in them; that Church questions did not interest him, but that no one could possibly be a greater expert in the one subject in which he was allowed more or less of a free hand. In all matters of society he had got up his subject thoroughly. A writer whom I have frequently quoted, says:—

The Prince of Wales is understood to be a great stickler for court etiquette. No one knows better the exact way in which every band and order and medal should be worn. He is very particular about good manners in princes and princesses, and I have heard that there is a near connection of his by marriage who is often lectured severely on the impropriety of losing his temper when giving directions to servants. The Prince is a social umpire of the utmost authority, and no end of personal disputes are settled satisfactorily by a reference to his good-natured and genial, but firm, counsel.

It may seem a small thing to know how orders should be worn, and how delicate questions of precedence settled, but I remember talking to an eminent French diplomatist about the comparative difficulty of settling different kinds of disputes. I remarked that small domestic disputes were often quite as difficult to arrange as great affairs of State. "Oh," interrupted he, "I beg your pardon, I do not agree with you. They are much more difficult. Most diplomatic questions are child's play compared with the differences which arise in one's own household." "If, therefore," the King may fairly say, "I have in dealing with these more difficult and delicate but less apparently important questions, displayed a tact which all admire and a judgment to which all men bow, and have discharged those functions for twenty years without making one serious fault, may I not fairly hope that when I come to deal as King with questions of State, I shall prove not less successful?"

Although the Prince of Wales was never allowed to take part in political questions, nevertheless he, in the course of his twenty years, had ample opportunity of showing the tendency of his thought and the drift of

his ambitions. These he is now free for the first time to indulge, without fear of being brought to heel by the Queen. Let us try to form some kind of idea as to what the King might do, what he probably would like to do, if he could, how he desires to signalise the reign which has just begun.

India.

One of the things that would appeal to his imagination is the fact that he is the first English monarch who has been proclaimed as Emperor of India. It is a quarter of a century since the Prince realised what he then described as "the dream of his life" in his journey through India. He was then brought into personal contact with the teeming myriads of his Indian subjects. It is true that his visit was more of a pleasure jaunt than of a political tour of investigation, but even a picnic, in certain circumstances, may leave indelible lessons upon the mind. The condition of India leaves much to be desired. The problems of India are grave, and from their bearing upon the welfare of millions are far more important than any others. The new reign is likely to be marked by the recurrence of another great famine in India, which has but emerged from one of the worst visitations of the kind. It is not for the Emperor of India to initiate any policy of famine prevention, or to carve out any programme of reform in India. But what he can do, and what lies well within the limits of his Imperial prerogative, is to be in a higher sphere and on a grander scale than was possible to any mere member of Parliament. First Mr. Fawcett, then Mr. Bradlaugh, and afterwards Mr. Cairne, did a great deal in the way of forcing Indian questions upon the attention of the heedless and indifferent public. The Prince could do much more than any number of members of Parliament in keeping India before the public attention. He could, of course, hold a Durbar at his coronation, to which the

native Indian Princes might assemble, but that in itself, although useful in its way, is not enough. The King, as *ex officio* of his realm, should give India a position in the front page. At present the Indian subjects are relegated to small type in the penal settlements of the Imperial sheet. The dim myriads of our Indian fellow-subjects have no representative in either House of Parliament. They look to the Sovereign, to the King, as Member for India. If once he grasped that idea, and grasped it firmly, if he realised that it was his duty to complete the dream of his life, not merely by visiting India, but by making India a living reality, and the Indian people, their wants, their needs, their interests, a perpetual first order of the day in the business of the Empire, he would do that to which no exception could be taken by the most jaundiced opponent, and he could do it with an ease and efficiency which no other person in the realm could hope to emulate.

When Nicholas II. of Russia, then Tsarevitch, visited India, he was profoundly impressed by two great defects of our rule. The first was the contrast between the expensive character of the administration and the excessive poverty of the mass of the people. The second, which even pained him more deeply, was the inhuman gulf which yawned between the Anglo-Indian administrators and the three hundred millions for whom they attempt to play the part of earthly Providence. The King might do worse than have the Emperor's criticism engraved on the walls of his chamber, so that it might never be absent from his mind. The tendency of the Anglo-Indian to regard Indian peoples as niggers, with whom it is impossible to recognise any community of human brotherhood, is one of the great blot upon our administration, and one which may yet cost us our Indian Empire. The Emperor of Hindustan could have no greater function than that of bridge-builder between the individuals who govern and the millions who obey.

OUR FEDERAL FLAG COMPETITION.

A PRIZE OF £50 OFFERED.

The particulars of our Federal Flag Competition will be found in detail in the "Review of Reviews for Australasia" for December, January and February last, and it is unnecessary to repeat the full conditions here. We have already received a multitude of competitive designs from every part of Australasia, and some also from America, England, Malta and elsewhere. As an award cannot be made until the Premiers assemble in Melbourne for the opening of the Federal Parliament early in May, we shall be able to receive designs up to **April 30**, when the Competition will definitely close.

A cablegram, published in the journals during the past month, announced that the Admiralty authorities were pressing Mr. Barton to adopt a Commonwealth Flag without delay. The proprietors of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia" communicated with Mr. Barton, and asked that no decision as to the Commonwealth Flag should be made until the results of the present Competition were known. In reply, Mr. Barton courteously wrote: "Whatever is done by the Cabinet relative to the flag of the Commonwealth at the present time, no final decision will be arrived at until after May next, the date at which it is stated the award of the judges in your competition will be announced." This intimation will be received with pleasure by all parties to the competition.

THE DEAD QUEEN: A CHARACTER SKETCH.*

(Concluded)

By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.

A Royal Wedding.

The morning of the marriage day, February 10, 1840, dawned grey and damp. Fog lay thick and low on the countless roofs of London, or was scattered by blasts of the bitter February wind, ice-edged and harsh. Not till the actual ceremony was over did the proverbial "Queen's weather" make its appearance, and the sun shine on the rejoicing city. The ceremony took place in the Chapel Royal of St. James', at noon, and the whole route, from Buckingham Palace, was crowded by such a multitude as London had not seen since the visit of the allied sovereigns in 1814. The members of the Queen's household drove first from the palace to the chapel. Next came Prince Albert, with his brother and father, welcomed with the sound of drums and trumpets, and deep-throated cheers from the crowd.

Then came the royal carriages, with the youthful Queen and bride. A stately escort of Life Guards rode beside her carriage as she drove slowly through the cheering streets. Everyone noted under the glittering insignia of the Queen the downcast eyes and pale cheeks, natural to a maiden in the supreme hour of her life. The rain was still falling, and, writes Mrs. Oliphant, "as she passed along, under the gaze of multitudes, her mother by her side, she was crowned with nothing but those pure flowers which are dedicated to the day of bridal. No veil hung over her drooping face. . . . Even at that moment she belonged to her kingdom."

Through what an unbroken tempest of cheers the Queen drove to the Royal Chapel may be imagined; and, by happy chance, the sunshine was streaming through its coloured windows as the great and brilliant company rose to its feet, and the Queen, with her bevy of bridesmaids—the fairest faces in the three kingdoms—moved up the aisle.

The Archbishop of Canterbury had, somewhat unnecessarily, asked the Queen previously whether the usual promise to "obey" was to be omitted from the marriage service in her case. The Queen, however, did not belong to the order of "new women," and she replied she "wished to

be married as a woman, not as a Queen," and, like the humblest woman in her realm, Victoria, in the hearing of that stately company of spectators, vowed to love, honour, and obey Albert "till death do us part." Then, hand in hand with her newly-wedded husband, the Queen walked down the aisle. It is, perhaps, a discovery due to the imagination of admiring onlookers of the softer sex that, as they thus walked, the Queen's hand was held in such a position as to show the newly-adopted wedding ring, and the Queen's face, as she lifted it now and again to her husband, glowed with the fire of womanly devotion.

The honeymoon was spent at Windsor Castle, and was of the briefest, lasting exactly three days! Great personages do not belong to themselves, and, if they have great privileges, have also sharp limitations. Then the Royal pair returned to Buckingham Palace.

There was never a happier or a more loving wedlock, or one into which there entered more of the seriousness of duty, as well as the tenderness of affection. The day after her marriage the Queen wrote to Baron Stockmar—"There cannot exist a purer, dearer, nobler being in the world than the Prince!" Happy the wife who cherishes such a faith about her husband! Happy the husband, too, whose wife gazes at him through such a rose-tinted lens! And the whole wedded life of Prince and Queen was suffused with that beatific affection and trust.

The Prince as Husband.

There is no doubt that, for a time, the position of Prince Albert was hedged round with many discomforts. The circle of his wedded life, indeed, was radiant with an affection that knew no cloud, but his position in the Royal household was one which might have galled the pride and taxed the patience of a meeker man than the Prince Consort. "I am husband," he wrote with a touch of bitterness to his brother, "but not master." The Queen, indeed, regarded her husband as part of herself, and had a keen feminine jealousy, that was not slow to express itself in sword-edged words, for his dignity. But there were other jealousies in the Royal household not quite so amiable in quality. The Queen's quon-

*Part of this article appeared in the Jubilee issue of the "Australasian."

dam governess and friend, the Baroness Lehzen, was a remarkable woman, who had filled a great space in the Queen's life. A spectator has pictured her sitting among the guests in the Chapel Royal at the wedding ceremony, "with black eyes and hair, and complexion white as marble, which appeared all the whiter for the contrast with her black Spanish hat." She was a woman of keen intellect and great energy of will. She had practically taken the place beside the Queen that her mother might have filled, and she was not disposed to let this boyish-faced bridegroom rob her of her influence with the Queen. Madame Lehzen held the office of private secretary to Her Majesty, and used that post, it is suspected, to thwart the Prince.

The Royal household, it may be added, was in a condition of chaos—a mere chamber of misrule, without discipline or method. It contained everything—except order and comfort. It was a battlefield for wrangling wills. The Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Master of the Horse divided its administration betwixt them. Each was independent of the other, and acted without reference to the other, and all three, it may be added, were changed with every change of Ministry. Both Sir Theodore Martin and Baron Stockmar give amusing pictures of the distracted condition of the Royal household.

The cleaning of the windows inside, for example, belonged to the Lord Chamberlain's department; the outside cleaning was the business of the office of Woods and Forests; and as these two departments majestically ignored each other, or could never agree as to when the windows should be cleaned, the result was the scandal of perpetual dirt. Baron Stockmar says:—"The Lord Steward finds the fuel and lays the fire, and the Lord Chamberlain lights it. In the same manner, the Lord Chamberlain provides all the lamps, and the Lord Steward must clean, trim, and light them. Before a pane of glass or a cupboard door could be mended, the sanction of so many officials had to be obtained that often months elapsed before the repairs were made. As neither the Lord Chamberlain nor the Master of the Horse has a regular deputy residing in the palace, more than two-thirds of all the male and female servants are left without a master in the house. They can come on and go off duty as they choose; they can remain absent for hours and hours on their days of waiting, or they may commit any excess or irregularity; there is nobody to observe, to correct, or to reprimand them."

Nobody, in a word, was responsible for the cleanliness, order, economy, and safety of the palace. And the palace, it must be remembered, was

a household through which no less than 120,000 guests passed in the course of the year. The well-known story of the little chimney sweep, who was found "camped" under a sofa in a room next to Her Majesty's bedroom, and who, it turned out, had been undetected in the palace for some days and nights, is made intelligible by a knowledge of the complete want of oversight or order in the Royal household. "Under this system," as the Prince wrote, "there can neither be order nor regularity, comfort, security, nor outward dignity in the Queen's Palace." It was in reference to this state of things that the Prince wrote:—"I am the husband, not the master of the house," and he had to struggle with politicians and departments for nearly five years before he could achieve the victory of a well-regulated household. This was accomplished by the invention of an official called the Master of the Household, clothed with absolute authority over the whole internal economy of the palace.

The Prince and the People.

But the Prince had graver difficulties with which to contend. He was not popular. He had the misfortune not to be an Englishman, and he had not the ways of an Englishman. He was reserved, intense, with grave—his critics said prigish—views of life and conduct. He took himself and his position with almost funereal gravity. He was over-didactic, and fond of suggesting improvements in men and methods. But his defects were those of manner, and his finer qualities—his piety, his unselfishness, his passion for duty, his grave fidelity to truth, and his intellectual powers, which, if not quick and facile, were penetrating and strong—quickly gave him an almost absolute authority over the opinions of the Queen herself, and made him a great, though silent and unostentatious, force in the politics of the empire. As he himself put it to the Duke of Wellington, he "sank his own individual existence in that of his wife . . . and became her sole confidential adviser in politics . . . the private secretary of the Sovereign, and her permanent Minister."

Mr. Brett, in his little work, "The Yoke of Empire," has written an admirable essay on "The Queen and Her Permanent Minister." That is an office quite unknown to the Constitution, but it was an office which Prince Albert created for himself, and filled with a grave and noble fidelity. Lord Melbourne was the friend, the political tutor, and the Prime Minister of the Queen. Peel was her Prime Minister, and, later, her friend. But during the five years of Peel's administration, as Brett puts it, the Queen's husband, from being Prince in name, became King in fact. Lord John Russell, who succeeded Peel, found that at every

interview with his Sovereign the Prince was present, and practically discharged the functions of a Sovereign. And he did this so wisely, with such visible loyalty and benefit to public interests, that both jealousy and suspicion were impossible.

The eclipse of the constitutional advisers of the Sovereign by the Prince Consort was at best, no doubt, a perilous experiment in British politics. Had the Prince been a smaller, a more selfish, a less loyal man, it might easily have ended in disaster—a disaster that might have shaken the throne. Mr. Stead quotes, in the "Review of Reviews," the account given by Count Vizthum, the Saxon Minister, of the position the Prince finally achieved:—

He was complete master in his house, and the active centre of an Empire whose power extends to every quarter of the globe. It was a gigantic task for a young German Prince to think and act for all these millions of British subjects. All the threads were gathered together in his hands. For twenty-one years not a single despatch was ever sent from the Foreign Office which the Prince had not seen, studied, and, if necessary, altered. Not a single report of any importance from an ambassador was allowed to be kept from him. The Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Secretary for War, the Home Secretary, the First Lord of the Admiralty, all handed to him every day just as large bundles of papers as did the Foreign Office. Everything was read, commented upon, and discussed. In addition to all this, the Prince kept up private correspondences with foreign Sovereigns, with British Ambassadors and Envoys, with the Governor-General of India, and with the Governors of the various Colonies. No appointment in Church and State, in the Army or the Navy, was ever made without his approbation. At Court not the smallest thing was done without his order.

We may suspect exaggeration in this statement; but the testimony of one of the Queen's Prime Ministers may be accepted without mistrust:—

"In Prince Albert," said Disraeli, immediately after the Prince Consort's death, "we have buried our Sovereign. This German Prince has governed England for twenty-one years with a wisdom and energy such as none of our Kings has ever shown. He was the permanent Private Secretary, the permanent Prime Minister of the Queen. If he had outlived some of our old stagers, he would have given us, while retaining all constitutional guarantees, the blessings of absolute government. Of us younger men who are qualified to enter the Cabinet, there is not one who would not willingly have bowed to his experience."

The "Trent" Trouble.

The "Trent" trouble with the United States may be taken as an example of the kind of service the Prince rendered the empire, and the manner of influence he exercised in its public affairs. On November 8, 1861, the Trent, the English mail packet from Havannah to London, was fired upon and stopped on the high seas by the San Jacinto, a United States man-of-war. Wilkes, the commander of the San Jacinto, boarded the Trent, and, in defiance of protest, carried off Messrs. Mason and Slidell, two Confederate envoys to Europe. They had run the blockade from Charlestown to Cuba, then em-

barked on board the Trent, and were proceeding as duly accredited envoys, Mr. Mason to the English, Mr. Slidell to the French Court. When the news of their seizure became public, both Great Britain and the United States broke into flame. In the United States it was a flame of pride and exultation. Captain Wilkes became a popular hero. Congress passed him an enthusiastic vote of thanks. The secretary of the navy officially approved of his action. A score of public meetings went off in bursts of rapturous rhetoric over Wilkes' heroic deed. The popular imagination is always stirred by a conspicuous act of plain, blunt courage, even if it is wholly unflavoured by discretion; and Wilkes for seven days, at least, was the most popular man in the United States, and might have run for the Presidency against all competitors.

On the other hand, the slower and more stubborn pride of Great Britain was profoundly stirred. The flag had been insulted! The Queen's mail had been fired upon on the high seas. It was an act of war, of war unprovoked and unforgivable! Party distinctions vanished. Men forgot they were Conservatives and Liberals, and only remembered they were Englishmen. The Guards were despatched to Canada. The dockyards worked night and day to prepare every ship for active service. Lord Lyons, the British ambassador at Washington, was instructed to demand the disavowal of Wilkes' act, and the immediate release of the Confederate envoys. If these demands were refused he was to leave Washington.

At that moment it cannot be doubted the two great branches of the English-speaking race were trembling on the edge of war—a war which would have put back the hands on the clock of time. The strife, for one thing, would almost certainly have ensured the success of the Confederate Government; and in that event the United States would have been rent in twain, and a republic—English in blood and speech, but—based on slavery, would have come into permanent existence. The United States authorities offered France the bribe of Canada to make common cause with them against Great Britain! Who can measure the mischiefs and disasters of such a war? And the state of feeling on both sides of the Atlantic was such that a single indiscreet or offensive word would have made war inevitable. Mr. Seward, the American Secretary of State, was statesman enough to understand the madness of plunging into war with Great Britain while his Government had the most stupendous Civil War of modern times on hand. He told Lord Lyons that "everything depended on the wording of the despatch" from the British Government, and he begged, as a per-

sonal favour, that a copy of it might be sent to him privately before it reached him officially.

Prince Albert's last great public service to England and the world was to infuse into that despatch a leaven of courtesy and conciliation which practically averted war. He was sickening for his fatal illness; his brain was already clogged with the disease which, only fourteen days afterwards, killed him. He could neither eat nor sleep. But when Lord Russell sent to the Queen the draft of the proposed despatch on the "Trent" business, Prince Albert saw its defects. It was instinct in every syllable with Palmerston's temper, always—when the honour of England was touched—haughty, challenging, imperious. The Prince sketched an amended draft, and Sir Theodore Martin, in his "Life of the Prince Consort," gives a fac-simile of this, the last State paper the Prince ever wrote. The manuscript shows signs of the stumbling brain and the faltering pen of the writer, due to the sickness already spreading its deadly ferment through the Prince's veins. But the grave courtesy and gentle wisdom of the Prince are equally apparent.

The despatch was to run on new lines. The United States Government, it said, must know that Great Britain could not allow its flag to be insulted. Wilkes must have acted without instructions, or against his instructions. Great Britain could not believe that a wanton insult was intended, and it was expected with confidence that the United States Government would "spontaneously offer such redress as could alone satisfy this country—the release of the envoys and a suitable apology." The British Cabinet recast its despatch on Prince Albert's lines, with the result that, when read in the United States, the effect was marvellous. The envoys were released, a frank apology offered, and war averted. Thus the last public act of the Prince Consort was to keep peace betwixt the two great branches of the English-speaking race.

How the Prince Died.

A strange pathos broods like an atmosphere over the story of the last days of Prince Albert. He was, measured by years, in the prime of life. A singular purity and temperance marked all his habits. But some taint of weakness was in his blood, some strain of melancholy in his brain. He had not the keen tenacity of life, the joy in mere existence, which the Queen possessed. "I do not cling to life," he said to the Queen just before his fatal illness, "you do; but I set no store by it." That was a strange mood for one whose life was set not merely in a frame of royal splendour, but was suffused with an atmosphere of domestic happiness. "If I had a severe illness," he added,

"I should not struggle for life; I should give it up at once."

That sentence describes exactly what happened. The Prince drifted into his illness bankrupt of that energetic courage which, as every experienced doctor knows, is the first condition of a successful battle for life. He was tired. He was melancholy. He took life with an intense seriousness, and his fagged nerves forbade him to sleep. He records again and again in his diary, "I feel so sad;" "I am fearfully in want of a true friend," "Without the basis of health," he wrote to the Princess Royal, "it is impossible to rear anything stable," and that describes his own experience. The death of the King of Portugal, his close personal friend, deepened Prince Albert's melancholy. The shadow of a possible quarrel with the United States added a yet deeper blackness to the Prince's mental sky. Some vague, undescribed private trouble, too, put an additional drop of gall into his blood. With that stubborn, not to say solemn, fidelity to duty which was his characteristic, he still went the round of his daily work. He drove out to inspections and reviews and public functions through the bitter November rains, and sleet-edged winds, with that indifference to weather which is expected of royal personages. Shooting pains, low spirits, sleeplessness, hate of food, were fast-multiplying signs of mischief.

On December 8, at his own wish, he was moved into what was called the Blue Room, which was larger and brighter than his own; and by an evil omen it was the one in which both George IV. and William IV. had died! The Prince had a horror of fever, was "sure if his disease turned out to be fever it would kill him," and by this time it was known to be fever! The Queen's diary during these weeks is a human document of a very pitiful and genuine sort, a reflex of the love and grief, the fitful hopes and ever blacker terrors, of a loving wife who watches her husband die. She tells how the dying man "stroked my face, and smiled, and called me 'liebes fräuchen' ('dear little wife)'; how Alice played Luther's great hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," while the Prince listened with happy tears running down his face. The Princess Alice, indeed, was the heroine of her father's death-chamber. Firm, bright, serene, with voice that never faltered, and eyes that never wept, she sang and read and played to her dying father, breaking down into a passion of tears only for a moment when she stole out of his room.

The Prince died about 11 o'clock on Saturday, December 14. The Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Alice, and the Princess Helena knelt by the bed; the dying man's fingers played with his hair, arranging it as he was accustomed to do when dressing, "as though," says Sir Theodore

Martin, "he were preparing for another and a greater journey." Just before 11 o'clock, with a few faint, fluttering breaths, this brave and gentle spirit passed into the Silent Land, and then the great bell of St Paul's, tolling through the midnight air, sent across the slumbering city the tidings that on the life and home of the Queen of England had fallen the loneliness and eclipse of widowhood.

A Lonely Splendour.

With the death of Prince Albert the Crown of England became a lonely splendour. The Queen bore her grief in womanly fashion—long spaces of despairing sorrow, broken by shining flashes of courage. Her chief comforter was her daughter Alice, a gentle but heroic spirit; but, as the Queen herself said, with a passion of tears, "There is no one to call me 'Victoria' now!" To her last day the Queen wore the garb of widowhood. For eight years after the Prince's death the servants of the Royal household wore crape on the left arm. With a touch of exaggeration verging on burlesque, it is said that the Queen once refused to sign a commission because the paper was not edged with black!

The Prince's rooms at Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral were closed, and remained, while the Queen lived, exactly as they were at the moment of her husband's death. The Queen's own boudoir at Windsor Castle was closed in the same fashion, and remained exactly as on that sad December day when the Prince died. On the door of the room is an inscription, "Every article in this room my lamented husband selected for me in the twenty-fourth year of my reign." Under a glass case in this room lie withered the Queen's bridal wreath and the first bouquet the Prince presented to her—symbols at once of an undecaying love and of vanished happiness. The Queen gave up music and sketching. A brooding atmosphere of sorrow lay round her and her Court. Leech, the artist, describes the altered life at Balmoral many months afterwards, "Everything," he says, "is quiet and still. How different from my first visit here—the joyous bustle in the morning when the Prince went out; the gillies and the pipers coming home; the Queen and her ladies going out to meet them; the merry time afterwards; the torchlight sword-dances on the green," etc.

The Queen's favourite preacher was the well-known Norman Macleod; and, believing the Queen to be morbid in her grief, he preached before her, with true Scottish fidelity and courage, a sermon of great pungency, warning her against the selfishness of grief. Sorrow, he urged, must not thrust aside

the duties of life, or even seem to arraign the Divine will. The Queen took that many rebuke with womanly meekness. She sent next day for the plain-spoken preacher, who tells the story in his Diary. "She was alone," he says. "She met me with an unutterably sad expression which filled my eyes with tears, and at once began to speak about the Prince. She spoke of his excellences—his love, his cheerfulness; how he was everything to her. She said she had never shut her eyes to trials, but liked to look them in the face; how she would never shrink from her duty, but that all was at present done mechanically; that her highest ideas of purity and love were obtained from him, and that God could not be displeased with her love."

But the Queen's withdrawal from society, and from what may be called the ceremonial functions of royalty, remained almost absolute to the end of her life, and sometimes provoked exasperated criticism. The crown loses something of its splendour, it is argued, society many of its pleasures, and London trade at least much of its profit, when the monarch ceases to hold stately functions and to entertain with royal magnificence. In "The Times," many months after the Prince's death, there appeared a remarkable article, generally understood to be inspired, if not written, by the Queen herself, and which constituted her apology for the abandonment of the social side of royalty. In effect the Queen said that the serious duties of the throne, "which she had now to carry alone and unassisted," overwhelmed her with work and anxiety. She had laboured conscientiously to discharge those duties till her health and strength, "already shaken by the utter and ever-abiding desolation which had taken the place of her former happiness," had been seriously impaired. To ask her, in addition, to undergo mere State ceremonies, "which might be equally well performed by other English members of her family," would be to ask her to run the risk of entirely disabling herself for the graver tasks of her position. The nation generally accepted that explanation; and, perhaps, the affection and loyalty felt for the Queen took a deeper note from the spectacle of that long-enduring sorrow which lies upon the crown.

Human life is made up of sharp and tragical contrasts; but no contrast could well be more dramatic than that betwixt the earlier and the later stages of the Queen's life. Twenty years of perfect wedded felicity were followed by more than forty years of ever-mourning widowhood!

Baron Stockmar.

One of the most influential figures in the early years of the Queen's reign was Baron Stockmar: and though his name, and the part he played in

the life of the Queen, are already fading from memory, yet it would be difficult to name any other single person—save, of course, Prince Albert—who exercised such an influence on the character and happiness of the Queen. For seventeen years he was a sort of intellectual conscience to the Royal household, a perpetual referee for all matters, from the choice of the Queen's husband, or a change in the Queen's Ministers, down to the diet of the Queen's children. He was an army physician, who became a member of the household, a trusted adviser, and the close personal friend of Prince Leopold when he married the Princess Charlotte; and it was holding his hand that the ill-fated Princess died. When Leopold became King of the Belgians, Stockmar still remained his one most trusted and influential adviser. He was despatched by Leopold, on the accession of the Queen, to fill a similar post in her household and Court. Stockmar was quaint in manner and dress, independent in spirit, uncourtly sometimes in speech and bearing. But he was the trusted counsellor of kings.

Even a cynic like Lord Palmerston declared that he "had only known one absolutely disinterested man in his life, and that was Stockmar." He would never accept office. He received no salary. He lived, as one of his friends told him, "a subterranean, anonymous life." Yet he did more to decide the Queen's character and colour the Queen's reign than a hundred men who played a much more glittering part in it. The Queen, naturally enough, dwells on the part Stockmar played in her household life, and in her journal declares, "She can never forget the assistance given by the Baron to the young couple in regulating their movements and general mode of life, and in directing the education of their children." But Stockmar was a diplomatist and a statesman, as well as a friend. And an absolutely honest man who can advise kings and princes, not only with ripe knowledge, but with austere severity, is a very rare character.

Stockmar died in 1863, and the Queen, in her journal, has told how she saw him in Coburg, in 1862, and how they wept together over the memories of the past. "My dear Prince," said Stockmar, "how happy I shall be to see him again, and it will not be long." Over Stockmar's grave stands a monument with the inscription, "Dedicated by his friends in the reigning families of Belgium, Coburg, England, and Prussia;" while beneath is inscribed Prov. xviii. 24. There must have been rare gifts in this son of a Hanoverian clergyman, with his silent ways and unsparring honesty, when four reigning families united to honour his grave!

Lord Palmerston.

In the list of the Queen's Prime Ministers there is no more picturesque and puzzling figure than Lord Palmerston. No English statesman, perhaps, has ever been better hated, or better loved. He was the only English statesman, it may be added, who maintained, more or less unconsciously, for years a conflict of authority with the Queen, and on nobody else was so much admonitory royal ink, of very fervent temperature, shed!

Palmerston was a member of Parliament for fifty-eight years; for the most of that period he was in office, and for the last six years of his life he ruled Great Britain as a sort of constitutional dictator, perhaps more absolutely than anybody else since William Pitt. "It was the settled canon of the ordinary Englishman's faith," says Justin McCarthy, "that what Palmerston said England must feel." But that epigram would gain in accuracy by being inverted. Palmerston was simply the embodiment of all the typical qualities which go to make up the average English character, its merits and its limitations alike; and his political creed was merely the average Englishman's somewhat inarticulate beliefs made suddenly articulate. Palmerston was kind at heart and rough in manner. No man fought harder, but he scorned a foul blow, and never used victory ungenerously, nor bore malice after a defeat. He had no sentiment, and no illusions; no habits of introspection and no self-perplexing scruples of conscience. There was a good deal of the heathen in Palmerston, and a good deal of the philosopher. He had a hearty contempt for all opinions that did not agree with his own. His great merit was that he was no "little Englander." He regarded England as the Great State, morally and intellectually, of the civilised world. He revived the "civis Romanus sum" doctrine in favour of the British citizen, and, as Foreign Minister, was perpetually lecturing mankind at large on the wickedness of not being English! Palmerston's luck, Palmerston's courage, Palmerston's faith in everything English, and his scorn of everything not English, were the delight of the average Englishman.

But no character could well be more like that of the sensitive, meditative, funereally serious Prince Consort, who was the confidential adviser of the Queen in form, and the uncrowned King of England in fact. The Queen, who took her royal duties seriously, insisted that all despatches to foreign Courts should be seen and approved by her—which meant being seen and approved by Prince Albert—before being sent off. This meant for Palmerston, who was Foreign Secretary, a delay which fretted his patience, and a restraint which galled

his imperious will. Moreover, he was always sure that his opinions were right; whereas Prince Albert was never quite sure that his were not wrong. Thus the despatches of a Minister who was off-hand and cocksure had to be filtered through the mind of a Prince Consort who was singularly deliberative and dubious.

The Queen and the Prince chafed under Palmerston's methods, and made grave remonstrance to Lord John Russell over the conduct of his unruly Foreign Secretary. In 1849 matters came to a crisis, and the Prince, in the name of the Queen, addressed a strong memorandum to Lord John Russell, complaining of despatches being sent which she had not seen, and laying down, in sharp and plain terms, the manner in which the business of the Foreign Office must be conducted. Palmerston took his punishment gallantly, and declared he would "carry out the Queen's instructions." But the Foreign Secretary was incorrigible. His despatches were as exasperatingly didactic as ever, and were sent off as promptly as before, without being reserved for any royal editing.

The climax was reached when Louis Napoleon, in December, 1851, "found France asleep," and the sound of the muskets shooting down the citizens of Paris ran through Europe. The Queen wrote to Lord John Russell, asking that the English ambassador in Paris should remain entirely passive, and the British Government be left uncommitted on the whole business. Lord Palmerston, however, was not the man to be without a very decided set of opinions on such an event as the coup d'état, and silence was never his gift. While the British ambassador was instructed to be diplomatically dumb in Paris, Palmerston, in London, was expressing to Count Walewski, the French ambassador, his entire and emphatic approval of what Louis Napoleon had done! On this reaching the Queen's ears she declared it must be untrue, and Lord John Russell wrote to the enfant terrible of his Ministry, saying he "presumed there was no truth in this report." But it was perfectly true, and it cost Palmerston his portfolio. "Palmerston is out," Greville writes; "actually and irretrievably out." "There was a Palmerston!" said Disraeli, condensing the situation, after his fashion, into an epigram.

Palmerston, of course, survived; he was never greater, indeed, than in defeat. The man who, being like Mark Antony, "no orator," yet, in the famous Don Pacifico debate, faced a hostile House of Commons, and in a speech which, to use Mr. Gladstone's phrase, lasted "from the dusk of one day to the dawn of the next," compelled not only victory, but admiration, from his very foes, was not to be crushed by a single blunder. As a

matter of fact, he repaid Lord John Russell's dismissal by driving Lord John himself from office, while he himself lived to be the most powerful Prime Minister of modern times, and died in office. But the memorandum on the conduct of Foreign Office business which the Prince Consort drew up was made operative; it is still the supreme code in that great department of public affairs. Palmerston himself never again held the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, and as Prime Minister he was quite willing to enforce on another Foreign Secretary a rule he was too imperious to obey himself!

The Man Who Made an Empress.

Disraeli may perhaps be described as the political puzzle of the Queen's reign. That he was a political charlatan is an article of faith for crowds. That he was the one statesman of genius the Queen's reign has produced is an article of faith equally positive for crowds equally large. Whether Disraeli had any very serious political convictions, even moderate people may perhaps mildly doubt, but the dramatic quality of his whole career must always give him a unique place in the public men of this reign. He commenced his life in a lawyer's office; he ended it as the most commanding and picturesque figure in the House of Lords. The House of Commons received his first speech with shouts of Homeric laughter; it ended by setting up his statue at Westminster as one of the great figures of British history! He was alien in blood, and genius, and character from all that is English; yet on every return of the anniversary of his death, half the population of Great Britain wear primroses in his honour. The strong personal dislike of the Queen was for years an immense political handicap to Disraeli; yet in Hughenden Church stands a tablet erected by the Queen, and which runs:—

To
The Dear and Honoured Memory
Of
Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield.
This Memorial is Placed by
His Grateful and Affectionate
Sovereign and Friend,
Victoria, R.I.

"Kings love him that speaketh right."—Prov. xvi. 13.
February 27, 1882.

The strain of Hebraic imagination in Disraeli is the secret at once of the early dislike he kindled, and of the homage he at last commanded. The foreign strain of Disraeli had no doubt some aspects which vexed sober English taste. It gave barbaric colour to his romances. It effloresced in strange costumes and grotesque rhetoric. The fop in Disraeli is illustrated by the account he gave at the time, in a letter to his mother, of a visit to Gibraltar. He tells her how "I maintain my

reputation of being a great judge of costume, to the envy and admiration of many subalterns. I have also the fame of being the first who ever passed the Straits with two canes, an evening and a morning cane. I change my cane as the gun fires, and hope to carry them both on to Cairo!"

When Disraeli first presented himself to the House of Commons, no wonder that somewhat heavy-sided and prosaic Assembly stared at the phenomenon with half-bovine wonder. He was thirty-three years old. He wore a bottle-green frock-coat, white waistcoat, crossed and re-crossed with gold chains, and large-patterned pantaloons. He had "a face lividly pale, set out by a pair of intensely black eyes," while his hair fell in bunches of tiny, well-oiled ringlets over his left cheek. How ignobly Disraeli failed in his first speech everybody knows; but it is not so generally remembered that he continued a Parliamentary failure for nine long years. The Semitic strain in him, however, gave his spirit endurance; it gave his speech both a wealth of colour and a sword-edged sharpness not to be found in sober Saxon rhetoric. There is no space here to quote any of Disraeli's epigrams, but some of them at least have the edge of a dagger, the compactness of a bullet, and sometimes the flame-like colour of a gem!

Disraeli had many fine personal qualities. He was generous. He had no small envies. He delighted in young people, and made himself their idol. He had, as one critic says, "the subtle tact and the delicate refinement of a woman, with the stubborn courage and iron will of a man." He was, perhaps, the most formidable debater the House of Commons has known. In dexterity of political management he was without a peer. But the secret of the spell by which ultimately he overcame the distrust of the people and the dislike of the Sovereign was found in the fact that he brought to English politics a gleam of Semitic imagination. It is exactly in range of imagination that English policy usually fails. It is heavy-footed, wingless, "practical." But Disraeli saw the Imperial side of public affairs, and had the gift of making others see them. His purchase of the Suez Canal shares, his despatch of the Indian troops to Cyprus, are examples of what over-solemn critics call the "charlatan" strain in Disraeli. His admirers look upon them as flashes of imaginative insight which show his political genius.

And Disraeli deserves a place in the Queen's record because he gave her the title of Empress. The Royal Titles Bill, according to one version, was due to the personal wish of the Queen. The Duchess of Edinburgh claimed precedence over her sisters-in-law, on the ground that hers was an

Imperial, theirs only a Royal, title. The title of Empress, however, assumed by the Queen is not to be traced to a quarrel over Court precedence, or even to the Oriental love of gorgeous symbols in Lord Beaconsfield. It was rather due to the fact that his quick intellect realised the Imperial scale to which the British Crown had grown, and the influence on the Eastern imagination, at least, which the more splendid title might have. The bill, as finally carried, extends the title of Empress over the whole area of the empire except the United Kingdom. It is surely a curious thing that the sober crown of England should thus be expanded into an Imperial diadem by the genius of a statesman of Jewish birth and blood!

The Story of Gordon.

In the procession of great and heroic figures which have moved across the stage of the Queen's reign there is none more heroic, none that has more profoundly touched the imagination of the British people, than that of "Chinese" Gordon. And anyone who wishes to know the sort of spirit the Queen has carried into her public duties, and her generous sympathy with what is heroic, cannot do better than note her utterances about Gordon.

It is unnecessary to recall the earlier stages of Gordon's strange and dazzling career. In 1884, Great Britain, as the mandatory of Europe, was administering Egypt, and was responsible for order and civilisation there. But the Soudan provinces had been swept by the fierce wave of the Mahdi uprising. Lord Salisbury to-day holds that, as the Soudan is part of the political estate which England holds in trust, it is bound to see that it does not lapse into barbarism. Mr. Gladstone, in 1884, interpreted the duty of England quite differently. He was willing to let the Soudan go. It is doubtful whether he was not willing to let the Egyptian garrison and officials, with their women and children—nearly 30,000 in all—perish, rather than engage in a remote and costly war. But public opinion forced his hand. Mr. W. T. Stead—whom everyone admits to be a journalist of genius—interviewed Gordon, who was then on the point of starting to lead an anti-slavery expedition to the head waters of the Congo for the King of the Belgians, and that interview, published in the "Pall Mall Gazette," really sent Gordon to Khartoum. He was the one man who could, if not hold the Soudan, at least bring off the whole Egyptian garrison in safety; and Mr. Gladstone was careful to explain, in a speech to the House of Commons, that Gordon's mission was "purely pacific"—to extricate the Egyptian garrisons.

The interview in the "Pall Mall Gazette" was published on January 8; on January 18 Gordon

started from the Charing Cross station to the Soudan, via the Continent. At the railway station, according to the report in the newspapers, "Lord Wolseley carried the General's portmanteau, Lord Granville took his ticket for him, and the Duke of Cambridge held open the carriage door!" On February 18 Gordon entered Khartoum, there to find both a bloody death and immortal fame. He could not "extricate" the Khartoum garrison; he would not abandon it; and the story of the stand he made there is one of the most heroic and thrilling tales in history. Message after message filtered through from him; and at last, in September, an expedition was organised, under Lord Wolseley, for his rescue. The Nile route was chosen, and a tiny but picked force, embarked in 800 whale-boats, began the long, upward struggle to Korti. Wolseley offered a prize of £100 to the battalion which should make the quickest passage in its whale-boats up to Korti, and the Royal Irish won the prize, the Gordon Highlanders being second, and the men of the West Kent third. At Korti, a message dated November 14 reached Wolseley from Gordon, saying that he "could hold out for forty days." Exactly a month from that date, on December 14, that is, Gordon sent a second message, written on a scrap of paper the size of a postage stamp, and sewn in the seam of the messenger's dress, with the words on it, "Khartoum. All right. C. G. Gordon. December 14, 1884." That message reached Wolseley on December 31, but the messenger brought verbally, in addition, the sentence, "We want you to come quickly." On that same December 14, Gordon wrote in his journal, "All's up. I expect a catastrophe in ten days' time."

The story of the dash across the desert, of the fights at Abuklea and Abukru, of the death of Burnaby and Herbert Stewart, of the march to Metemneh on the Nile, of Wilson's dash to Khartoum in two river steamers, with a handful of soldiers, of Lord Charles Beresford's fight with the Arab batteries—all this makes a tale that, for many a generation to come, will stir the blood of Englishmen with pride; but it cannot be told here. On January 28, Wilson's steamers came in sight of the towers of Khartoum. Smoke was rising above them. No English flag flew. The river banks spat red flashes of hostile flame at the British. The relief, that is, was too late. On Monday, January 26, treachery opened Khartoum to the Arabs, and Gordon was shot down in front of the palace, and his head cut off and carried in triumph to the Mahdi. Gordon's rescue was missed by only two days! By so narrow an interval of time was what would have been a shining victory turned into grimmest and tragic defeat! A wave of public wrath swept over Great Britain when the whole story was known. Gordon might have been so easily saved! Those fatal two days

might have been saved at a score of points. The expedition might have started earlier. There was one avoidable delay at Korti; another at Metemneh. The route from across the desert would have been quicker than that up the Nile, etc. Gordon had kept his swarming foes at bay at Khartoum for 319 days; England might surely have saved her heroic representative and soldier somewhere within that wide space of time!

There is no need to apportion the blame of delay, but the conscience of England was pricked to the quick with the sense that the honour of the country had been stained, and the life of one of its bravest sons sacrificed by mere ignoble lithering. And the Queen, breaking through that diplomatic silence which lies, heavy as frost, on the lips of a constitutional monarch, wrote a remarkable letter to Gordon's sister:—

Dear Miss Gordon (it ran),—How shall I write to you, or how shall I attempt to express what I feel! To think of your dear, noble, heroic brother, who served his country and his Queen so truly, so heroically, with a self-sacrifice so edifying to the world, not having been rescued! That the promises of support were not fulfilled—which I so frequently and constantly pressed on those who asked him to go—is to me grief unexpressible! Indeed, it has made me ill! My heart bleeds for your sister. . . . Would you express to your sisters and your elder brother my true sympathy, and what I do so keenly feel—the stain left upon England for your dear brother's cruel though heroic fate!

That phrase about the "stain left upon England" by Gordon's tragical but heroic fate will certainly serve as the prick of a very sharp spur to the statesmen and soldiers of Great Britain in all similar crises.

Attempts on the Queen's Life.

It is curious to remember that no less than seven more or less genuine attempts were made on the Queen's life, and Her Majesty was as often "under fire" as a soldier in an average campaign. Lord Shaftesbury, in 1849, solemnly records in his journal his astonishment that "while the profligate George IV. passed through a life of selfishness and sin without a single proved attempt to take it, this mild and virtuous young woman has four times already been exposed to imminent peril." But Lord Shaftesbury had a very faint sense of humour, and took the attempts on Her Majesty's life rather too seriously. These attempts were, for the most part, the acts of lunatics, or were inspired by a crazy passion for notoriety. Those who made them, too, commonly knew neither how to load a pistol nor how to fire one, while their shooting was of the most lunatic quality. Still, the list of attempts is of curious length.

On the evening of June 10, 1840, the Queen and her husband were driving up Constitution Hill, when a youth, who was leaning against the park railing, suddenly drew a pistol from under his coat

and fired point-blank at the Queen, then about six yards distant. A moment afterwards he fired again, but the Prince had pulled the Queen down in the carriage, and the shot apparently passed over their heads. The would-be regicide was an addle-headed youth of seventeen, named Oxford, who had disordered his imagination with literature of the modern "penny dreadful" class. "After I fired the first pistol," he said in the written statement he made, "Prince Albert got up as if he would jump out of the carriage, and sat down again, as if he had thought better of it. Then I fired the second pistol." Oxford was tried, and the jury brought in a verdict of insanity. He was confined for thirty-five years, and then released on condition he would go to—Australia! Apparently he is living somewhere in these colonies still.

On May 30, 1842, the Queen came under fire again. On driving home from the Chapel Royal, on the previous day (Sunday), Prince Albert saw a man point a pistol at the carriage, but the weapon missed fire. The Queen, with cool courage, drove out as usual the next day. "She would rather," she said, "run the risk of being shot at than be made a prisoner in her own palace." But she took none of her ladies with her. While driving down Constitution Hill—at the very spot where Oxford made his attempt—a man—a "little swarthy ill-looking rascal"—fired at the Queen, and was instantly seized by a soldier of the Guards who stood near. The man, John Francis, was stubbornly silent as to his motive, and was tried and sentenced to death, but was reprieved by the Queen, and sent to Tasmania. These colonies, it would seem, were in those days the dumping ground of would-be regicides! The very day after the reprieve of Francis a deformed youth, named Dean, tried to fire a pistol, loaded with bits of tobacco-pipe, at Her Majesty, as she drove from the Chapel Royal. Sir Theodore Martin says that Peel hurried to the palace when the intelligence of this new attempt reached him, and, when the Queen entered the room where he was waiting, this most phlegmatic and reserved of English Premiers broke into agitated tears.

As these attempts were plainly inspired by crazy vanity, a bill was introduced making imprisonment for three years, or transportation for seven years, with a severe application of the whip, a penalty for such offences. Under the disillusionising influence of this new law, the Queen remained unattacked for seven years; but on May 10, 1849, a man named Hamilton fired at her as she was—once more!—driving up Constitution Hill. It was proved that the pistol contained no bullet, and Hamilton was dismissed for seven years to the pleasant climate of Tasmania.

In June, 1850, the Queen had a less perilous, but still more painful, experience. She was driving out of the gateway of Cambridge-house, when a

man rushed forward and struck her a severe blow across the face with a stick. The Queen's bonnet was crushed, and a severe bruise inflicted on her forehead. The offender was an ex-Hussar officer, named Pate, of good family, but at least semi-insane. He, too, was transported for seven years. Again, in February, 1872, a youth named O'Connor offered to the Queen, in the one hand, a petition, while with the other he pointed a pistol—which turned out to be loaded with powder and dirty red rag only—at her head.

John Brown, Her Majesty's personal attendant, promptly seized the silly lad, who was punished by a twelve months' imprisonment and a whipping, while Brown, for that act of not very desperate valour, was rewarded by a gold medal and a pension. In 1882, when the Queen was entering her carriage at the railway station, at Windsor, she was fired at by a man named M'Lean, who was tried, proved to be insane, and dismissed to a lunatic asylum.

On the whole, these attacks on Her Majesty, though distressingly numerous, have been invariably of a crack-brained, and fortunately of an entirely harmless quality.

Did the Queen Govern?

A famous American critic once said that the English crown was "a vain symbol," and the English throne a sepulchre in which lay buried every vestige of genuine kingly power. That was a very idle and stupid criticism! That under the forms of a constitutional monarchy the Sovereign reigns, but does not govern, is, of course, a platitude. But the monarch is yet a force in government of quite unsuspected range and authority. That the Queen always took her royal duties with intense seriousness everybody knows. She never signed a document without understanding it, or consented to an appointment without approving of it, or permitted her name to be affixed to a despatch without a clear comprehension of all its terms. She was no mere nominal Sovereign. As Lord Beaconsfield once said:

There is not a despatch received from abroad, or sent from this country abroad, which is not submitted to the Queen. The whole of the internal administration of this country greatly depends upon the signature of our Sovereign, and it may be said that her signature has never been placed to any public document of which she did not know the purpose, and of which she did not approve. . . . At this moment there is probably no person living who has such complete control over the political condition of England as the Sovereign herself.

It is obvious that, even under the fetters of the British constitution, a monarch who takes the kingly office seriously must have enormous authority. He is the fountain of honour. He is the agent through which all great acts of public policy express themselves. He is the trustee of all national rights. He is the one continuous personal

element in the flux of incoming and outgoing Cabinets. The Queen, it may be added, strengthened all these sources of power by two or three personal qualities. One was the intense conscientiousness which she carried into all her duties. A second was the long stretch of time through which her sovereignty extended. A third was the interlaced and almost innumerable ties of personal relationship which linked her to the royal caste throughout Europe. She was the grandmother, or the aunt, or the mother-in-law of half the royalties of Christendom! Towards the end of her reign, too, every English statesman, with exceptions that might be counted on the fingers of one hand, was to the Queen, in point of political experience, in a stage of mere callow youth. Mr. W. T. Stead puts this with great force in the "Review of Reviews":—

She had been on the throne for nearly a score of years before Lord Rosebery was born. She was crowned Queen when Lord Salisbury was at the breast. She is the nestor of the statesmen of Europe. Apart altogether from the mysterious charm of royalty, she represents tradition, continued service, and unrivalled experience. The Cabinet secrets of all her Ministries have been familiar to her; she has guided the realm through scores of crises; she has at last acquired a position where influence has attained a degree of authority hardly to be distinguished from absolute power.

The Wealth of the Queen.

An American journal recently announced that the Queen had accumulated a personal fortune of £33,000,000 sterling! But American information about royal personages, as Dickens long ago taught the world, is apt to be of a humorously unreal sort. Yet there is no doubt a general impression exists that the Queen had a taste and a faculty for accumulation; and, though she began her life in comparative poverty, closed it as one of the richest women in Europe. That is probably wild exaggeration. Mr. Gladstone once, on the authority of private and ample knowledge, and with much gravity, assured the House of Commons that the Queen's wealth was in no way excessive for her position and for this age of millionaires; and that she had many claims to meet which outsiders did not see.

The Civil List was settled on the accession of the Queen. The House of Commons appointed a committee of twenty-one, with instructions to ascertain the exact expenditure of William IV. during the last year of his reign, and this was to be taken as the measure of the grant to the new monarch. Previous royalties had been very costly. Under George I. the Civil List sometimes reached to £1,000,000 sterling; its lowest amount under William IV. was £510,000. It was found that the actual expenditure under the Civil List during the last year of the reign of William IV. was £385,000, and this was voted as the an-

nual allowance of the new Sovereign. In return the Crown estates were given up to the nation. They yielded a net revenue of £203,000 in 1836; now the revenue is £412,000; so that, as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach put it in a recent Budget speech, the nation makes a profit of £27,000 a year by its bargain with the Queen! In addition, the Queen received the revenues of the duchy of Lancaster. These were £29,000 at her accession; they were £82,302 in 1895. A yearly sum was also granted to each child of the Queen on reaching twenty-one years; the Prince of Wales having a grant of £40,000 a year, with a further sum of £37,000 for the support and maintenance of his children, and the revenues of the duchy of Cornwall, which, in 1895, yielded a net sum of over £55,000. The Princess of Wales had a grant of £10,600 per annum.

Mr. Lucy, in the "Gentleman's Magazine," argues, with a wealth of detail which we cannot reproduce here, that since she adopted a semi-secluded manner of life at least, the Queen must have had a margin of £145,000 above all possible expenses; and this sum, invested yearly for a period, say, of thirty years, proves the Queen to have become a millionaire! In 1857, too, one of her subjects named Neild, bequeathed a legacy of £250,000 to the Queen for her personal use. Yearly sums on this scale, employed with that touch of German frugality which formed no unwholesome element of the Queen's character, no doubt make it probable that the Queen became a very rich woman.

But who will grudge or challenge her wealth? The throne of England is, after all, the cheapest instrument for the government of a great nation the wit of man ever invented. The Queen's Civil List, when contrasted with the salary, say, of the President of the United States, may seem extravagant; but who shall express in terms of sober arithmetic the indirect cost of its Presidency to the United States! During the sixty years of the Queen's reign the United States has gone through the cataclysm of a Presidential election fifteen times! Twice has a President been assassinated; the country has been rent by the most bloody and costly civil war known to history. If we leave out the assassinations and the civil war, and take only the money cost of fifteen Presidential elections, it will be found that the President's chair in the White House at Washington represents a tax on the American nation tenfold greater than the sum which the British people expend on the state and dignity of the Queen's throne in Windsor Castle!

A Golden Tale of Progress.

It is not possible to compress into figures, or to express in cold speech, the amazing growth of the

Empire during the Queen's reign. It is a tale of gold; a tale more wonderful than anything to be found in Arabian fable. The expansion of science in that period, the new provinces which have been added to literature; the growth of inventions, the advance in all the arts of life, the general rise in the standard of comfort, of knowledge, of freedom is such as can be paralleled in no other period of human history. In the long procession of kingdoms which makes up the tale of history no one can be named which, in the same period of time, has grown as fast as England has grown since that June dawn, in 1837, when the girl-Queen, her feet bare, her eyes yet dewy, her soft cheeks yet flushed with the glow of sleep, stepped on to the throne of England. The "spacious time of great Elizabeth" is narrow compared with the yet more spacious time of Victoria the Great. But the material progress of the empire can be roughly expressed in such figures as year-books and schedules supply. The "Edinburgh Review" summed up these very happily in a recent article. Take the territorial gains of the empire. Great Britain has not sought new provinces; they come to her unsought. Yet during the Queen's reign in India the British dominions have been increased by a territory larger than Austria; in South Africa we have added to our possessions a territory as large as Germany; in East Africa one, at least, half as large as European Russia. Canada and Australasia represent, roughly, one-ninth of the habitable land of the globe. Taking its dependencies and protectorates, the British flag flies over nearly 12,000,000 square miles of the earth's surface, and over nearly 400,000,000 of its population. One person out of every four on the planet, in brief, was ruled by the sceptre which has just fallen from the dead hand of Queen Victoria!

The United Kingdom itself tends more and more to become the nerve-centre of the planet, and wealth grows in it even faster than population. The inhabitants of the three kingdoms increased fifty per cent. during the Queen's reign; their wealth has multiplied more than 300 per cent. Each penny of the income tax, when Peel re-imposed it in 1842, yielded £700,000 a year; the same penny now produces £2,250,000. Pauperism has decreased one-third; criminal convictions have de-

creased one-half; there are twenty children receiving elementary instruction in Great Britain to-day for every one in 1850. The state in 1840 spent £10,000 in elementary instruction; in 1895 it spent nearly £8,000,000! The sailing ships under the British flag are more numerous than when the Queen ascended the throne; but, in addition, steamships, double in aggregate tonnage to that of all British sailing ships, have been called into existence. During the forty years after the peace of Paris, in 1815, the public debt of Great Britain was decreased by £92,000,000; during the forty years which succeeded the Crimean War in 1857 the debt was decreased by £160,000,000. In 1840 the regular forces of Great Britain were not quite 51,000; in 1896 they are 222,000. Including the militia and volunteers, and the purely British forces in India, there are 365,000 effective men under the British flag. Its naval strength is more than double that of any other Power in the world. Who can estimate the resources and promise of the great colonial empire of Great Britain? The Australasian colonies alone have a population almost equal to that of the United States when the War of Independence closed.

And yet material growth is the most insignificant letter in the great alphabet of human progress. The Queen's reign has an even brighter glory than this. To quote Mrs. Oliphant—"In great Victoria's golden days what increase, what power, what progress, what incredible new forces and assistances brought to the service of the world! Still more and greater, what help, what pity, what solace to the sufferer—pain lessened, life prolonged, charity enlarged and strengthened! When all other applauses fail, the glory of having reduced the measure of human suffering and vanquished pain will remain an endless distinction of the Victorian age. And to the Queen above all others, to her own person and character, there remains the still fairer crown of unity woven for her special brows by a dozen great nations all one in her house, her allegiance, her loyal love and championship. Not for nothing come the colonists shouting over the seas, the country-folk from their villages, the sons from far away. For love of the mother-country and all she has given—but yet again, and above all, for the love of the Mother-Queen."

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

The Dead Queen.

Mrs. Crawford contributes to the "Contemporary Review" for February a brief, but charming, article about the Queen. It is a combination of gloomy foreboding and interesting gossip.

The Queen's Luck.

Mrs. Crawford fears that the death of the Queen bodes ill for our Empire abroad. She says:

To the dark, half-savage races under the British Crown the Queen was a "totem," a superhuman being. They imagined her an essential part of the British system. To most of her Asiatic subjects she was Queen of Kings. The Mahometans thought her in a special degree favoured by God and pre-destined to wide authority and the brightest fortune. Lord Cromer three years ago remarked that belief in the Queen's luck greatly facilitated his task in Egypt. Mr. Clinton Dawkins, the late Financial Secretary of Egypt, has told me that all over the East people said: "The Queen is visibly the favourite of God: Since this is so, why struggle against Him?" The idea that Allah was with her struck Mehemet Ali as early as 1840. It prompted him to accept the terms Sir Charles Napier offered. We may now apprehend a crisis in Asiatic affairs, and in all those countries where the Queen was regarded as a sort of "totem."

The gossip of the article is less lugubrious reading than the passages in which Mrs. Crawford tells us how sinister to her was the Diamond Jubilee.

The Queen at Nice.

Here are some extracts:

Nice is the resort of the gilded class of all countries. It is a place where fine feathers are thought to make fine birds. But the Queen stood above and outside the world of fashion there. The little, stout old lady in her donkey-chair compelled universal respect. Before she lost the use of her limbs I saw her walking on a country road near Cannes. Some English ladies came up. They had a taste for fine appearances. One of them averted her eyes from the Queen as Her Majesty raised her skirt to step over a puddle. She could not bear to see the inelegant easy shoes of her Sovereign, the unfashionably cut gown and mantle, and a hat with a mushroom brim, intended to serve merely as a sunshade.

The Queen at Netley.

Notwithstanding the Queen's propensity to mourn the dead in solitary grief, she felt she ought to be up and comforting the wounded. Those about her feared it might be too much for nerves that had been a good deal shaken. But go she would. She owed it to her soldiers to say kind words to them, and herself to give them tokens of the sympathy and admiration she felt for men who had bravely fought for her and her Empire. Her sweet kindness prompted her to bring baskets of little nosegays, culled in the gardens of Osborne. Each man had his pretty, fragrant posy. "Be sure," said the Queen to her gardener, "that you gather flowers that have not more than come out, and buds that are advanced. They will last some days. Also gather a sprig of some nicely-scented thing for each. A fragrant bunch of flowers must be so grateful to a poor wounded man in a hospital." I have these words from the sister of one of the Queen's ladies, who heard her utter them.

The Queen and the War.

The same lady told me how it was the Queen's own idea when she heard Lord Roberts had lost his son, to send for Lady Roberts and hand her the decoration intended for him. She subsequently said: "What grieves me most is that I cannot possibly do more. It would be so gratifying to me to be able to do more to soothe their grief." The same informant said to me last November: "Nobody could have believed the Queen able to make such efforts, and such sustained efforts. Were it not for her crippled state one might think the war, in rousing her, had cured her infirmities. She seems to have taken out a new lease of life. Her moral courage is amazing. We all shrink from opening letters and telegrams when we fear bad news. Every War Office telegram is brought at once to the Queen, and by her orders a secretary opens it and reads. The Queen often weeps and sobs in listening; but she listens to the end and does not miss one word."

Her Visit to Ireland.

Another instance of her courage was given in conquering her fear of being shot in Ireland. It was entirely her own idea to go there. She unexpectedly expressed it one morning at the breakfast table. The Princess Beatrice tried to dissuade her. All preparations had been made for a trip to the Riviera, and she needed sunshine. Home Office and Dublin Castle reports were alarming. But the Queen thought it a sacred duty to go to Ireland, as "the grateful admirer of the Irish who had so bravely fought and fallen in 'South Africa.'" The conquest of her fear must have helped to exhaust her nervous force.

The Queen all her life showed moral courage in wishing to know the truth, whatever it might be. I am informed that after the breakdown of health began at Balmoral depressing and harrowing news was kept back or "toned down." She suspected that she was not kept thoroughly informed, and chafed. She required, she said, to be informed of everything. But, all but blind and crippled, she could not enforce utter obedience. She finally took the strong course of sending for Lord Roberts to hear from his lips the whole truth about the war. But she was very low when he came. A previous meeting with the Duchess of Coburg, who was fresh from Germany, with her mind full of sad family affairs, had depressed the Queen. Lord Roberts may, perhaps, have recoiled from a full revelation. But whether he did or not, what he said was more than the aged Sovereign could bear.

Reforming the British Army.

In the "Fortnightly Review" for February, Lieutenant-Colonel Pennington writes on "Army Reform from a Battalion Point of View." Want of men in the battalion, he thinks, is the chief vice of our military system. A battalion of infantry at peace strength consists on paper of some 857 officers and men, but some 200 men must sometimes be deducted for the item, "wanting to complete establishment," while 100 to 150 more must be deducted for men engaged in garrison and regimental employ, and there are other deductions still made for recruits at recruits' drill, and drafts sent out to feed foreign battalions. As a consequence

officers in time of peace never see their commands, and want of men upsets all systems of training. The home battalions are normally in the condition of skeletons:

Want of men affects the training of recruits in the same manner as it does that of the young officers. Recruits join their battalion from the depot in a comparatively raw state, and are placed in the hands of instructors whose own attainments leave much to be desired, and these, in contravention of the regulations, must, from force of circumstances, be constantly changed. The recruits are usually passed into the ranks as trained soldiers long before they are thoroughly grounded in their work, for the sole reason that the depleted condition of the battalion requires their services as duty men to perform the necessary routine duties of guards and the like. Once lost amongst the trained soldiers any attempt to systematically continue their education is impossible: the most intelligent are taken as clerks, or otherwise find their way into the limbo of "Regimental and Garrison employ," the remainder pick up their duties as best they can.

To fill up the depleted battalions, the reserves are called upon in time of war:

If the reserve consists of 80,000 men, its actual value for the legitimate purposes for which it is intended is reduced to 50,000 if the active army is 30,000 men below its peace strength. It must also be kept in mind that the proportion of reserve men which unduly weak battalions take in on mobilisation for war is far too large to be readily assimilated; thus a battalion which can only muster 400 effectives for war out of an imaginary 857, absorbs on mobilisation 600 men, and when it is considered that the military training of the reservists must be revived and added to, and that the skeleton battalion which has to effect this has not been able, owing to depletion, to keep its own training up to more than an indifferent standard, it must be evident that the corps so formed cannot be rendered efficient in a reasonable time.

The only remedy for this is to put our hands in our pockets and pay, pay, pay:

1. Pay the cost of keeping battalions up to peace strength.
2. Pay the cost of the performance of some 90 per cent. of the semi-civil duties of the army by civilians, pensioners, and reservists, and release the men who are now performing these, but who enlisted for soldiers, for their proper trade.
3. Pay the cost of classing all recruits as supernumerary to the establishment until they are passed as trained men.
4. Pay the cost of increasing the peace establishment of battalions by the average number sent out each year as drafts to the foreign battalions.

The whole question is one of finance. Until it is dealt with satisfactorily efficiency need not be expected.

There are two other articles in the "Fortnightly" on the same subject of the Army. Lieut.-Colonel Eustace Balfour handles Mr. Wells very severely, for his criticism on military cycling. His article is, however, not a constructive one, and therefore need not be noticed at length. The other article is by Colonel Stopford, on the "News and Limitations of the Army League." The Army League, Colonel Stopford says, should not attempt to criticise military affairs in detail, but should confine itself to the task of bringing influence to bear on the electors.

THE COST OF OUR ARMY.

Major Arthur Griffiths, writing in the "Fortnightly" on "Great Armies and Their Cost," tells us that our Army is not a costly one, considering the conditions under which it is raised, and adds that it will be much more costly in the future. The British Army costs £111 per man, as against £40 per man in France, £42 in Germany, and £35 in Russia. According to Major Griffiths, however, we should add our auxiliary forces to the total of our effective peace army, and by doing this, he reduces the cost to £33 per head. He justifies this method of calculation by claiming that our auxiliary forces are for practical purposes a part of our standing army, as they can be mobilised in a few weeks; but surely if this is so, he ought to add the cost of maintaining them when mobilised.

Colonel Lonsdale Hale contributes to the February "Nineteenth Century" an article on "Sham versus Real Home Defence," in which he deals very severely with Mr. Conan Doyle for his heretical doctrine as to the possibility of defending this country with imitation Boers.

Regulars Required.

Colonel Hale is not an extremist "professional soldier," and though he thinks that Dr. Doyle's plan is by itself absurd, he approves of the underlying idea of civilian defence. But he does not believe for a moment that a purely civilian mob, no matter how well armed, would be able to resist an invader. The auxiliary riflemen would do excellently, but they must be only auxiliary, and act in combination with a regular force, and, what is more important, they must be organised bodies as well as good shots. The volunteer force must be the nucleus, and all other defensive bodies must be grafted upon it.

Colonel Hale does not believe in the "Raid on London" theory. He points out that there are a large number of places, owing to our extended coast line, where invaders might land, and a successful raid on London would not induce our people to submit to terms. Until Woolwich, Newcastle, and Birmingham, and our dockyards, were in the hands of the enemy, the nation could continue the fight.

Lining the Ditches.

Dr. Conan Doyle's theory that a stationary army lining the hedgerows would resist an invader is absurd, because the invader would select his own point of attack, and this would require manoeuvring, which a civilian mob of riflemen could not carry out. A regular army would be required, and the Militia should be kept to its proper use, which is to supply the numerical deficiency of the regulars. What we want, first of all, is: "a ballot-raised, well-trained, well-disciplined, well-officered, and well-staffed Militia."

The Boer War No Lesson.

Colonel Hale says that the position of this country is so different from that of South Africa that the Boer War is no lesson at all. The chief characteristics of this country, its high cultivation, close population, and developed communications, are entirely absent in South Africa:

We have no outpost positions, no real advanced positions, as had the Boers, for instance, or the French in the Vosges or on the Moselle. Great Britain is one huge position.

Discipline is wanted far more for marching than for shooting, and rapid movements and manoeuvres would be the characteristic of a war in this country. Undisciplined riflemen would be entirely useless for the vigorous and offensive operations which would be required to defend Great Britain.

"Army Reform" is also treated in the "Monthly Review" for February by Colonel F. N. Maude. Colonel Maude does not believe in the new warfare, and he does not hesitate to state that the principles of tactics never have changed and never will change. Nor does he believe in the armed civilian doctrine. What we want is discipline, and this is to be secured by making the junior officers responsible to their seniors for the efficiency of the men under their command. This principle is admitted in the Army Regulations, but it is carried out in practice only in the artillery:

This concession of responsibility will automatically eradicate the needless extravagance so much complained of in the Press. Two-thirds of our officers only spend money in order to kill time, but release them from their compulsory idleness by giving them the right to occupy themselves with their men and horses, and they will throw the energy into their profession which they now devote to their amusements.

The reform of the Army is also treated in the "Quarterly Review." The reviewer lays down the following requirements as necessitated by our condition:

1. To maintain in full efficiency and in complete readiness for war the normal garrisons of India, of the colonial stations serving as secondary bases for the Navy, and of Egypt.

2. To provide at home a considerable field force, fully organised, staffed, and equipped, and ready for immediate embarkation to reinforce India, or any portion of the Empire, or to serve for the purpose of a small war.

3. To provide a large field force at home completely organised and equipped and capable of being mobilised in a week for service abroad in the event of a great war.

4. To maintain the machinery for supplying the wastage of war in the forces included under (1), (2), and (3).

5. To create a territorial army, organised and equipped for home defence, capable of maintaining public confidence if the mass of the regular forces are serving abroad, and able, in part, to reinforce the army abroad if the circumstances are such that what is called "home defence" becomes a minor consideration.

In dealing with these requirements, the reviewer, however, puts our permanent Indian and Colonial garrisons at 114,000, omitting provision for the immense force which will have to be kept in South

Africa. He recommends that the Army Corps organisation should be abolished as unsuited to small armies like ours. The division should be our highest unit. Under his second heading he says that three divisions (31,500 men), with two cavalry brigades, should be always ready. The home field force should number 102,000 men. The Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers should be independently organised, and the Militia ballot revived:

The Swiss system, applied to this country, would provide 3,000,000 of trained and organised men; but 200,000 men would be an ample force. The Swiss army in 1898 cost barely £1,000,000. . . . Our own Volunteers alone, with this year's emergency vote, will cost the nation a million and a quarter, together with considerable private expense.

The Militia must no longer be regarded as a feeder to the Army. The Volunteers should be a paid force, with a high standard of efficiency, while the Yeomanry should provide a mounted force for the home field army.

From Six to Forty-two Miles an Hour.

In "Felliden's Magazine" for January, Mr. George Halliday writes an interesting article upon "Marine Engineering and Shipbuilding." He begins by pointing out that from the days of the Phœnicians until the beginning of the nineteenth century no progress had been made in ship-building or ship-propulsion. Progress began when William Symington fitted a Watt engine to drive the steam paddle-wheel of the Charlotte Dundas. Although the boat was propelled at only six miles an hour, it marked the beginning of the marine engineering which, at the close of the century, enabled the Viper to reach the record speed of forty-two miles an hour, and the Deutschland to rush across the Atlantic in 5 days 11 hours and 45 minutes. The greatest improvements made were the introduction of iron as ship-building material by John Laird, the use of the screw propellers and of high pressures of steam. Mr. Halliday tells the story of Dr. Lardner's lecture upon "Transatlantic Steam Navigation." The Great Western had just been built, and the worthy doctor demonstrated the utter impossibility of crossing the Atlantic under steam alone. He said:

"Let them take a vessel 1,600 tons, provided with 400 h.p. The vessel must carry a burden of 1,748 tons. He thought it would be a waste of time, under all the circumstances, to say much more to convince them of the inexpediency of attempting a direct voyage to New York, for in this case 2,080 miles was the longest run a steamer could encounter; at the end of that distance she would require a relay of coals. . . . We have as an extreme limit of a steamer's practicable voyage without receiving a relay of coals, a run of 2,000 miles." She sailed on April 8th, 1838, taking 850 tons of coal on board, and arrived at full speed in the afternoon of April 23rd, having made the passage in fifteen days, and with 290 tons of coals left in her bunkers.

Increased speed is only acquired by sacrificing more and more room to boilers and machinery.

For profitable running, very high speeds are not desirable, but every large line needs one record-breaker at least as a means of advertising itself.

A Dream of Universal Empire.

BY A JOURNALISTIC NAPOLEON.

Mr. Alfred Harmsworth has been spending some months in America. In the course of his sojourn, he consented to edit the New Year's Day edition of the "New York World" in order to show Americans how to bring out the twentieth century newspaper. Mr. Harmsworth's portrait appears in a covering sheet in the same paper, with an announcement that he is the greater editor of Europe as yet. He then went tarpon-fishing in Florida, but before starting he wrote an interesting paper for the "North American Review," entitled "The Newspapers of the Twentieth Century." Mr. Harmsworth has dreamed a dream of universal empire in the journalistic world, to be worked out by means of a great newspaper trust. He thinks that by the use of improved machinery it may be possible to issue the newspaper of the future in what is its proper form—a small, portable, and neatly indexed paper of the size of a page of the "North American Review." Mr. Harmsworth recalls the fact that I made a proposal to issue a daily journal in a handy form in England, and adds that the project fell through. It fell through, not because of any objection to the shape, but because adequate time was not allowed for the response of possible subscribers. Nevertheless, I do not think that the book- or magazine-shape newspaper is likely to catch on, for, as a matter of saving time, nothing excels the big broadsheet, through which I can roam, and take in the headlines at a glance. Mr. Harmsworth, therefore, may regard me as having apostatised from my faith in the small paper. This, however, is only by the way. The gist of Mr. Harmsworth's paper is the part in which he discusses the possibility of applying the principle of the trust in journalism, and foreshadows the creation of a great journalistic monopoly by which one or two newspaper syndicates would run all the newspapers in the country. At present he thinks that the influence of newspapers on the life and thought of nations is waning. The whole tendency of the times, both in America and Great Britain, is towards concentrating great forces in the hands of a few, and he adds, without offence, but not altogether without a little malice, that the power of the British Parliament is now practically concentrated in the hands of the Cecil family. The Standard Oil Trust fills him with admiration as a demonstration of what a monopoly can do. He asks whether a great journalistic combine of fifty or fifty simultaneously published journals,

each adapted to its own locality, would not dominate the newspaper world as effectively as Mr. Rockefeller controls the supply of oil. The nucleus of such a group could easily come into existence. Three or four leading newspapers of New York or London, forced to an unwilling friendship by a desire to escape competition, could command the situation by combining their forces. Their first acts would be to buy the best brains, newspapers, and machinery, construct private telegraph wires and cables, or purchase the exclusive or preferential use of the wires. They would by this means secure such a pull over all their rivals that they would clear them out, or compel them to enter the combination. What would happen, Mr. Harmsworth thus describes:

Backed by the acknowledged facts of an ever-growing circulation, an unlimited capital, and a practical monopoly of all the best writers and news-services of the whole world, the directors of the simultaneous newspaper could carry all before them. After the fashion of the great commercial Trusts of the United States, they could simply stamp out opposition and rivalry. It would be in their power to give any rival newspaper concern the option of either combining with them, selling out, or facing financial disaster. They would be able to practically force their own journal upon any city or district. They would hold the newspaper monopoly of the land.

The great syndicate would have its own cables, wires, despatch-boats, special trains, paper mills, printing ink factories, machine shops, and the like, and also, of which let Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son take heed, it would probably take control of all railway and street news stands, and by purchase or overwhelming pressure compel all news agents to accept the position of agents of the combination. All this would involve simultaneous publication in the great centres of population. Mr. Harmsworth at present prints the "Daily Mail" in London and Manchester. He foresees the coming of the time when the "Daily Mail" of the future will be printed in half a dozen towns at the same moment. Mr. Harmsworth then spreads himself very much as I did when I wrote my article on "Government by Journalism" in Holloway Gaol, in speculating as to the immense possibilities of a great newspaper:

The simultaneous newspaper would possess powers of this kind which we can hardly estimate, and, under the direction of men whose inclinations turned that way, would very possibly become the centre of a vast network of societies, organisations and institutions. A monopoly of the news-service would almost necessitate a series of weekly supplements, or associated publications to deal with special subjects. Religion, science, education, finance, commerce, sport, law, medicine, and a host of other subjects of importance to different sections of the community, would call for more adequate treatment than is possible in the columns of a daily newspaper. My subsidiary journals and magazines already exceed thirty in number, and include evening, weekly, and monthly publications.

Mr. Harmsworth protests that he neither admires trusts nor monopolies, but he thinks that they are inevitable, and will bring great advantages in their train. The simultaneous newspaper combination

will rule the roast with its unique news service and its unrivalled opportunities for publicity. One curious and interesting remark Mr. Harmsworth makes is, that the existence of such a newspaper would enable its conductors to ignore "non-news," by which he means the trivial items and unedifying matter which every editor dare omit. Under the competitive regime, no editor longs to omit anything, whereas a newspaper possessing a monopoly could absolutely boycott such items. It could boycott a good many other things. But to this side of the question Mr. Harmsworth is blind. He is an optimist of the first water. He says:

Such a newspaper could maintain a high literary tone, and thus become an educative institution of the greatest value. This is true already of the best journals in most lands, but there is another side to the question. The existence of a gutter Press cannot altogether be ignored. Neither can we afford to neglect the fact that a considerable section of the public patronises it. The new regime of journalism will promptly put an end to it. Imagine, then, the influence which would be exerted if an overwhelming majority of the newspapers in the United States spoke with the same voice, supported the same principles, and enunciated the same policy! Such a state of things would be a terror to evil-doers and to the supporters of anything inimical to the commonwealth.

He admits, however, that:

all would depend very largely upon the man or men at the head of it. In the hands of a weak man—still more so in the hands of an unprincipled one—such an influence might work great mischief.

But what are the chances that the man or men at the head of such a combine would be of a character calculated to make the great monopoly a power for good in the land? Is it not probable that Mr. Harmsworth is just the kind of man to be the Napoleon of the new journalistic empire? Mr. Harmsworth has great qualities, but would even Mrs. Harmsworth or any of the Harmsworth family venture to say that he could be safely entrusted with the direction of such a gigantic monopoly with unlimited and irresponsible powers of boycotting and misrepresentation?

There is a good store of appetising stuff in "Good Words" for February. Travel papers are in the ascendant. Miss Gertrude Bacon supplies a graphic sketch of "the most wonderful observatory in the world"—Mr. Yerkes' great gift at Lake Geneva, U.S.A. Miss Toulmin Smith sketches the career and work of Miss Mary H. Kingsley. Arthur Inkersley conveys a most vivid impression of an ascent, by ladies and gentlemen, of Mount Rainier, the loftiest mountain in the United States out of Alaska. Mr. Rollo Appleyard gives a breezy account of life on the training-ship St. Vincent, under the title of "Boys for Our Fleet." The quaint customs of the Purbeck marblers—workers in the marble quarries in the Isle of Purbeck, in Dorsetshire—are recorded by Mr. T. W. Wilkinson.

The Passing of Victoria.

Mr. Stead, in the English "Review of Reviews," writes with great freshness and force on the all-absorbing topic of the Queen's death.

We stand (he says) at the close of a great epoch which bears the name of the great Sovereign whose death has left her people in tears. Thousands of writers, millions of readers, throughout the world, are discussing the characteristics of the Queen and her reign. It is obvious that no estimate could be so interesting as that of the Queen herself. In the nature of things, no other person in the realm was so well able to understand what she had tried to do, and why she had tried to do it.

The Queen on Herself.

In my book, "Studies of the Sovereign and the Reign," written when the enthusiasm of the Jubilee was at its flood, I made an attempt, the significance of which was somewhat overlooked at the time, to describe the part played by the Queen in the government of the realm, as much as possible from the standpoint of the Queen herself. I had in some respects exceptional opportunities for understanding the Queen's standpoint in relation to many of the great questions with which she had dealt during the later years, at least, of her reign. Writing with this aim, my study of the sovereign and her reign was naturally much more appreciative than critical, for I endeavoured throughout to interpret what the Queen tried to do, and to explain the spirit in which she acted, rather than to sum up the matter in the manner of Rhadamanthus. Hence the book has been severely censured by some austere critics as much too favourable an estimate of the part played by the Sovereign in the direction of the Councils of the Empire. I have even been accused of having assumed for the nonce the role of Court flatterer, and of having overplayed my part, with the characteristic zeal of the neophyte. These criticisms, however, even if they had more justification than I think they possess, count for nothing compared with the fact that my attempt to describe the aim and the methods of the policy of the Queen from the Queen's own point of view had the extreme good fortune to meet with the approval of the Queen herself. Since her Jubilee the Queen's eyesight had failed so much that she read few books; but those in which she was interested, and for which she had time after the despatch of the affairs of State, were read aloud to her.

My "Studies of the Sovereign and the Reign" was the last book thus read to the Queen which attempted to describe the policy of her reign. It was my proud privilege to be informed by a member of the Royal family that Her Majesty had been extremely pleased with the way in which I had

succeeded in accomplishing a delicate and difficult task.

In view of the assurances which have been graciously communicated to me, I do not think I have gone too far in reissuing the book; not, of course, as an authorised exposition of how the Queen regarded her own reign, but as an independent exposition of her principles and methods, and one which had the good fortune of meeting with Her Majesty's approbation.

The Queen and the Empire.

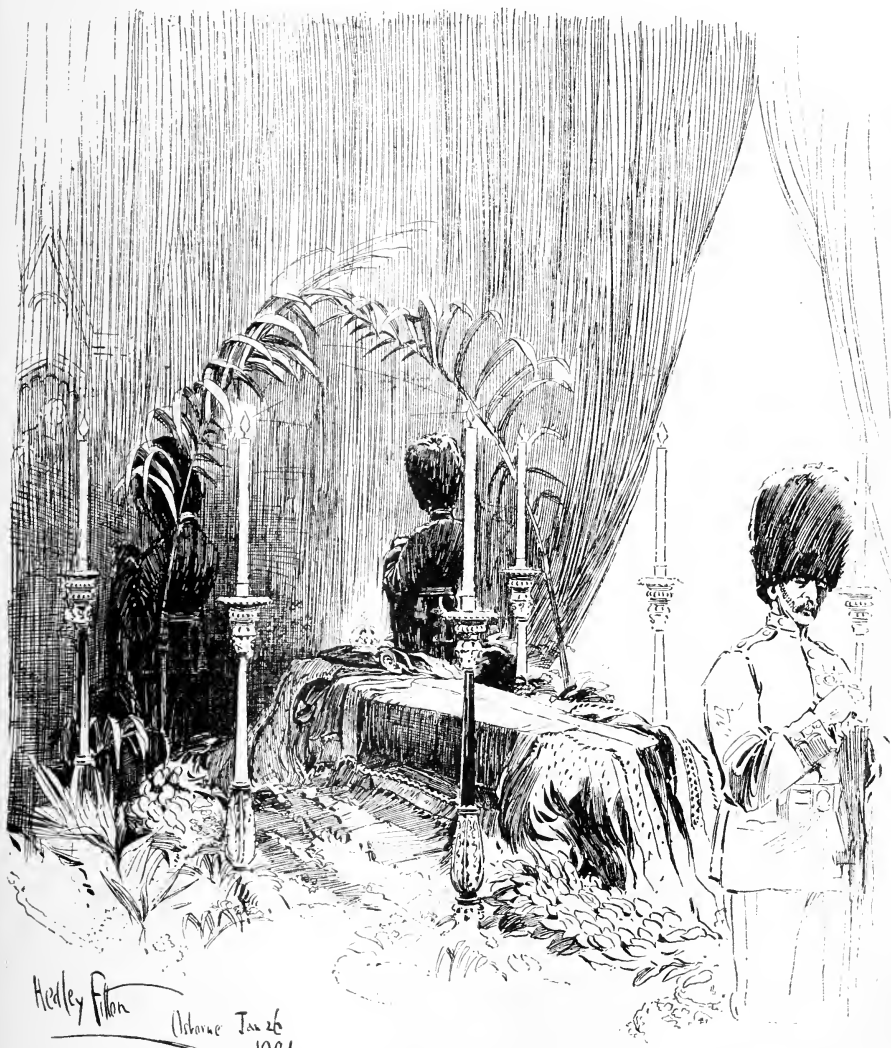
Throughout the whole of the world-encircling realm which owned her sway, the Queen was one fixed point upon which everyone felt secure. During the whole of her long reign, but more especially in the last thirty years, her subjects, however much they might differ upon all other questions, found in the person of the Sovereign a topic upon which they were at one. At first, no doubt, this was more negative than positive, a kind of apathetic acquiescence in the familiar lay figures which had provoked no controversy because it was not believed to have anything more to do with the direction of the ship of State than the figure-head which used to ornament our men-of-war in old time had to do with their movements. This acquiescence deepened gradually into a reverent affection, and afterwards developed an enthusiastic devotion, for a parallel to which we have to go back to the days of great Elizabeth. The personality of the Queen, not merely as a figure-head, but as the permanent Prime Minister of the Realm, the unsleeping guardian of its fortunes, may be said to have been first fully realised by her people in 1887; but the full culmination of this conception did not take place until ten years later, when in the year of the great Jubilee the English-speaking world proclaimed their sense of their indebtedness to the first woman of the race. But even to this day the majority of us are dimly aware of the debt which we owe to the Sovereign, who, while loyally accepting all the limitations of constitutional monarchy in a democratic State, nevertheless made such use of the opportunities afforded by her high position as to make her throne a centre of empire not less potent than that of an absolute monarch. Its potency was all the greater because it was a power based upon influence, and not upon authority. How great that influence was, how constant, and, with some notable exceptions, how beneficent, has never been adequately described. In "Studies of the Sovereign and the Reign," it has been my good fortune to set forth for the first time, in consecutive and articulate fashion, the reasons which led the British people to recognise the obligations which, in a certain way, they felt and realised rather than understood.

What Her Death Means.

What the consequences will be to Great Britain and to the Greater Britain beyond the seas of the disappearance of this silent fly-wheel of the Constitution, who can say? An Amurath succeeds; but, although another occupies the throne which she has vacated, Victoria can have no successor. An Elizabeth or a Victoria is born but once in three hundred years. Even if other things had been equal, the Sovereign who was, as it were, born in the purple and crowned before she was out of her teens, has opportunities of becoming a master of the difficult art of statesmanship, which are out of the reach of anyone whose hair is greying before his temples feel the weight of the golden circlet of a crown. Nor is it possible to ignore the difference that is due to the magic influence of sex. A king, by the mere fact of his manhood, lacks many of the most potent influences which bind a nation to a queen. Of course, if women, who form the majority of the inhabitants of the Empire, were represented in proportion to their numbers in those who do the administrative and legislative work of the Empire, the advantage would be on the other side; but as this is not the case, nor likely to be for many years to come, the advantage lies heavily on the side of a female Sovereign.

Much of the influence and prestige of the Queen, however, depended neither upon her training nor her sex. It sprang rather from the consciousness of the industry with which she applied herself to the discharge of her high position. This was in its nature. The Queen at seventy was the female Nestor among the counsellors who surrounded her throne. She represented the principle of continuity. She was the depository of all the traditions, and, with her capacious and unfailing memory, the store-house of all the precedents which so often enabled the rulers to discover in the archives of the past the key necessary to turn the lock of otherwise insoluble problems of the present. Nor can the personal equation be ignored in estimating the influence which the Queen was able to exert in dealing with the difficult and delicate problems of international politics. The policy and fortunes of nations are largely governed by the decisions of a handful of individuals. The fact that each member of this influential handful had personal knowledge and confidence in the British Sovereign tended to remove many difficulties, and reconcile many interests which otherwise might have clashed to the detriment of the peace of the world. The ties which bound the German Emperor and the Emperor of Russia to Queen Victoria cannot in the nature of things be transferred intact to Edward VII.

Our loss has been irreparable, and the consequences are incalculable. We have uncertainty in



"Daily Chronicle."]

THE QUEEN LYING IN STATE.

place of certainty. We have on the throne a man instead of a woman, and a man who, with the best will in the world, cannot possibly command the chivalrous devotion and affectionate reverence which were commanded by the Queen. Thunderclouds lower darkly round the foreign horizon, and the one person who had acted as a lightning-conductor has been removed, and at the same time the most potent of the influences which helped to unify the English-speaking race within the Empire has disappeared.

In the Prophet's Mantle.

M. DE BLOWITZ IN A NEW ROLE.

M. de Blowitz contributes to the "North American Review" for January a very interesting paper, a prophetic speculation as to the Twentieth Century. There is a good deal in it that is not very much to the point, but towards the end of the article he proclaims that electricity is destined to offer to the human race the "penultimate word on the everlasting enigma which mankind has sought to solve." He says:

It is my conviction that the task of revealing the full meaning of this demiurgic force is to devolve upon the Twentieth Century, and that then, the question solved, the entire problem of existence on this globe will be seen to have been solved as well. The solution of all the problems which are tormenting the human mind is bound up in this one. This solution will suppress frontiers, change the aims of armies, subject the planetary spaces to the human will, modify altogether the faith of the race, and give in general to the efforts of its intelligence a fresh direction and an object as yet undreamed of.

This, however, is only one of his prophecies. He believes that the Twentieth Century will witness innumerable and terrible wars throughout the entire globe. He catches glimpses of wars throughout its entire span. In the centre of Europe, he repeats his old prophecy that war will break out on the morrow of the death of Francis Joseph. In the more or less general conflict of which M. de Blowitz catches a glimpse, the Kaiser's part will not be one of the least preponderant. As for Russia, he thinks that the will of the Tsar, expressed in the most astonishing and unexpected way, will effect a change. Russia had a Tsar Creator, it had a Tsar Emancipator, it will have a Tsar Liberator. But as the future of Russia escapes every law of logic, M. de Blowitz refrains from indulging further in prophecy. The bulk of his paper is devoted to a dissertation, concerning what he regards as the great and growing evil of modern France—social parasitism which it is the mission of the Twentieth Century to combat, to repress, and to extirpate. Each regime has left its favourites who were more or less parasitical, and thus to-day over a France which fancies itself democratic there stretches—

an immense, constantly shifting blotch, this social parasitism, these throngs of individuals always discontented, always with unslaked thirst, always ready to upset existing things on the chance of finding a place or reaping an advantage by a possible upheaval.

Now, alongside the idle and the drones, who have enough to live upon, but who are able to add nothing to their resources, side by side with the twining parasite who climbs up along the social organism, catching in all the interstices of the trellis, and insinuating itself into every depression, where it thrives on the blood and flesh of others, there is also the "fruit sec," the "poseur," the man who has vague ideas on every subject, the man who cherishes every ambition and appetite and aspiration, the man of universal pretensions, who is always ready with an explanation, always ready to redress everything, and who fancies he has the right to occupy every place and to play any role he may fancy.

These three negative social types, the shiftless and idle, the parasite, and the dead-sea fruit, taken together form the evil which is obstructing the normal social life of France.

This malady must be eliminated, or France will perish. Its suppression is the most pressing and serious problem with which the Nineteenth Century will have to deal. M. de Blowitz does not say exactly how it is to be dealt with, but he makes one practical suggestion, viz., the imposition of an income tax, not as a substitute for other taxes, but as an altogether new and penal impost, the proceeds of which are to be utilised for premiums on emigration for any Frenchman wishing to settle in the colonies, and giving satisfactory guarantees of his capacity to make proper use of the money which will be advanced to him. Parasitism engenders the calculated sterility of women, which, in its turn, is the creator of parasitism. In the new century there must be no more lethargy, but every one must work. It must be the age of universal toil.

This will prevent neither the struggle among men, nor war, nor conquest, nor hatred; but it will call a halt to the shames and stupidities of the present hour, and prevent here or elsewhere the gangrene from spreading in social organism, and the advance of universal existence toward the eternal tomb.

After writing this sentence, M. de Blowitz says, "I lay down my pen here, for after all I must fix a limit to this essay." His readers will agree with him. You cannot get much further than the eternal tomb.

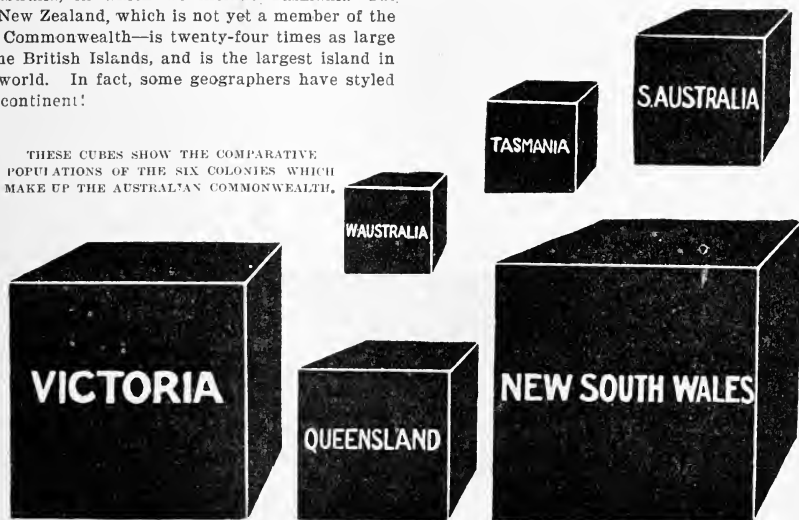
"It is as hard for a poor man to enter the House of Commons as it is for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven." This is a saying of Mr. Fletcher, quoted by Mr. Horwill in the February "Young Man," in the course of a diatribe on Mammonism. In the same number, Mr. Arthur Mee interviews Mr. Frank T. Bullen, of "The Cruise of the Cachalot," and reports what he has to say about the difficulty of living a clean Christian life in fore-castle and engine-room as at present arranged. Mr. Mee commends the problem to "shipowners with large fortunes and large professions."

Australia in Pictorial Terms.

A very clever attempt to express in pictorial terms the growth and wealth of Australia is made in "Harmsworth's Magazine" for January. We reproduce some of the illustrations:

Australia, in which we include Tasmania—but not New Zealand, which is not yet a member of the new Commonwealth—is twenty-four times as large as the British Islands, and is the largest island in the world. In fact, some geographers have styled it a continent!

THESE CUBES SHOW THE COMPARATIVE POPULATIONS OF THE SIX COLONIES WHICH MAKE UP THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH.



But when we come to consider the population, the figures are quite reversed. The United Kingdom has some 42,000,000 inhabitants, while Australia has only 4,200,000. Thus the bull is ten times the size of the kangaroo.

Great Britain is overcrowded by her teeming population, while in Australia the individual man has broad acres all to himself. In the United Kingdom there are 135 persons to every square mile, while in Australia a man and a boy have it in their sole possession. People have room in the new Commonwealth not merely to breathe, but to grow sheep and dig for gold.

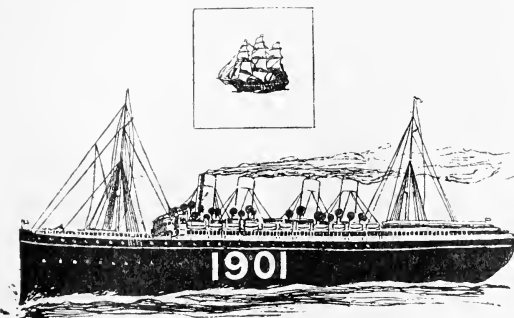
Comparing the populations of the six colonies that

compose the new Commonwealth of Australia, we find that New South Wales—the oldest of them—stands at the head. Victoria runs it pretty close, and, as it is comparatively small, it has by far the densest population of the island. Western Australia, which is the largest of the six colonies, has

the fewest people, and is very sparsely inhabited.

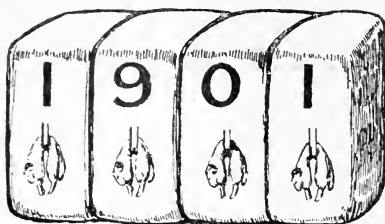
The increase of the white population, and of the prosperity which it has brought, is strikingly seen in the growth and development of the large towns. At the beginning of the Queen's reign, many of the chief centres of population consisted merely of rows of wooden and iron shanties scattered along two sides of a cart-track. Now their place is taken by towns and cities equal in every way to the most progressive examples to be found in Europe and America.

The Government revenue of Australia for this year will probably exceed £30,000,000.



THE TOTAL TONNAGE CLEARED AND ENTERED AT AUSTRALIAN PORTS HAS INCREASED FROM 2,800,000 TONS TO 20,000,000 TONS.

AUSTRALIA'S OUTPUT OF
WOOL HAS GROWN FROM
85,000,000 LBS. TO
700,000,000 LBS.



this is nearly one-third of the revenue of Great Britain and Ireland. As the population of Australia is only one-tenth that of the United Kingdom, it is evident that, man for man, Australia is three and a third times richer than the mother country.

Looking at the private revenue of the people, equally satisfactory figures face us. Forty years ago the total amount deposited in the banks was £16,000,000. At the present time it is about £140,000,000. Thus it has increased nearly nine times. Putting the matter in another form, it is estimated that fifteen per cent. of the Australians possess £100. In the United Kingdom only nine per cent. are in this blissful condition.

The savings amount to £30 per head of the entire population of Australia. This is the highest average in the world.

A very important indication of a nation's prosperity is seen in the development of its railways. This is particularly the case in a country like Australia, which is ill-supplied with navigable rivers. The first railway in the country, that from Sydney to Parramatta, was opened on September 26, 1855. It was only fourteen miles in length. At the present time the total railway mileage open amounts to about 15,000 miles.

During the last forty years the annual railway revenue has grown from £6,000,000 to £36,000,000, a sixfold increase.

In 1861 there were slightly over 200,000 acres artificially sown with grass, and these have now grown to about

13,000,000 acres. Thus the Australian hayfield is now sixty-five times as large as it was forty years ago.

Similarly the ploughed lands have grown, though in a far less degree, the increase having been only eight-fold. In 1861 there were 1,337,000 acres under the plough; now there are about 10,000,000 acres.

The increase in the land sown with grass means a corresponding growth in cattle rearing. During forty years the sheep in the Australian colonies have increased from 20,000,000 to 100,000,000, and the horned cattle from 4,000,000 to 12,000,000. Horses have increased fourfold and pigs threefold.



THE COMMENCE OF AUSTRALIA HAS GROWN
280 TIMES SINCE 1825

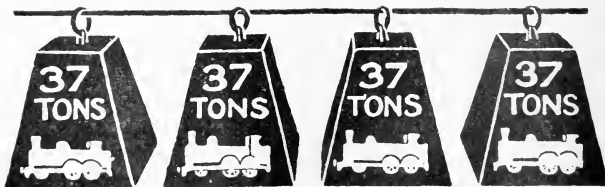
The total value of pastoral property, excluding land devoted to grazing, is about £240,000,000; while the value of the stock alone is estimated at £115,000,000.

The mother country is being left far behind in these matters. There are only about a quarter as many sheep in the United Kingdom as in Australia.

Taking the six colonies separately, New South Wales comes first, with nearly half of the total sheep in the country; Queensland and Victoria come next—though at a considerable distance—

while South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania have comparatively but a small number.

These vast flocks of sheep are kept mainly for their wool, in which Australia does an enormous trade. Forty years ago the output of wool amounted to 85,000,000 pounds; now it is about



THE ANNUAL OUTPUT OF AUSTRALIAN GOLD WOULD OUTWEIGH FOUR
LOCOMOTIVE ENGINES



700,000,000 pounds, and continues steadily to increase.

The mother country has always delighted to support the industries of her daughters, and it is pleasant to place on record that the United Kingdom buys twenty times as much wool from Australia as from foreign countries. The actual figures for 1899—the latest available at the time of writing—show that we imported 1,150,000 bales of wool from Australia, as against 56,000 bales from foreign lands.

It is said that in bygone days the colonists used to kill their sheep merely for their fleeces and tallow, the rest of the carcass being left for the wild dogs and birds of prey. But they have long since discovered that there is an abundant market for their mutton. At first it was prepared in the tinned form, and those of our readers who can look back twenty years will have recollections of a somewhat insipid and indigestible article.

But now, thanks to refrigerating apparatus and cold storage, the meat can be conveyed in a fresh condition to all parts of the world. So popular has this frozen mutton become,

that the trade has increased two hundred and twenty-five times during the past twenty years—from 10,000 cwt. in 1831 to about 2,250,000 cwt. in 1901.

The growth of commerce generally in the new Commonwealth has been amazing. In 1825 it amounted to only £500,000 sterling, and now it has reached about £140,000,000—an increase of 280 times.

The shipping trade—a pretty certain test of commercial prosperity—has shown a most satisfactory development, having grown sevenfold during the past forty years. In 1861 the total tonnage cleared and entered at the Australian ports amounted to 2,800,000 tons, and this has now increased to 20,000,000 tons.

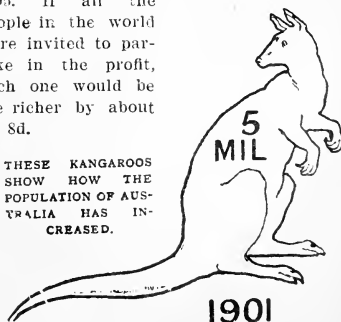
No account of Australian progress would, however, be complete which did not take into account the gold industry. The

present prosperity of the colonies is largely due to the discovery of gold, the development of other industries being a natural sequence to the acquisition of mineral treasure.

From the time of its discovery to the present day, gold to the value of nearly £400,000,000 has been obtained in Australia. Such a prodigious sum can hardly be grasped by the mind, but the following facts may help to make it more intelligible:

If the money were divided amongst the inhabitants of Australia, it would provide each man, woman, and child with a nice little sum of £95. If all the people in the world were invited to partake in the profit, each one would be the richer by about 6s. 8d.

THESE KANGAROOS SHOW HOW THE POPULATION OF AUSTRALIA HAS INCREASED.



THE AMOUNT DEPOSITED IN AUSTRALIAN BANKS HAS INCREASED NEARLY NINE TIMES.

If we had the total gold output—£400,000,000—in sovereigns—we could spread them out in a golden carpet covering about sixty acres. Placed in a line, they would reach some 390 miles, or about the distance from Berwick to the Lizard in Cornwall.

The annual gold output in 1898—the most recent figures that had reached us at the time of writing—was 148 tons, which, if put into the scales, would counterbalance four locomotive engines.

The development of the Postal Department in any country is eloquent of the spread of education and of the increase of commercial intercourse. In Australia this has been very marked, seeing that during the past forty years correspondence by letter has increased nearly fifteen-fold. In 1861 the letters passing through the post amounted to 15,000,000; in the present year they will probably be about 220,000,000. The total number of letters, newspapers, and packets passing through the Australian post-office amounts to about 365,000,000 per year, or a daily mailbag of a million items. In proportion to the population, this is the largest average in the world.

The Fortunes of a Great Newspaper.

In the English "Review of Reviews," Mr. W. T. Stead writes an interesting account of the "Daily News" and its recent change of proprietorship:

It is not often (he says) that the veil is lifted which conceals the interior penetralia of a newspaper office from the gaze of the profane. It is, however, useful when occasion offers to explain exactly how the machine is worked—what are the secret pulleys and weights which govern the movement of the hands on the dial-plate.

The newspaper is still an anonymous organ, whose editorship is more or less of a mystery, and whose proprietorship is never mentioned. But when a newspaper changes hands or when it is first founded, some information is vouchsafed upon those subjects, and on the present occasion it may be worth while to explain to whom the "Daily News" belongs, to whom it belonged, and how it came to be transferred from one set of hands to another.

When the "Daily News" was started it was the property of a joint stock company, consisting of about twenty-nine shareholders. Ten or fifteen years ago, three-fourths of these shares were held by three men, and the remaining one-fourth was divided among a miscellaneous number of small holders, who need not count, as they have absolutely no power in face of the triumvirate who govern the paper.

The Triumvirate.

This triumvirate consisted in the first case of Mr. Arnold Morley, who inherited seven or eight

shares from his father, Mr. Samuel Morley; Mr. Henry Oppenheim, a gentleman whose interests are supposed to lie in finance, but whose aspirations lie rather in the direction of society, held another quarter of the stock; while the third quarter was owned by Mr. Henry Labouchere, whom it is unnecessary to describe. After Mr. Gladstone retired from public life, the "Daily News" became, as was natural, to a Ministerial organ, the supporter of Lord Rosebery, and advocated more or less the Imperialist policy favoured by that nobleman. Mr. Labouchere objected, but, being in a minority, he was powerless to prevent the Imperialist drift of the Bouverie-street oracle. He warned his partners that the strength of the "Daily News" lay with the Nonconformist middle-class, and that they would come to grief if they persisted in the Roseberyite drift.

Mr. Labouchere's Exit.

Mr. Arnold Morley was a colleague of Lord Rosebery. Mr. Oppenheim, with one eye fixed upon society and the other upon the city, did not agree with Mr. Labouchere, and so at last Mr. Labouchere decided to shake off the dust of his feet and depart from Bouverie-street for ever. It cost him a considerable sacrifice to do so, for he had long been associated with the paper, and his "Letters of a Besieged Resident in Paris" had identified him even more closely with its fortunes than either of the other chief proprietors. He might have tried to have rallied the smaller holders; but even if he had had the whole of them in his pocket he would not have been able to have out-voted Mr. Arnold Morley and Mr. Oppenheim. The chance of rallying the smaller holders on a Labouchertian platform was very slight, so reluctantly he decided to sell out. According to the articles of association, when any shareholder desired to part with his holding he must offer it in the first case to the other shareholders, and only in case of their refusing to buy can he seek other purchasers. There was some bother at first, but ultimately he retired, carrying with him about £90,000 as the market value of his eight shares. Mr. Arnold Morley and Mr. Henry Oppenheim at that moment held three-fourths of the stock, and in place of a triumvirate, the "Daily News" was governed by a duumvirate.

The Appointment of Mr. Cook.

One of their first acts was to supersede the arrangement, which had been originally adopted at Mr. Labouchere's suggestion, for the avowed purpose of minimising the importance of the editor. Sir John Robinson, who was manager, was titularly editor, but Mr. Clayden, who was his assistant, really did the editing in a journalistic sense, and brought out the paper without the prestige of the position enjoyed by his predecessors. Mr.

Cook, who was then editing the "Westminster Gazette," was asked to accept the editorship. He deliberated for some time, but being offered five years' tenure of office, with absolute control over the policy of the paper, he consented, and began to reign in Bouverie-street just at the time when Dr. Jameson made his memorable Raid into the Transvaal. Mr. Cook carried to the "Daily News" the traditions of the "Pall Mall Gazette," and the "Westminster," and one of his first hits was the publishing of an exclusive interview with Mr. Cecil Rhodes, a fact which in later years gave rise to various idiotic stories as to the supposed nobbling of the "Daily News" by the African Colossus. Various good people believed that Mr. Cook interviewed Mr. Rhodes, and succumbed to the influence, magnetic or monetary, of the great African. As it happens that I was the person who interviewed Mr. Rhodes for the "Daily News" on that occasion—so far as I know, Mr. Rhodes never met Mr. Cook—this story may be dismissed as a characteristic specimen of the myths associated with the name of Mr. Rhodes. Mr. Cook was not long at the "Daily News" before he discovered that to possess a free hand in the direction of the policy of a newspaper does not go very far unless it is accompanied by a clear understanding that the whole control of the paper is vested in the editor. The "Daily News," unfortunately, like many old papers, had got into ruts—deep ruts—and the vis inertiae of the machine was much greater than Mr. Cook had strength to overcome. Sir John Robinson was still manager, and Sir John Robinson, although Radical in politics, is advanced in years, and as much attached to precedent as if he had a seat in the House of Lords, or the Black Rod. This was recognised to a certain extent by the proprietors. They thought to correct Sir John Robinson's old-world ways by the introduction of new blood in the shape of Mr. D. Edwards. He had achieved considerable success in Nottingham by rescuing Mr. Arnold Morley's paper there from difficulties, and placing it upon a paying foundation. Mr. Edwards having done this for his Nottingham Liberal daily, was believed to be the right man for the purpose of giving new life to the "Daily News." Unfortunately, the qualifications necessary to rescue a provincial daily from financial straits, and those which were needed to keep a first-class London daily in the front rank in the face of increasing competition, are very different. In provincial papers of the second rank there is not much room for enterprise in the shape of special features. They are served for the most part by news agencies, and success depends chiefly upon rigid economy and looking after advertisements. These things are all very well in their way, but no man is worth his

salt as manager of a London daily newspaper who thinks that economy is the Alpha and Omega of success. To manage a London penny daily in face of the vigorous competition of the new half-penny rivals, it is necessary to spend money—to spend money not lavishly but boldly—and no person can spend money wisely in such circumstances who has not a keen journalistic imagination. So it came to pass that the "Daily News," instead of relying on new features, and astonishing the world by making a daring and dashing coup every other day, had to jog on in the old ruts. Mr. Cook edited it with patient industry and with anxious desire to put the paper up to the standard of its old prestige. Many of the subordinate features of the paper were brightened up, and in the leading columns he maintained a uniform tone of urbanity. Mr. Lucy, who, after his retirement from the editorship, had acquired a vested interest in the Parliamentary sketch, continued in his old post. An attempt was made to emulate the success of Mr. Gould by retaining the services of Mr. Furniss as caricaturist, but that experiment was not a brilliant success. No dissatisfaction, however, was expressed with Mr. Cook or with his direction of the newspaper until the trouble arose in South Africa.

How the "Daily News" was Bought.

When Mr. Massingham was ejected from the "Daily Chronicle," a movement was set on foot on the part of the Liberals without an organ in the penny morning Press to raise sufficient money to found a new morning Liberal paper. Circulars were issued, and certain sums of money were subscribed, for the most part in small sums. Altogether promises were received of a sum of about £40,000. This, of course, was inadequate for the purpose of starting a daily paper, and the scheme languished for the time. One or two syndicates or groups of Liberals were engaged in the operation, one group contemplating the acquisition of the "Echo" as a basis for the new venture. Neither was able to effect anything definite until the end of last year, when a private communication was conveyed to Mr. Lloyd George that the proprietors of the "Daily News" were not indisposed to consider an advantageous offer to dispose of their property. Mr. Lloyd George immediately put himself in communication with Mr. Lehmann, Mr. Corrie Grant, and others. It was at once decided that the "Daily News" should be acquired if possible. Negotiations were rapidly concluded, and Mr. Lloyd George was able to convince Mr. Oppenheim and Mr. Morley that he had men behind him who were able to put money into the business, and that if they were willing to part, Mr. Lloyd George's group were willing to deal. Under these circumstances, a bargain was speedily effected.

Its exact nature has never been published, but it is generally understood that the "Daily News" passed to its new proprietors for a sum of £100,000. The "Daily News" is reported to have been a dividend-paying concern down to the first half of last year, when for the first time for many years its proprietors found themselves without any receipts from their property. This it was which led Mr. Oppenheim to decide to realise even at a loss. And so it came to pass that the old-established Liberal organ passed last month into the hands of new proprietors. The following is the account given of the new proprietary:—

The new "Daily News" Company has just been registered at Somerset House with a nominal capital of £200,000 in £1 shares. The seven signatories are:—

Mr. Rudolph Chambers Lehmann, M.A., J.P., journalist, of Bourne End, Bucks., editor.

Mr. James Duckworth, of Castlefield, Rockdale, Alderman and J.P., ex-M.P. for the Middleton Division of Lancashire, and Vice-President of the United Methodist Free Churches.

Mr. George Cadbury, of the well-known cocoa firm at Birmingham.

Mr. W. Evans, of Birmingham.

Mr. John Pennington Thomasson, of Woodside, Bolton, ex-M.P. for the borough.

Mr. Harold James Reckitt, M.P. for Brigg, Lincolnshire, B.A., LL.B., son of Sir James Reckitt, Bart., of Brigg's Blue; and

Mr. Herbert Samuel Leon, of Bletchley Park.

Each is registered as the holder of 250 shares.

Sam plus John.

It will be seen from this list of the new proprietors that they are for the most part Liberal Non-conformists of the type of Samuel Morley. The paper is indeed reverting to the Morley type in more senses than one. It is Sam Morley plus John Morley. When the deal was concluded, nothing was fixed as to who should be editor. Many projects were talked over before the final arrangement was arrived at. The first nebulous idea appears to have been that Mr. Massingham should be acting editor, under Mr. John Morley, who should be consulting political director. This is but a kind of ghost of an old plan which was tried and failed when Mr. Lucy was editor. The experiment was not so successful as to justify its repetition. Mr. Morley, besides, was so occupied with the "Life of Mr. Gladstone" that he had no time to undertake the active direction of a morning paper.

The New Editor and His Staff.

When Mr. Lehmann was discussing the matter with Mr. Morley, he was startled by Mr. Morley proposing that he (Mr. Lehmann) should himself undertake the editorial duties. He was a part proprietor; he was thoroughly sound upon the main question, he had displayed considerable journalistic aptitude in connection with "Granta," and also in his contributions to "Punch." He had leisure and adequate means to represent the paper socially. Why should he not undertake the post himself?

Mr. Lehmann communicated the suggestion to Mr. Lloyd George, who at once declared that Mr. Morley had only anticipated a proposal which he himself had intended to make, and so, after some more discussion, domestic and political, Mr. Lehmann decided to try his fortune as editor of the "Daily News." Mr. H. W. Massingham was engaged on liberal terms to take charge of the Parliamentary sketch, it being understood that he would have general oversight not only of that department, but also of the Parliamentary leader, and be available for consultative purposes in other departments of the paper. Mr. Harold Spender, brother of Mr. A. J. Spender, of the "Westminster Gazette," was to be assistant editor with Mr. Lehmann. Sir John Robinson was offered a titular position on the board of management. Mr. Lucy is succeeded by Mr. Massingham as Parliamentary representative.

The news of the change was sprung upon Mr. Cook in the same sudden way that he was told of the sale of the "Pall Mall Gazette." He at once resigned, leaving an interregnum of a few weeks, which was filled by Mr. W. P. Clayden, who has made an admirable stopgap. Mr. Lehmann, Mr. Massingham, and Mr. Spender took charge on February 1.

In Praise of War.

An anonymous writer in the "Monthly Review" for February contributes an article entitled "The Happy Warrior," the gist of which is that war is much more productive of brotherly love than peace. The writer says that if at the present day "the noble and high order of knighthood" were refounded, it would be called "The Universal Association for the Attainment of Peace." The first article would be: "The object of this society is the attainment of peace by the elimination of hatred from human affairs." This society would have four rules, one of which is that "Every member shall bear himself in war without hatred, and in victory without insolence." The last is that "Every member shall hold himself under a special obligation to help and serve those who are weak, poor, or suffering, and particularly women and conquered enemies." The writer of the article then proceeds to say that this has been, as we shall one day recognise, "the Soldier's Pocket Book of our Army in South Africa," and in this he sees a hope for the future of the world and of England. While disclaiming any Pharisaism, the writer declares that it is "simply the plain truth that the Anglo-Saxon is ahead of his contemporaries. He thinks that there is much more generous admiration, ready forgiveness, self-sacrificing gentleness, on the part of the combatants in South Africa than there is in

a large part of the Continental Press. The article is a curious one in some respects. The writer is filled with horror at the thought that public opinion may become strong enough to forbid war. He dislikes arbitration, among other reasons, because there is no power at the back of it; but when it is suggested to him that the conscience of mankind may yet become so sensitive and its reason so powerful as to practically forbid war against the verdict of an arbitral tribunal, he replies that this would be a still worse alternative. He says:

It is suggested, and we may grant for the sake of argument, that a kind of international public opinion might come into existence of so overpowering a kind that no people, however self-willed or convinced of right, could resist it. A compulsion of this kind—if it were possible—seems to us more detestable than any exhibition of physical force. That the spirit of man, so nearly freed by centuries of heroic struggle against superstition and priestcraft, should fall under the meager and less natural dominion of the collective human mind, with all its blind passions and fierce prejudices—this is indeed the apotheosis of brutality. In the dungeons of the Inquisition man was more free than under such a power. Among the greatest dangers of the century before us, which have been a subject of recent discussion, we should place any serious increase in the power of hypnotic suggestion and any spreading of its practice. But a far greater, and, we believe, a far more improbable, evil would be the weakening of a nation's will-power and belief in a good cause. To superior physical force the strongest may yield, often—though perhaps not always—without disgrace; but the nightmare position here suggested is that of a bird before a bio-constructor—free wings at the mercy of a reptile monster.

The Economic Future of South Africa.

Mr. A. B. Markham, M.P., writes in the "Nineteenth Century" for January on "The Economic Future of the Transvaal," which he begins by assuring us is going to be settled "at an early date" by the Imperial Parliament. As to the "economic future," Mr. Markham is very confident. In addition to gold, he foresees vast industries in copper, iron, coal, and diamonds. But it will be necessary, he says, to introduce Chinese labour in order to work these resources. Direct taxation, not indirect, must be employed in order to make the wealthy millionaires pay. Mr. Markham says that the great South African millionaires would not pay largely under a system of indirect taxation, because they are not generally large shareholders in the mines, but have made their fortunes by promoting new companies. When a mine is equipped, and begins to pay regular dividends, a market is made for its shares on a basis which yields the investor 10 per cent. The magnate sells on this basis and reaps the profit. The taxation of dividend-paying mines would mean that the magnate would escape. A heavy tax should therefore be placed upon all undeveloped claims, and in order to make the magnates contribute, the regulation of the Chartered Company should be adopted, whereby the authorities are entitled to fifty per

cent. of the vendor's scrip on the flotation of a new gold mine. Mr. Markham thinks that the true basis of taxation would be one which enabled mines yielding 6 dwts. of gold to be profitably worked. He thinks that the gold deposits yet undeveloped will absorb a capital of at least £30,000,000 more.

The Natives in the South African Problem.

In the "Nineteenth Century," Mr. John Macdonnell, C.B., the chairman of the South African Native Races Committee, protests against the idea circulated by the capitalists that the natives are a lazy race, who have never done anything to advance South Africa. On the contrary, he points out that everything that has required manual labour in South Africa has been done by blacks, and if they have done so much without compulsion, it is absurd to make their idleness a pretext for forced labour. He protests against the disintegration of the tribal organisation of the natives:

You can admit a vast number of people, ill-prepared for independence, from their old ties of government and traditions. You do your best to create quickly, and on a large scale, a proletariat. You extend with the good things of civilisation some of the worst evils incidental thereto. You break up family life, and disintegrate the old elements too rapidly to permit of their slow and easy absorption in a new order. You might have let down gradually and gently those primitive social structures; you are likely to bring them down with a run. You had in the complex, though ancient, system of government in some parts of Africa, the germ of true civilisation, the instinct of orderly life; you have destroyed it in some regions, you would maim it in others. You have done little to carry over, smoothly and gradually—in places you have done much to prevent the carrying over—into a civilised state, the people of whom the break-up of semi-civilised communities may leave you the guardians.

The argument that the natives should be treated as children is also absurd. Treating the natives like children in South Africa means generally treating them as children without the protection of the Factory Acts. The natives who are least interfered with are much the best off:

For example, in Basutoland—naturally, no doubt, fertile—where, as has been said, the valleys stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing—the natives are by themselves, and poverty in the absence of bad seasons is unknown. The facilities for drink are notoriously the curse of the native; but no excise duty is imposed in Cape Colony. As to this matter and others, the tutelage theory is apt to break down when any powerful interest intervenes.

A Review which first made its appearance in America last year is the "International Monthly," published at Burlington, Vermont. Each number contains about five articles. The January number gives two articles of special interest to us—England at the Close of the Century, by Mr. Emil Reich, and Notes on the English People, by Mr. Bernard Bosanquet.

First Efforts of Eminent Men.

In the January number of the "Library" there is a most interesting article hidden away under the ambiguous title of "The Juvenile Library." The title, with not even inverted commas, suggests an article on the choice of books for children or the juvenile department of the public library; whereas it is really a notice of an old periodical bearing the name of the "Monthly Preceptor" for the monthly issue, and the "Juvenile Library" for the half-yearly volumes. This magazine, projected in 1800, seems to have run to six volumes, but the specially interesting thing connected with the publication is that, in addition to "the complete course of instruction on every useful subject," which it promised to supply, it published in its pages the prize productions of young students. There was, in fact, a monthly distribution of prizes to the value of fifteen guineas and upwards. It is of the prize-winners and their first printed efforts that Mr. W. E. A. Axon gives us some particulars in his account of this periodical brought out just a century ago.

One of the first prize-winners, we learn, was Henry Kirk White, who received a silver medal for a translation from Horace, and a pair of twelve-inch globes for a prose article describing an imaginary tour from London to Edinburgh. The name of William Johnson Fox, the Anti-Corn Law orator, appears in each of the first four volumes. His first contribution was the solution of a mathematical problem. Master T. L. Peacock's appearance at the age of fourteen was as an answer (in verse) to the question, "Is History or Biography the More Improving Study?" The editors prefaced the poem with the following memorandum:

The following is published, not as a specimen of poetry particularly excellent, but as an extraordinary effort of genius in a boy of this age, and as such the proprietors have rewarded him with an extra prize, viz., an elementary book, value 5s.

Another competition was a translation of Horace's ode, "Integer Vitæ," by "young gentlemen who have not exceeded sixteen years of age. The best production will entitle the writer to a prize value Three Guineas, consisting of Books or Instruments of his own choice. The seven next best in order of merit will be entitled to a book each, value five shillings." It is interesting to learn that the winner of the first prize was none other than Leigh Hunt, the winner of the second being George W. Ormerod, the antiquary, and of the third, Thomas De Quincey. Leigh Hunt's name also figures in connection with other competitions, and for an essay on "Humanity to the Brute Creation" he received a silver medal. But Mr. Axon is naturally most concerned with De Quincey's efforts. Curiously enough, the lines translated

from Horace are De Quincey's sole contributions to the domain of English verse, and though they did not gain him the first, or even the second, prize, but what is termed on the Continent the "accessit," they attracted the attention of Lord Moriton, and made De Quincey feel himself something of a "lion":

My own verses, says De Quincey, had not at all satisfied myself, and though I felt elated by the notice they had gained me, and gratified by the generosity of the Earl in taking my part so warmly, I was so more in a spirit of sympathy with the kindness thus manifested in my behalf, and with the consequent kindness which it procured me from others, than from any incitement or support which it gave to my intellectual pride.

New Pleasures of Sense.

"Cornhill" for February contains a curious article, signed "Oscar Eve," on "The Pleasures of Texture," by which is meant tactile enjoyments.

A Concert of Perfumes.

The writer begins with examining with the possibility of developing the nose in the pursuit of pleasure. He says:

The cultivation of the olfactory nerve has already been frequently suggested, and if the expression be permissible, a "concert of smells," at once opens up an infinite vista of future enjoyment. The necessary instrument which would "throw" the different odours into the hall, in succession or simultaneously, in obedience to a keyboard of the customary pattern, is easily conceived. As easily can we imagine a discord of, say, "garlic and boot-polish," or "turpentine and rose-oil" dissolved in the enchanting harmony of "lemon-peel and Moselle-soaked wood-ruff," and the great pleasure to be derived therefrom. A melody of flower-scents in quick succession, accompanied by booming chords of vintage clarets and burgundies, would also be delightful. In fact, examples could be multiplied indefinitely.

But the writer does not think the project generally feasible.

The "Feel" of Certain Foods.

Touch, on the other hand, is already highly developed, and offers an infinite variety of enjoyment. Though the sense is vested in every part of the body, it is most intimate with the brain in (1) the mouth (lips, palate, tongue, teeth), (2) the tips of the fingers, and (3) the sole of the foot. These three avenues of delight are treated separately. Much of the pleasure of eating is due to the touch as well as to the taste:

notably in the case of the apple, where the action of biting contributes at least seventy-five per cent. of the joy in eating, and has endowed this fruit with an entirely undeserved fame for flavour. The meeting of the teeth in the juicy flesh of an apple in perfect condition communicates a thrill of ecstasy through the whole system which is unsurpassed by any other fruit.

The Thrill Through the Finger-tips.

The finger-tips are the most delicate and acute organs of touch, and consequently offer valuable springs of pleasure:

While the ordinary objects of daily life are the most obvious sources of gratification, there are many ways of obtaining a greater happiness in exploring nature for superior fountains of inspiration. Thus it will be found that by gently moving the first finger forwards and backwards beneath the chin of a young child the most exquisite sensation of pleasure is received.

The Sensitive Foot.

Passing to the sole of the foot, this student of sense observes:

Considering the care we take in preventing contact with Mother Earth, this part of our body is extraordinarily impressionable—a fact for which we must be duly grateful. There is no one of us who does not spend a great deal of time in walking, either from room to room, to and from office, or for exercise. Now the pleasure derived from the impression of texture on the sole of the foot will, when duly appreciated, do much towards refining that tedious and savage mode of progress known as walking, and, as such, should be assiduously cultivated.

The ideal place, however, for exercising will be a perfectly level plain, where there is no hill or valley that can possibly divert attention from the ground-texture. Such are to be found in the perfect tennis-lawn, the soft springy turf of the "breezy downs," and, above all, in a long stretch of hard wet sea-sand traversed by bare feet following the ebb tide. This will communicate to the whole system an ecstasy of healthy happiness worth many hundred miles of travel to attain.

Apart from any unpleasing suggestion of lusciousness, these hints for getting more pleasure than we usually derive from our few senses are worth considering.

"All Members One of Another."

INTERNATIONALISM BY THE LATE BISHOP OF LONDON.

The "Sunday at Home" for February publishes an interesting posthumous paper by the late Bishop of London on International Relations. Dr. Creighton says:

Peace among nations is only possible when they are conscious of a common object which is of sufficient importance to prevent merely national interests from clashing. The consciousness of a common destiny will alone be strong enough to make nations forego their separate claims. It is by a growing sense of the unity of Christian civilisation, and the identity of its aims—by an increasing readiness to appreciate the different forms which it has assumed and see what each supplies to the general purpose—that good understanding will grow. All may agree about the blessings of peace, and may deplore the horrors of war. But this will not help us much so long as differences arise which war alone can settle. We must strive after a new idea of the nature of those differences. They will always seem large and important so long as each nation is struggling for its own advantage. They will grow smaller and capable of settlement by discussion just in proportion as civilised nations regard themselves as possessors of a common heritage and engaged in a common work, from which all civilised nations equally benefit. Better understanding of one another, the sense of a friendly rivalry in carrying out a common purpose, greater clearness in recognising that purpose, and in seeing how each nation can help towards it—these are things which must be learned if we would promote peace. What is most pressing in the future is that the characteristics of Oriental civilisation should be more generally known amongst European peoples, especially amongst ourselves. It is, indeed, almost a duty incumbent on every English-

man that he should know the conditions of life in these great dependencies which England rules. Without knowledge there cannot be a due sense of national responsibility, an appreciation of what is possible, a just judgment of passing events. We cannot rid ourselves of the burden of our duty by ignoring parts of it. Our obligations towards the East form a large part of our duty as a nation, and ought to be present with us as a determining element in our judgment about many things.

A period of tutelage may be necessary in the case of savage nations, but such tutelage should be as brief as may be, and should leave no rancorous feeling behind.

This can only be achieved if the civilised nations of the West unite more clearly into a confederacy, each having certain qualities which fit it for certain parts of this great task; if the greatness of the work be so fully recognised that it swallows up minor differences by the completeness of its appeal. Then the Western peoples, recognising unity in diversity, may accomplish their mission by carrying into the rest of the world that large spirit of sympathy which has bound themselves together, and which alone can enable them to succeed.

The War Correspondent at Work.

By MR. A. G. HALES.

The "Pall Mall Magazine" contains a lively account of the Life of a War Correspondent, by Mr. A. G. Hales. As to what goes to his making, Mr. Hales thinks "there is no better training ground for the future war correspondent than the hack work of the average newspaper man, who steadily works his way upward day by day through all the varied phases of his varied career." He goes on to magnify his office—

To me it has always seemed that the day a newspaper man receives his commission as a war correspondent, he has won the Victoria Cross of journalism; and if he has it in him his footsteps henceforth may more amidst the footprints of the mighty, for his work will take him amongst great men and greater deeds. He will become part and parcel of events which shake empires, and overthrow or build up thrones.

He gives a humorous account of what he calls "the war correspondent's baptism,"—his running the gauntlet of the Censor and securing his license. He says,—“I doubt very much if the ceremonious attendant upon the worship of a heathen god are more strictly observed than the routine of an army; but patience is not the least of the virtues to be cultivated by a war correspondent.”

What the Battle-scribe Must Be.

He enumerates the items of outfit required by the pressman at the front, the most important and the most difficult to get being a good supply of horses. On the question of food, he remarks:—

The rule with British troops is that a correspondent can draw rations for himself and one servant at the following rates: five shillings per day for himself and four shillings a day for his servant; and for this he can live nearly as well as an ordinary English dock-labourer out of work.

To sum up, I think a good war correspondent, apart from his ability as a writer, must be able to live as a private soldier has to live. He must be able to

march with him, if need be, through heat or cold, rain or snow. He must be at home in a saddle, and should know enough about horses to be able to attend to his own if anything goes wrong with it. He needs to be physically strong, and, above all, he requires to have the courage of his own convictions.

All in the Day's Work.

Mr Hales sketches the "Day's Work of the Battle-scribe" with exceeding vividness:—

Let me explain what a day's work often, very often entails. You wake at dawn to find the weary troops already preparing for the march; you snatch a cup of coffee which your nigger has provided for you, and munch an army biscuit; while you are at this your "boy" packs your things into the Cape cart; you lend him a hand to pull down the tent and pack it away; then, whilst he is harnessing the horses to the cart, you unpack your riding-hack and saddle up for yourself—that is a game no horseman ever trusts to a servant if he can help it. Then, after seeing that the "boy" has fallen into line with the rest of the transports, you canter on and get as near the general and staff as you can, perhaps the general or his aide will drop you a hint that a fight is pending, and you are all eyes and ears; you notice a battery sweep away on the right front, a regiment or two of mounted infantry following; so all you go in hot pursuit; you ride five or six miles, and then find that they are merely taking up a position and do not mean at present to do anything serious. Suddenly you catch the sound of guns coming from the far-off left front. You jump into the saddle and ride off to see what is up in that direction, and find a long extended line in action; back-words and forwards you ride, picking up odds and ends of information, seeing what you can, hearing what you may. Then you hear the guns on the right at work, and the long level rattle of rifles, and you know that there is a pretty big thing on. Off you go again, and you play your part; you ride near the guns, pump off your horse, pull out your glasses, and commence to make notes.

You go to the infantry line and watch the men blazing away; you note the stretcher-bearers at work, see how coolly and well they carry out their duties; and then someone says, "By jingo, the centre is advancing at the double!" the old man's on the job today. Off you scuttle again, for you must see the onward rush of the troops if you mean to do justice to your report. You suddenly find yourself in the thick of it without knowing why. You see the fellows fall, and see them picked up and carried away. Then you notice the general's ride-deep galloping like a streak of flame across the field; if you happen to know him, and he is a good fellow, you dig the spurs into your horse's flank, and gallop stride for stride with him for a little way, asking him for any news he may feel disposed to give you. Then once more you visit right and left front in turn, and note what effect our guns are having, also what the enemy's guns are doing to our side. Having got through this lot, you ride back to the ambulance waggons and have a chat there, then down to the hospital tents, where the surgeons are busy on their grim tasks. Having picked up all that is lying around loose in the shape of general information, you skinnish round for details, and get hold of non-coms, and privates, and so pick up many an unconsidered trifle, little acts of heroism that the men speak of whilst their blood is hot; next day they won't talk of such things at all.

Then come the difficulties of compressing all that has been got into the fifty words allowed each pressman, of passing the censor, of galloping by night to the only available telegraph office, of challenge and imprisonment by sentries, etc., etc.

The Censorship.

Mr. Hales does not conceal his dislike of the censorship, and of all that flows from it. He says:—

Four-fifths of the officers have got it into their heads that because Lord Wolseley has condemned correspondents as a curse to the Army, they are justified in treating each scribe they meet as a dirt-heap, and sit upon him accordingly. But I have invariably noticed that the better the fighting man the easier it is to go along with him.

Judging from the way Mr. Hales retaliates, one is tempted to suggest that anti-heap would be the more appropriate figure.

A Daily Run Wholly by Women.

The story of "La Fronde," "a daily paper entirely produced by women," is told in the "Young Woman" for February by Isabel Brooke-Alder. "La Fronde" is owned, published, edited, writer, managed, set up (but not, we infer, machined) by women, and counts its readers by the hundred thousand.

What Suggested the Idea.

This is how the marvel came about:—

In August, 1886, Madame Durand was the chosen envoy of "La Ligue Française" at the Women's Congress then being held in Brussels, and it was whilst reading a paper on Woman's Rights before the assembled delegates of the learned societies of all the world, that she got her first idea of the scheme, which took shape the next year as "La Fronde." "Why not," she thought, "but what I am now saying within the reach of all the women who want to hear it, instead of limiting it just to these selected listeners? Why not print it many times—and cheaply?" And from cheap printing the chain of thought needed but one link to reach "newspaper," and naturally to extend itself into the proposition "to be run entirely by women." On 9th December, 1897, the first number of "La Fronde" appeared.

The Editress-in-Chief.

The originative ego of the paper had her training on the stage and on the press, and is thus described:—

Madame Marguerite Durand, who owns and manages "La Fronde," is a blonde, handsome and well-proportioned, still well on the sunny side of middle age. She was at one time on the stage, and becoming a Pensionnaire de la Comédie Française, was entrusted with important parts; but on her marriage she severed her connection with the famous Maison de Molière, and devoted her energies to politics, on which overwhelming topic she contributed a brilliant series of articles to "Le Figaro."

Her Staff.

Madame Durand is assisted in her interesting but arduous work by some of the most intellectual of her countrywomen, all of whom give of their best for the benefit of her brilliant enterprise. Her sub-editress is Madame Emmy Fournier, a delightful specimen of the brisk, very feminine, but very up-to-date Parisienne; and amongst her occasional contributors are the following well-known women: Madame Alphonse Daudet, Madame Leconte du Noy, Sarah Bernhardt, Rosalie Roussel, Augusta Holmes, and Madame Clemence Royet.

From twenty to thirty regular contributors send their best work to Madame Durand, and the staff at the office of her paper consists of twelve members, writers, sub-editors, reporters, etc.

Her Offices.

Perhaps the most pleasing novelty connected with "La Fronde" is the tasteful elegance of

its offices. These are located in a five-storey house in the West End of Paris. The writer bears this admiring testimony:—

For go where one will in this Temple of Industry, everything is charming, clean, bright, fresh, cheering to a degree; and everybody there is to match, from the doorkeeper who enquires your errand on arrival, to the Proprietress-Editress, who sits up aloft in the prettiest sanctum imaginable.

The room in which she presides over the destiny of her paper is far more like an English drawing-room than an editorial "den," with its groups of palms and high vases of flowers, its lace curtains, pictures and open fireplace—everything, in fact, with which a charming woman likes to surround herself when at home. But, for all its grace, there is an air of serious occupation about the apartment which suggests that its owner is there as a business woman.

The waiting-room, which connects with it, is in its way quite as attractive, being furnished as a library. Anyone who knows the dens in which some of the greatest London editors have to manufacture copy will sigh for a Feminine French invasion to change littered infernos into paradises of lettered elegance.

Dress and Decoration.

The fittings of the whole building and its occupants seem to have been designed as a harmony in white and green:—

Dainty ladies, some arrayed in the height of fashion, are these industrious scribes, despite the fact that several of them can't even sew on their buttons. There are a few, however, no less industrious, who prefer more serviceable garb, and one is so entirely regardless of the amenities of feminine attire that she dons the twentieth-century's hideous substitute for Rosalind's "doublet and hose!"

On the ground floor is a cosy little buffet, where tea, cakes, and wine can be had; a reception room for promiscuous callers, stocked with innumerable books of reference, a copy of everything produced by women authors, and a photograph of every painting or piece of sculpture by women artists since the foundation of "La Fronde."

Adjoining it is a large hall, glass-roofed and prettily furnished, where Madame Durand holds occasional soirées musicales, and entertains the members of "La Ligue du Droit des Femmes" at their monthly meetings. The same scheme of decoration prevails all over the house—green and white, variously applied.

The composing room, at the top of the house, is not any exception to this pleasing state of things, and the eighteen typesetters look, in their way, just as fresh and generally attractive as their sister-workers on the floors below.

All that appertains to the business of "La Fronde"—its sale, and the advertisements which it contains—is undertaken by a staff of clerks, whose uniform of dark green cloth dresses with white facings, accords to perfection with the decoration of the whole building.

Sir Andrew Clarke on Empire Building.

THE DESTINY OF WESTERN AFRICA.

Sir Andrew Clarke is interviewed by Mr. R. Blathwayt in the February number of "Great Thoughts." After describing his work in Malaga, Sir Andrew Clarke says:—

"We should be happier in our rule on the West Coast—and I speak from experience, for I was out there for some time myself—if we had confined ourselves to pure trading. At present we can only succeed by forced labour, and that always means the deterioration

of both English and native. Remember this, that on the West Coast we are only re-occupying ground which was occupied by the powerful and pious influence of the Roman Catholics—I refer to the government of the Portuguese, years ago. They spent money and lives, but failed, and now there remains of their rule only the ruins of convents and old palaces, which you will see crumbling to dust in the jungle, with ceilings painted by Italians. Nature is too strong for the European, and it will be the same with us. Our work in the Hinterland may prolong our stay, but in time it will be handed over to natives, controlled and guided by a half-caste and bastard population of our own race. And awful then will be the condition of West Africa. It will be a solemn warning to England, and an object-lesson on the absolute necessity for firm decision between the true colonisation of our race and the occupying of territory merely for the purposes of money getting."

"Without being in the least degree a little Englander, Sir Andrew, don't you think we are too bent on conquest for the mere sake of conquest, and of adding land to land? It appears to me it will tend, in the end, to weaken our control of our Empire."

"Yes. I often think we are enlarging the Empire too rapidly. We are leaving Canada and Australia in a half-completed condition, and are weakening ourselves against some strong self-centred European Power. We are not making half the use we might make of Canada and Australia, and we have trouble untold ahead of us in South Africa. I lay great stress on motive and character. India is ruled by character. Remember this, righteousness exalteth a nation, and still more, because it is wider spread, does it exalt an Empire. It is a great and Imperial question we are called upon at the beginning of the Twentieth Century to consider. We stand often upon the graves of ancient empires, and it should be our mission to gather together their scattered fragments, and form them into the cradle of a new and fair dominion, federated in justice and morality, and which will exceed in usefulness to mankind and in honour to our nation and faith all that has preceded it in the dead and gone days. The responsibility of empire weighs heavily on England in the present day, but that responsibility can be lightened if it be undertaken in the spirit of sympathy and of justice, of love for a conquered race, and with a fixed determination only to act towards them as we would they should act towards us in similar circumstances. Do as you would be done by. That should be the guiding motto and the inspiration of every whole-hearted Empire Maker to-day."

Last Century's Fiction

SURVEYED BY MR. QUILLER-BOUCH.

It is a very interesting sketch of the Novel in the Nineteenth Century which Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch contributes to the "Pall Mall Magazine." Only glimpses of his critical estimates of leading names can be given here.

Scott.

For Scott, it need hardly be said, he expresses admiration, intense but not unqualified. He says:

Here, at any rate, was a writer who revelled in heroic deeds; and he who understands heroic deeds should understand a hero, and he who understands a hero has grasped something of spiritual truth. But beyond! a recital of heroic deeds Scott would not dare. He, who could invent characters by the dozen for our amusement, and unfold character with a master's hand so long as it remained humorous, eccentric, of minor importance, never by any chance admits us to the heart of his heroes, or reveals to us the main springs of their heroic action. They have a few necessary and obvious features: they are good-looking, brave, proud, chivalrous, honourable, and it is profitable to

be in their company. But they are figures in outline: of the real man, the inner man, he tells us nothing, lest it might be taken too seriously. He has left us a gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions; but, apart from their humours, he has not greatly increased men's knowledge of men.

Dickens.

On Scott followed Byron: and Byron with all his faults "did consider man in his relation to the scheme of things." The novelists who "derive from Byron—Lytton and Disraeli—have a sense which Scott never had of man's relations with the visible world around him and the invisible or dimly visible world—the army of unalterable law—"beyond." The estimate of Dickens is high:

It is possible to class "Great Expectations" and "A Tale of Two Cities" as failures (though I should dissent); it is not possible, with these in our mind, to deny Dickens the title of Romantic. And in the latter tale he achieved, after a fashion, what his predecessors in romance had failed to achieve. He rose above his own conception of men as bundles of humours, he rose above the spiritual indifference of the Romantics, and he fairly grappled with the real and inner meaning of an heroic action. In doing so he crossed the Rubicon between phenomenon and idea, between that which appears and that which is, between Jonson's country and Shakespeare's; and if Dickens, greatest of all the tribe of Ben, proved himself an incomplete Shakespeare, this detracts nothing from the honour of the attempt.

Thackeray.

Of Thackeray we are told—

His men and women are drawn from outside, and for inside we have the author's delightful comment. It hovers around the inner springs of action instead of revealing them. . . . At heart he wants to clarn, and feeling that his contrivances are easily frightened by ideas, he let ideas lie, like sleeping dogs.

The Crown of the Romantic Movement.

With Charlotte Brontë the writer finds the spiritual side of romance growing steadily in importance. George Eliot's novels do not shirk ideas, but are profoundly occupied with them. With her "we have passed the end of the Romantic movement in England." "The honour of summing up the movement in one splendid book was reserved, not for Emily Brontë," but for Charles Reade in his one great book "The Cloister and the Hearth" which, "with its wealth of learning, its ringing narrative, its grasp of spiritual truth below all the crowded movement, is at once a masterpiece and a literary marvel."

Balzac.

Passing to France the writer is confronted first with Balzac, to whose tremendous power he bears willing witness. But, he proceeds, "this great genius is, after all, but a glorified Man with a Muck-rate, betanising and biologising in the ooze at his feet, never lifting his eyes to that spiritual light towards which the little organisms are pushing purlblindly even while they seem to him enveloped with devouring one another."

The Most Influential Novel.

Romance took up the quest of the spiritual first from the side of beauty. The sublimation of real life which appeared in Dumas did make for beauty:

Let the great names which follow Dumas—George Sand, Hugo, Gautier—stand for witness. In Hugo, the most important, the pursuit becomes a conscious one, and the divine side of human life is harped upon with furious energy, until man himself becomes a Titan beside God—nowhere more Titanic (or grandiose, if you will) than in "Les Misérables," which, taken for all in all, has been the most influential work of fiction in its century.

The Delight of Science.

The scientific movement, in the writer's judgment, "has rather tended to blight than to inspire" the growth of true fiction:—

The nation, rampant until a few years back—that Truth must lurk in a test-tube, and the secret of creation in deep-sea mud, will no doubt be found in the end to have made, in a lop-sided, left-handed fashion, for progress. To its credit will stand M. Zola, with his laborious works and this theories; to its discredit, the beautiful works which Daudet in France and Björnson in Norway (to name two glaring instances) might have written, but were dissuaded from writing. In England we escaped the scientific fury for long, and met the affliction only when its real insanity had begun to dawn on the rest of the world.

Our Debt to Germany—

The influence of Thomas Carlyle and George Eliot, i.e., the influence of Germany, helped to save us. The writer acknowledges our debt to our kinsfolk over the sea:—

When the time comes to estimate exactly what Germany's influence did for English literature in the nineteenth century, we shall probably find cause to be sorry for much that seemed mighty fine to us in the Great Victorian days—the intemperate worship of strength, the demand for originality at any cost, the public consent that any vagaries of language were permissible and even admirable so long as they helped a writer to flaunt his own personality and arrest attention. But we shall also have to reckon that it kept us loyal to philosophy in days when science threatened to invade and break up the deeps. With each discovery we have never lacked, in poetry or in prose fiction, philosophers to hold us from panic.

—and to Russia.

Russia as well as Germany came to our rescue:—

French realism and Russian realism reached us together, or almost together; and by the second the first stood condemned. Zola observed no more carefully than Tolstoy, De Maupassant directed his observation no more exquisitely than Turgeneff; and beside the two Russians and two Frenchmen were no less evidently shallow than muddy. . . . These two men did impressively and in the sight of Europe uphold, vindicate, and establish the truth that the concern of Fiction is with things spiritual, intimate, deep, not with things material, external, shallow; with interpreting the hearts of men, not with counting their buttons; with ideas not with phenomena; that it uses phenomena as all arts must use them; but as a means only to arrive at stability, peace and law—or at such glimpses as men may get of eternal law.

The "Revue de l'Art" for January gives us another instalment of the article on Goya, by P. Lafond; E. Dacier's notice of Alexandre Lunois is also continued; and there are several other articles of interest connected with art.

Sir Robert Hart on China.

This month brings two articles from Sir Robert Hart's pen on China, both very much to the same effect, though ostensibly dealing with different questions. One of these is entitled "China and Non-China," and is contained in the "Fortnightly" for February; the other is to be found in the January "North American Review," and is entitled "China and Her Foreign Trade."

The Boxers Learning to Fight.

First of all Sir Robert repeats that the belief that the Boxer trouble has been cured by the slaughterings of the Allies is absurd. He says:—

While Peking and the vicinity still harbour countless Boxers, who are now quietly working for or selling things to the foreign garrison of this captured capital, and who, studying the victorious warriors, their posts, and their ways, are ready to don their scarlet sashes and take the field again should chance give an opening or an order from above sanction the experiment, the non-Boxer crowd are said to have not the slightest idea why the Powers sent their troops here, and in such numbers, but regard them as a band of brigands who kill, burn, ravish, and root, and who will one of these days disappear, as brigands have disappeared before, and leave the Chinese to themselves again.

This being so, it is obvious that some other policy must be adopted. But before that can be done we must first find out what are the underlying causes of the anti foreign agitation. According to Sir Robert Hart, they all come under the explanation of "the anomalous position of foreigners in China." Extra-territoriality is the evil, and it is the exceptional position of foreigners which paralyses Chinese administration, and at the same time prevents foreigners obtaining free access to China and fair treatment from the Chinese. Extra-territoriality was the central idea of all European treaties with China:—

This is the anomaly at the root of all the mischief: the foreign merchant is in a privileged position and is withdrawn from Chinese jurisdiction—the missionary is similarly beyond the reach of Chinese law, and his presence admits of various abuses springing up—the foreign official has under treaties to take action of a kind unknown elsewhere—and the outcome of all these anomalies is a feeling of humiliation, a sense of injustice, and a soreness that nevertheless could still be healed were the right remedy applied.

The Chinese Want Justice.

Without extra-territoriality the anti-foreign feeling which it was devised to provide against would never have existed. The Chinese themselves have more respect for justice than any other nation:—

They are well-behaved, law-abiding, intelligent, economical, and industrious; they can learn anything and do anything; they are punctiliously polite, they worship talent, and they believe in right so firmly that they scorn to think it requires to be supported or enforced by might; they delight in literature, and everywhere they have their literary clubs and coteries for hearing and discussing each other's essays and verses; they possess and practise an admirable system of ethics,

and they are generous, charitable, and fond of good works; they never forget a favour; they make rich return for any kindness, and though they know money will buy service, a man must be more than wealthy to win public esteem and respect; they are practical, teachable, and wonderfully gifted with common sense; they are excellent artisans, reliable workmen, and of a good faith that everyone acknowledges and admires in their commercial dealings.

Abolished Privileges.

To abolish extra-territoriality is the only way to bring these Chinese virtues to bear on their relations with foreigners. If this were done:—

Trade would be freely permitted everywhere, and the investment of capital and development of internal resources meet with no unnecessary obstacle: the Government has already admitted in principle that natives may own steamers on coast and river, may establish telegraphic communication, may build railways, may open mines, may start manufacturing industries, and the foreigner has only to accept the same position to enjoy to their fullest extent the same privileges,—besides ensuring the removal of what makes such enterprises unprofitable.

Sir Robert Hart says that subjection to Chinese jurisdiction would make foreigners more careful to avoid offending Chinese laws and prejudices, and he thinks that Chinese officials would be instructed to deal properly with foreigners. But such a reform must be founded on mutual trust:—

Nor should the effect of such a concession be spoiled by reservations and restrictions beyond perhaps a stipulation for evidence to be taken on oath and some right of appeal, for the country, so to speak, would be on its honour and the whole force of Chinese thought and teaching would then be enlisted in the foreigner's favour, through its maxims regarding tenderly treating the stranger from afar.

It is certain that even under the most unjustly administered Chinese laws there would be less sacrifice of European life than under the present alternation of security and massacre.

Sir Robert Hart devotes some space to putting the problem from the Chinese point of view. The essence of the Chinaman's defence, he says, is, "We did not invite you foreigners here; you crossed the seas of your own accord, and forced yourselves upon us." The methods of the missionaries, and the constant vilification of everything Chinese in the European Press, are alone sufficient to account for anti-foreign outbreaks.

In his article on "Chinese Trade" in the January "North American Review," Sir Robert points out that the first thing to be remembered is that the Chinese are essentially a self-supporting nation, and it is this fact, not official restrictions, which accounts for its slow growth. The Chinese have the best food, the best drink, and the best clothing in the world; they have a wonderful system of internal trade, and they want nothing from abroad. The only result of forcing them to trade at the cannon's mouth will be to make them equip themselves with the machinery of western civilisation, after which, the first thing they will do will be to wrest all trade from the

European interlopers. But the essence of this article, as of that in the "Fortnightly," is a protest against the extra-territorial system.

Virgil and Tennyson.

A LITERARY PARALLEL.

The resemblance between Virgil and Tennyson has often been noticed by critics, but it has probably never been followed so closely as in an article under the above heading in the "Quarterly Review" for January. The reviewer's comparison between Tennyson and Virgil is very elaborate, and, it must be said, often far-fetched, while many of the points of likeness are common to a great many more poets than those dealt with. The resemblances, nevertheless, are close enough to be very peculiar, if we take into account the immense difference between the epochs in which the poets lived.

Both Poets Laureate.

Virgil, in the first place, was a Poet Laureate, like Tennyson. He was the friend of the Emperor and the greatest statesmen of the day. Both poets were born in times of storm and stress, both under a narrow oligarchy, both were children of the country, and both were intimately acquainted with the practical details of country life. Each got as good an education as the time could give, and both began their careers as poets young. Tennyson's Catullus and Lucretius were Byron and Coleridge. Like Virgil in the class-rooms of Rome, Tennyson at Cambridge complained of too much academic study. Science was the first love of both. Neither was a speechmaker, but both dabbled in medicine and studied the arts. Both were at first poor, but Tennyson found his Gallus and Pollio in Carlyle and Milnes, and his Maecenas in Sir Robert Peel, and both acquired wealth. Neither was a prose writer, and neither a great correspondent.

In Appearance Similar.

Virgil was tall, dark, and of rustic mien, he was of temperate habits, seldom visited the capital, and avoided notoriety:—

Substitute Hampshire for Campania, the Isle of Wight for Naples and Sicily, and London for Rome, and this account might, in most points, have been written for the late Laureate, who might also be described as tall and dark, and, if not exactly rustic, not town-bred in appearance, though on the other hand certainly not at all girlish or ladylike, and who also fled from the interviewer and the admirer.

Their Defects the Same.

Each when young conceived the idea of writing an epic, and each postponed it. Neither lived an eventful life. Virgil's poetry was just as much a mania in its day as Tennyson's. Both were parodied, and both were accused of plagiar-

ism. The mannerisms of both were criticised. Both affected archaic words, and both were censured for the "new Euphuism." The heroes of both were accused of priggishness and lifelessness. Neither Virgil's nor Tennyson's hero had the Homeric quality. The epics of both failed in directness and heroic strength. Yet both were Imperialists. Tennyson's view of Britain is well known. Virgil's faith in Rome was summed up in the following lines:—

"To rule the world, O Roman, be thy bent,
Empire thy fine art and accomplishment,
To spare the crushed, but battle down the proud,
Till all beneath the code of thy firm peace be bowed!"

Both were scholars, yet neither was a pedant. Both polished and rejected much, and both were given to reading their poems to their friends. Virgil read the "Georgics" to Augustus, a "Georgic" a day for four days. Propertius, again, was admitted to a hearing of the "Eneid" while it was still in process, and wrote:—

"Room, bards of Greece, and Roman bards, make room!
More than an 'Iliad' quickens in the womb."

So Tennyson read to the Prince Consort or to the Rossettis and the Brownings.

It is a pity, concludes the reviewer, that Tennyson produced no translation of a poet with whom he had so much in common.

Problems Before the Chemist.

In "McClure's" for February, Dr. Ira Remsen, professor of chemistry in the Johns Hopkins University, talks most interestingly of the unsolved problems of chemistry. He says that what chemists have not found out as to the composition of the commonest and most important substances is very vast as compared to what they have found out. So far as the elements of plants and animals are concerned, he says his field of science is reasonably enlightened as to fats. In other words, chemists can start out with carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen—elementary substances—and can make in the laboratory the same fats that occur in living things. Not that anyone has done this; but, if one had unlimited time, it could be done. Even this is a feat which would not have been possible some years ago. Sugar too, is not an unsolved problem. The labours of Emil Fischer, of Berlin, and others in the past few years have done more to clear up the problem of the sugars than all that had been accomplished before. A chemist can make a simple form of sugar, too, in the laboratory from its elements. As to the other two carbohydrates, though, starch and cellulose, the chemist can do no boasting. Professor Remsen says that his profession knows very little indeed about starch, and that there is little promise of success in what

has been done in attempts to find out about this all-important substance. Cellulose, which is the basis of plants, just as bones are the basis of animals—the constituent of plants that gives them form and enables them to resist the disintegrating influences of nature—is another mystery. About all the chemists know is that when a piece of wood is treated with certain active chemical substances many of the constituents are destroyed and removed, and that what is known as wood-pulp remains. This is mainly cellulose. Paper is more or less pure cellulose. But beyond this the chemists can tell us little about this all-important substance. They think it is distantly related to starch, and they know it contains only the three elements—carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. But how to put these together to make cellulose is yet to be found out.

The Proteids—Protoplasm.

Professor Remsen confesses himself even more ashamed that his branch of science has not done any finding out about the proteids. The proteids form the principal solids of the muscular, nervous, and glandular tissues, of the serum of blood, of serous fluids, and of lymph; so they are all-important to our life. Yet they are unsolved problems, and he says they are likely to remain so for generations to come.

The construction of protoplasm is perhaps the most important problem our twentieth-century chemists of the synthetic school will be engaged upon. They know protoplasm contains something that is derived from a proteid, something else derived from a fat, and still a third something derived from a carbohydrate. But they do not know whether these three things are simply mixed or are chemically united.

Before we can understand, if we ever are to understand, the difference between a living and a dead tissue, we must understand what protoplasm is, and our chances of solving the problem presented by this important basis of life are extremely poor. Still, we may hope to get nearer its solution by continued investigation, and we shall have to be satisfied with small returns for our labour.

Federation Before Settlement.

"Calchas," writing in the "Fortnightly Review" on "The Crux in South Africa," argues strongly in favour of dismissing from our minds the idea that we must settle South Africa before we attempt to federate the country. He calls upon the Government to re-consider their South African policy, which at the present moment he describes as that of Crown Colony Administration tempered by municipal institutions. The grant of municipal self-government is treated as a more

or less remote ideal, and South African Federation is an altogether needless speculation. Lord Salisbury's words about years and generations in which the Boers might exclude themselves from the blessings of local autonomy were gratuitous and dismal mischief. Instead of postponing to the dim and distant future the Federation of South Africa, "Calchas" would federate now, and would grant self-governing institutions immediately. Lord Kitchener got the country in hand, and the prisoners were brought back from St. Helena and Ceylon. All the necessary measures would have a much better chance of acceptance if associated with the immediate prospect of federation. The capital might be fixed at Bloemfontein, and the constitution imposed in the first instance from without by the Imperial Government. The material security which federation would offer for the future peace of South Africa overrides every other consideration. It is the only measure which gives any prospect of replacing the Army. If it is true that Mr. Merriman is a convert to the view that the Boers ought to renounce separatism, the first glimpse of a better hope has appeared upon that dark horizon. "Calchas" suggests that federation might have a better chance of success if the work of establishing it were entrusted to other hands than those of Sir Alfred Milner:—

It is by no means impossible that Sir Alfred Milner's way with the Rand capitalists may begin a remarkable change even in the present feelings of the Dutch towards the High Commissioner, and may form the first point of reunion between the races. But unless some such special circumstances should occur, it would probably be better that Sir Alfred should voluntarily relieve himself of the duty which he has borne for nearly five years of anxiety, difficulty, and strain enough to exhaust any human being. It is evident that he should under the attacks of half the population which he has had to influence. The antagonism between Sir Alfred Milner and the Afrikaner spirit has been the necessary consequence of the great work he has done, but if it continues it will soon become a serious disadvantage to the interests of the Empire. His best successor would be a man like Sir Edward Grey, who not only knows, like Sir Alfred Milner, the necessity of being cool and balanced, by force of intellect, but is so by nature. There is here a very considerable distinction.

A Federative Home Built of Paper.

The "Wide World" for February publishes a charmingly written and copiously illustrated article on Professor Beckerton's Federative Home at Waitoni, in New Zealand:

Waitoni, it seems, has all the advantages of an excellent club, at the cost of a second or third-rate lodging. There are more freedom, greater privacy, and no loneliness—these are its watch-words. The Professor's own house, designed like no other house that anyone ever saw, is the nucleus of the home. Reserving a few rooms for himself and his family, the large drawing-room, the brilliant and lovely conservatory, the dining-room, and the social hall are all shared by the Federators and his own family in common. Everyone uses them alike, and all receive their

friends in them without distinction of caste or rank. The entrance hall is a large conservatory, full of gorgeous flowering plants, palms, and tall tree ferns from the native bush.

At four o'clock everyone meets in the drawing-room for afternoon tea; but all other meals are more or less "movable feasts;" served from one common kitchen, somewhat in hotel fashion, to suit the different modes of life and habits of the Federators. Each family has its own private apartments, and joint housekeeping is managed by the community. The cost of living Federally is undoubtedly far lower than it would be if the Federating families lived each in its own little home. The normal standard of members for such a Federated home is 100.

Professor Beckerton has discovered the art of constructing buildings of tarred brown paper, which, if tarred afresh every two years, will last for half a century:

Not only is the cost of a paper dwelling less than one-fifth of that of the cheapest wooden building, but it is also excellent in case of earthquake—a serious consideration in the northern parts of New Zealand. Paper buildings are also remarkably warm, the paper drying as hard as a board, and there being a space of four inches between the outer and inner walls. The brown paper which is chemically treated perfectly withstands the weather—even the fierce winds which sometimes sweep across the Canterbury Plains. Strange as it may seem, these paper houses have remained tight and dry when wooden houses have let in the wet.

Phil Armour in a New Light.

Dr. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, contributes to the "American Review of Reviews" a most interesting character sketch of Phil Armour, the great Scotch-Irish pork-king. He knew him well, and praises him warmly. He says:

We who knew his heart will think of him as happy, hopeful, and even playful among the children whom he loved. As a little child, he trusted God at the last as at the first, and he was not afraid.

"Men fail, for the most part," he used to say, "not because they are not smart enough, but because they are not good enough to succeed."

Armour was a broad-minded man, who was all for combines in religion as in trade:

"I told the folks at the mission, when they wanted to know what denomination we would choose for the work down there, that I wanted the religion of the place to be undenominational, but it must be sixteen ounces to the pound, all wool, and a yard wide; and I don't care whether the converts are baptised in the soup-bowl, a dish-pan, or the Chicago River."

"Almost anybody," he said, "will do for a father, but it takes a very great soul to be a good mother."

When I showed him, says Dr. Gunsaulus, the wonderful revelations of the X-ray, he amused us by saying, as he saw a two-cent coin through an oak plant, "Well, maybe there isn't so much to marvel at in this thing, after all. I always could see a two-cent piece almost through anything. I think, if the American boy could get some of these X-rays in his eye, it wouldn't hurt him any, especially if his heart can be enlarged as his fortune grows."

He stood in reverence before any marked peculiarity of mind, and he wanted a wall of protection placed about any timorous though awkward individuality. "That boy's peculiarity," he said, "is a pocket of gold in an unpromising mine. All the rest of him will get its value in the thing that makes him different from the other fellows. If he is educated right, it will distinguish him; and if he is ever going to make the world any richer, he has got to get the wealth out of that place in him."

When Dr. Gunsaulus visited the London Academy with Mr. Armour, the latter was much interested in the picture of "Napoleon leaving Josephine:

He turned to me and said, with stormy indignation: "The rascal! the scoundrel! No wonder he could not succeed. I believe he lost his power just then. No man ought to succeed in a world worth living in who mistreats a woman, especially his wife."

Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Among the articles on Sir Arthur Sullivan, the personal reminiscences contributed by Mr. George Grosmith to the "Pall Mall Magazine" for February will probably be found the most interesting. In the American "Bookman" for January, Mr. Lewis M. Isaacs has an article on Sullivan's musical work, and from it the following extract is taken:

Sullivan's genius was sympathetic. His music is full of contrasts and changes suiting the demands of the text admirably. It almost always illustrates and deepens the meaning of the words. . . . This rare faculty of the composer is best displayed in the humorous passages with which his scores abound, so ably seconding the fun of the book.

The early intimacy with his father's band gave him a knowledge of the orchestra that was of greatest benefit to him, and has made his scores of real value to the student. Charming touches and colour-effects abound, and in richness, delicacy, and refinement his instrumentation is unsurpassable. In the accompaniment to the solo voice, which is a stumbling-block to many gifted composers, he displays the best of taste, and the practical results of his training as a chorister are seen in his skillful management of the voices in chorus, and the effective manner of part-writing of which he has given us so many excellent examples.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

The Fortnightly Review.

The "Fortnightly Review" for February is well up to the high level which it has maintained for the last few months. I have dealt with most of the articles elsewhere. The most notable is that of Sir Robert Hart on "China and Non-China." There will also be found among the leading articles that on "Ireland in 1901," "Calchas," paper on the "Crux in South Africa," and several papers on Army Reform.

Railway Reforming in Bagdad.

The first article in the number is a rather ponderous satire on British railway administration, by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. It is written after the manner of the "Arabian Nights," but even Mr. Kipling's genius is hardly equal to the task of making a board of railway directors blush. I give the following extract, however, to show Mr. Kipling's method of dealing with the non-transferable ticket absurdity:

By the merit of this white bond it is permitted to such an one, the son of such an one, to enter into such and such an one of my engines, and to sit in the place appointed for such as hold the white bonds, and to proceed to such and such a place.

But it is forbidden to such an one to linger more than a day after that he has purchased the bond; nor may he give away the bond even to his maternal uncle, but must strictly seat himself at the hour appointed.

Moreover, I take Allah to witness that I wash my hands thrice of all that may befall this person, either by the sloth and negligence of my Afrits, or by the sloth and negligence of any other Afrits, or by the errors of any of the creatures of Allah!

Coventry Patmore.

Mrs. Crawford writes a short article upon Coventry Patmore, in which she brings into sharp contrast his mystical ideas of matrimony with his uncompromising assertion of the dominance of the husband. She quotes the following utterance of Patmore's: "The pagan who simply believed in the myth of Jupiter, Alcmena and Hercules, much more he who had been initiated into the unspeakable names of Bacchus and Persephone, knew more of living Christian doctrine than any 'Christian' who refuses to call Mary the 'Mother of God.'" Patmore's biographer says that the poet possessed a far deeper insight into the feminine soul than is given to any but very few men. Mrs. Crawford says she thinks it would be nearer the truth to say that he never gave a thought to the feminine soul save in its relation to men. The wife was believed to be an angel in the house, but always on condition of her remaining within, and of spending her life seated at the foot of her lord.

Two Colonial Problems.

Sir Augustus Adderley describes "Some West Indian Grievances"—grievances, it may be added, against the Colonial Office. Sir Augustus tells us how Mr. Chamberlain has excited the wrath of the people of the Bahamas by arbitrarily striking £5,000 out of the accounts under the Bahamas Appropriation Act of 1899, money which was wanted for works of public utility, and he is to be called over the coals in the Assembly this month. He has interfered also to insist on the appointment of an American citizen, Father Schreiner, who is not a persona grata to the population, as a member of the School Board. The other colonial problem treated in the "Fortnightly" is the Newfoundland question. Mr. Beckles Wilson, the writer of the article, maintains that a settlement with France is not now desirable, and should be postponed, as the value of the treaty shore to the French is rapidly dwindling.

Other Articles.

Mr. George Paston publishes some very characteristic "Eighteenth Century Love-letters" between a long-forgotten Mr. John Tweddell and Isabel Gunning, a cousin of the famous beauties. The short story is by Maarten Maartens. Mr. Andrew Lang writes on Mr. Frazer's "Golden Bough."

The Engineering Magazine.

A MONSTER NUMBER.

The January number contains no fewer than 340 pages of letterpress. This "Works Management Number" makes an exceedingly good beginning for the new century, and it is unfortunate that lack of space prevents its being noticed at greater length.

Four Great Managers.

A sketch of Lord Armstrong and the Elswick Works by Benjamin Taylor finds first place. There is less said about the man than of his great shops, which employ an army of 25,000 workers. Lord Armstrong, who unfortunately has passed away since the article was written, began in a small way by making hydraulic machinery. Later he devoted his energy to the manufacture of ordnance, in which he worked a revolution, and then to the building of battleships. To-day the great Elswick Works form a complete arsenal in themselves, and they are even ahead of any other in the world, for here alone can a warship be designed, built, ar-

moured, fitted with engine and boiler, furnished and equipped with guns, ready to proceed straight out to sea and engage an enemy in the offing.

Mr. Charles M. Schwab in the second sketch describes the huge enterprises built up by Andrew Carnegie. The rapid growth of the use of steel in building and as a substitute for iron the world over has given this great organiser a chance he was not slow to take. He has built up gradually immense iron and steel works, until they have a capacity equal to 32.56 per cent. of the production of the United States, 12.65 per cent. of the output of the world, and nearly 71 per cent. of the production of Great Britain.

The Krupps' works form the subject of the third sketch. Mr. Schroder tells the story of the foundation and growth of the vast works. It is an interesting fact that the grandfather started the works in a small way, the son Alfred built them up, and the grandson Friederich continues to enlarge their scope and extent. Not the least interesting part of the article is that which deals with the pension funds and life insurance societies started by Alfred Krupp for his workmen.

Mr. Walter M. McFarland writes upon George Westinghouse, who is one of the younger organisers, being now only fifty-four years of age. The Westinghouse brake was the invention which made him famous; but he has devoted himself recently to electrical matters, developing the use of the alternating current. His mechanical skill, business ability, and tact have always stood him in good stead. He has started many companies, which carry on business with great success, and in Pittsburgh itself he is now employing some 10,000 workers.

An Engineer's Handbook.

The other articles are a veritable text-book for all engineers. They describe the best known methods employed in all manner of engineering practice.

The Century.

The "Century" for February begins with a readable article by Richard Boughton, "Humour and Pathos of the Savings Bank." Mr. Boughton says that the huge aggregate of savings bank depositors in the United States includes the criminal classes—not only bank burglars, cheque forgers, and bank note counterfeiters, but the whole breed of cosmopolitan criminals. Mr. Boughton says that the State legislator at Albany periodically calls aloud for the confiscation by the State of the alleged millions of unclaimed deposits in the banks. The savings banks insist that such accounts cannot be called forgotten because unclaimed, and that in any case the safety fund ought to be left with them. Mr. Boughton says that there is a great

exaggeration of the amount of these unclaimed deposits. A legislative committee in 1875 reported that in the aggregate deposits of over 300,000,000 dollars there was only about 300,000 dollars unclaimed, and the present bank superintendent figures out that there is only about 150,000 dollars at present which has remained for over twenty years in the banks undisturbed. Mr. Boughton says that the savings banks of New York City are in a more satisfactory condition than ever before in their history.

The Search for Andree.

In his article, "The People at the Top of the World," Mr. Jonas Stadling describes a tour through Siberia in search of Andree, the polar balloon explorer. This search expedition was undertaken under the auspices of the Geographical Society of Stockholm, which for the purpose awarded to Mr. Stadling the "Vega Stipendium," which was reinforced by private subscriptions. Mr. Stadling's companions were Dr. Nilson and Mr. Fraenkel, a young engineer, the brother of one of the companions of Andree. The three proceeded overland to Yakutsk, and thence sailed down the Lena to its mouth, where Mr. Stadling's narrative in the "Century" begins.

East London Settlements.

Sir Walter Besant, the novelist and sociologist, gives a final chapter in his studies of East London, under the title "The Helping Hand in East London." He sketches briefly the chief attempts made to arrest the degeneracy of that region. Sir Walter, after reviewing the work of the Church, the Charity Organisation Society, and the other institutions established for the help of the slum districts, says that far greater than all of them in its effectiveness is the settlement, which has its root idea in the example, the teaching, and the cultivation of what we call the life of culture among the working classes. There are four now in East London and thirteen or fourteen in the whole city. The members of the settlement reside among the working classes, go about with them, live in the sight of all. The working man dines with the members, spends the evening with them, and talks with them.

American Steel.

Professor Robert H. Thurston, writing on "The Steel Industry of America," assumes that the steel industry is the one important and accurate gauge of the position of a people in the scale of civilisation, being a sort of barometer of trade and national progress. The United States now leads the world, producing 15,000,000 tons of iron annually (of which over two-thirds is employed in the form of steel), as against half that amount from Germany, and 10,000,000 tons from Great Britain.

Harper's Magazine.

The February "Harper's" begins with the second instalment of Professor Woodrow Wilson's series entitled "Colonies and Nation," being a short history of the people of the United States. Professor Wilson's narrative is most admirably illustrated and adorned with drawings of colonial figures and scenes by Mr. Howard Pyle, much of whose distinction as an illustrator and artist comes from his masterly delineation of these colonial types, especially the Dutch.

Lenbach the Artist.

Mr. Sidney Whitman gives a sketch of Franz von Lenbach, the celebrated portrait painter, who has been at the top of his profession in Germany for more than a generation. Mr. Whitman describes Lenbach as having a strong, tall, somewhat gorilla-like figure, carrying a shaggy, beetle-browed head, which is now gray. He says that Lenbach is one of the few men of genius who have succeeded in living up to the untrammelled standard of life of a passionate artistic temperament without suffering shipwreck in the process. When asked his price for painting a portrait, Lenbach said that it was from 20,000 marks, "which I may ask, down to 5,000 marks, which I may be willing to pay for the privilege of painting an exceptionally interesting face." The great portrait painter lives at Munich, and when he is engaged on the portrait of a notable figure the fact is the talk of the town.

Victor Hugo's Artistic Attempts.

There is a second chapter of M. Paul Meurice's article on Victor Hugo as an artist, illustrated with reproductions of original drawings and paintings by the great French author. Hugo never learned to draw, though he carried an album with him and was fond of making sketches in it. The examples reproduced of his pictorial efforts show that, notwithstanding his technical ignorance, he was capable of expressing the romance of his temperament with his pencil as well as with his pen.

Bismarck's Love-Letters.

A curious feature is Mr. Marjion Wilcox's translation of the love-letters of Prince Bismarck. These letters were written in 1847, and, notwithstanding the occasional lapse into more or less sentimental verse, the effusions have the sentimental limitations one might expect in a man of blood and iron.

Scribner's Magazine.

Mr. Henry Norman continues his important discussion of "Russia of To-day" in a fourth

chapter, occupied with Central Asia. Mr. Norman calls the journey which he took over the Trans-Caspian Railway the most remarkable train journey in the world. This road, through a land without labour, timber, or water, runs from Krasnovodsk to Andijan, a distance of 1,261 miles, at a rate of speed of 17½ miles an hour, counting in all the stops. Only twenty-five years ago, the first land traversed in this journey could only be reached by adventurous travellers, carrying their lives in their hands. Bokhara was as dangerous and inaccessible as the capital of Thibet is to-day, and Andijan was unheard of, and England would not have tolerated for a moment the idea of Russian absorption of Central Asia. Yet now Russia has it all, beyond the possibility of loss.

Mrs. Gilbert's Reminiscences.

In this February number there begins the very readable "Stage Reminiscences of Mrs. Anne Hartley Gilbert," edited by Mrs. Charlotte M. Martin. Mrs. Gilbert was often asked to write an autobiography by those who had been delighted with her ready flow of reminiscences and anecdote and good talk, and she always refused, but finally was prevailed on to tell the present editor the facts of her life.

The World's Work.

The February "World's Work" gives some facts concerning the rapid extension of the free mail-delivery in rural American districts. Nearly 3,000 rural routes have been established, and almost 2,000,000 farmers and their families now enjoy the benefits of the service. The carrier receives 500 dols. a year, and makes a daily trip of about 25 miles. He delivers mail, registers letters, sells stamps, and cancels postage. "Postmaster-General Smith is convinced that the Government must soon extend the service to cover practically the whole country. The rural population is estimated at twenty-four million people, three millions of whom, perhaps, live in such sparsely settled districts as to be practically inaccessible to carriers. The remaining twenty-one millions occupy a million square miles of territory. The gross cost of delivering the mails to them is estimated at 21,000,000 dollars a year. The net cost would be considerably less; for many thousand fourth-class post-offices could be abolished, star routes superseded, and increased postal receipts on account of improved facilities would bring in a large revenue.

There is a brief sketch of Cecil Rhodes, by E. S. Grogan, who is wholly eulogistic of his subject, and who considers Kruger as "one of many vampires" who have sucked the blood out of the Transvaal.

Kate H. Claghorn, commenting on "The Changing Character of Immigration," calls attention to the fact that three racial stocks have a marked predominance in the last years, and are still growing in importance—the Slavs, the Italians, and the Hebrews. These have increased hugely, at the expense of the Irishmen and Germans.

Modern German Policy.

Mr. Sydney Brooks, writing under the title "Germany Under a Strenuous Emperor," sketches the rise of the Kaiser's land to a world-power under William II., her colonial ambitions, her relations to Russia and France, and her deep jealousy of England. Mr. Brooks thinks that the Kaiser's hot enthusiasm for colonisation is of no avail. Wherever he turns in Africa or the Pacific, he finds the really tempting and valuable regions already pre-empted. Germany's "road is blocked, and the question whether she is destined to become one of the civilising agents of the earth decided against her." Mr. Brooks thinks the supreme object of German policy is to humiliate England, and that if there is ever a serious anti-British coalition again, its brain-power will be found in Berlin.

Lord Kitchener as He is.

Mr. James Barnes contributes a brief sketch of Lord Kitchener as he appears on the South African veldt. This is the impression Kitchener made on Mr. Barnes:

The bold, fearless eyes, the short nose, the aggressiveness and determination of his expression leave a strong impression. He appears to be handsome—a hero-looking soldier. I shall never forget the first time that I saw him. I was a bit startled. I had preconceived him as something so very different. He was tall, about six feet two or three, his figure ungainly, and his shoulders sloped; he slouched in his gait as he walked in long, knee-bending strides. He was a much older man than his pictures made him appear to be. His face—it may have been the Egyptian sun—was brick-red. It was full of little lines, and his prominent steel-grey eyes had a peculiar expression; one of them—I have forgotten whether it was the left or the right—had a habit of roving by itself, while the other transfixed you with a cold and piercing glare; to a certain extent the eyes are characteristic of the man, for Kitchener is known to be able to see things near by and things far off at the same time.

The Cosmopolitan.

In the February "Cosmopolitan," Professor Richard T. Ely writes on "Public Control of Private Corporations." Professor Ely thinks that the conflict arising from the struggle of private corporations to escape from social prescriptions, and the effort of the public authorities to hold these corporations up to the law, is a phenomenon which is all-important for an intelligent grasp of the political and social life of to-day. This struggle accounts for the corruption which we hear of every day. Corporations complain of being sand-bagged, and, on the other hand, frequently the

corruption begins with the corporation. People owning stocks and bonds of the companies are strongly tempted to take the side of their private interest against the public weal. Dr. Ely says that in Philadelphia there are 75,000 persons who participate in the ownership of corporations of a monopolistic character. "This is an immense force working against good government—a force more potent than that of the office-holding class." Another great obstacle to the proper control of private corporations is the fact that the expert knowledge required for such control is usually obtained only in the service of such corporations, and is consequently not at the command of the public. And then, after all, under a constitutional system like the American the difficulties of public control are enhanced tenfold, because when such control is carried out there is always danger that it will interfere with some general principle of American written constitutions.

The Lady of the White House.

Mrs. Burton Harrison, in writing on "The First Lady of Our Land," gives an account of the general conditions governing the life and influence of the President's wife, and tells of her duties and privileges. Mrs. Harrison points out that there is nothing in the outward form of life at the White House to correspond with the style assumed by other leaders of society. Indeed, there is even an absence from the White House doors and lobbies of proper conventional servants. When the President's wife drives out it is in a plain brougham or landau, equipped with a coachman and footman in plain livery, an equipage in no way noticeable in a crowd of other vehicles. Although officially the President's wife has precedence over every other woman in her presence, she is no leader in fashion, and has no social weight as a dictator, and is rarely quoted in matters of form or expressions of preference. Mrs. Harrison sketches briefly the careers and describes the characteristics of the various ladies who have presided at the White House since the republic began.

McClure's Magazine.

From the February "McClure's" we have selected Professor Ira Rensen's article on "The Unsolved Problems of Chemistry," to quote from among the "Leading Articles of the Month."

Mr. Josiah Flynt, writing under the title, "In the World of Graft," tells what he knows, or a part of it, of the criminal classes in the city of Chicago. "McClure's Magazine" has arranged with Mr. Flynt for a series of such articles, each dealing with the conditions of the criminal classes in one of the leading cities of the country. The present gives some exceedingly curious statistics

of the methods and profits of thieving in Chicago. Mr. Flynt has found out that the expert shoplifter in that city makes 15 to 25 dollars a day; a good porch-climber from 1 to 1,000 dollars a night; a skilled sneak anywhere from an overcoat to a thick roll of bank bills. "The city is a recognised haunt of tramps and thieves, and where tramps and thieves congregate by permission in large numbers the municipal authorities are not 'on the level.'" It is firmly believed that there exists an understanding between a number of the thieves in the city and some of the detectives, and that it is comparatively easy to make a "spring" out of the clutches of the law when there is sufficient money to hand around to the various persons with a pull. The Pinkerton Detective Agency, it was asserted, could protect Chicago for less than two-thirds of what the municipal police department now costs the taxpayers, and the protection would be real and thorough.

Clara Morris, the actress, contributes some "Recollections of John Wilkes Booth." She describes Booth as a young man full of promise, bright and gay and kind. She says the whole sex was in love with John Booth, from the waitresses at the railroad restaurants up.

Some Fish Stories.

Mr. Charles Frederick Holder, the writer on subjects of interest in the field of natural history and sport, gives a graphic account of "Adventures with the Leaping Tuna." The tuna is a fish which has only within recent years come into prominence as worthy of the steel of expert anglers. Mr. Holder tells us of one that fought the fishermen fourteen hours, and then got away. The largest one caught on record weighed 251 pounds, and towed the boat eight or ten miles before he was captured. The exciting part of it is that such a fish is not by any means a large tuna. The fish grow to be 1,200 pounds or more in weight. This is merely the largest one that sportsmen have heretofore been able to capture with rod and reel.

The Nouvelle Revue.

The "Nouvelle Revue" for January is unusually interesting.

On the Planet Mars.

M. Camille Flammarion, who may be described as the Sir Robert Ball of France, has much to tell us in an illustrated article on this fascinating subject. Mars will be at its nearest to us on February 22, when our knowledge of the planet, it is hoped, will be added to. M. Flammarion gives us an interesting account of the surface of Mars, with the names which have been given by astronomers to the various depressions and elevations. Some of the

depressions are called seas, but it is by no means certain that there is any water there.

Of the much-discussed canals of Mars, which appear as straight lines or almost straight, M. Flammarion has no doubt that they represent the deliberate labour of some kind of living beings; but in speculating as to what manner of life it is that exists on Mars we must always remember the extraordinary difference of climate. For instance, for us the rain falls without any action on our part, and the snow condenses at the tops of our mountains, so that the streams and rivers bring us water without occasioning us any very great trouble. It is not so with the Martians, if, indeed, there are any such people. They have seldom any clouds, and apparently no rain, springs, or streams of water. They obtain water apparently by the enormous engineering labour of canals from the poles of their planet, where there is an abundance of melted snow.

A distinguished American astronomer, Mr. Lowell, has built on a mountain in the State of Arizona an observatory devoted entirely to discovering fresh facts about Mars. Mr. Lowell's theory is that what are called seas on the surface of Mars are really cultivated plains to which the canals bring water. As to the alleged signals made by the Martians to the earth, M. Flammarion has no belief in them.

M. Charpentier opens the number with an amusing account of how New Year's Day is celebrated in China. He recalls the fact that each cycle of time accruing to our century in the Celestial Empire only means sixty years.

M. Fremaux tells once more the melancholy tale of Napoleon at St. Helena, but his pages, though not without interest, do not add much to our knowledge of the painful episode. "Apropos of John Ruskin" is a sympathetic study by M. Depasse of Ruskin's evident search after the beautiful and ideal.

The Revue des Deux Mondes.

The "Revue des Deux Mondes" for January is perhaps not quite so interesting as usual.

Salt.

M. Dastre has one of his extremely solid and informing papers on salt, and especially the salt of the Sahara. Of the physiological need for salt in the human body he gives the usual examples, drawn from sacred and profane history. So universal is salt that it has from time to time served instead of money as a medium of barter, and it is from this use of it that we obtain our word "salary." M. Dastre goes on to deal with the prospects of finding salt in large quantities in the Sahara, and not only

what is commonly called salt, but various alkali mineral deposits which are used in the arts. The old hypothesis that the Sahara was at one time a sea has now been given up, and it is recognised that this desert exhibits a variety of formations of different geological periods.

Recollections of the Pope.

The Marquis de Gabriac continues his interesting reminiscences of the years from 1878 to 1880, when he was French Ambassador to the Vatican, dealing more particularly with the question of the elections to the Sacred College. It is well known that the various Catholic Powers in Europe are exceedingly anxious to have as many representatives as possible in the Cardinalate. M. de Gabriac's efforts to obtain an extra hat for France have no great interest for us, but he well describes the impression produced in Rome by the elevation of Dr. Newman to the Sacred College. The other appointments, too, exhibited a desire on the part of the Pope to modify the overwhelming Italian majority in the Sacred College. M. de Gabriac, indeed, in writing to his chief at the French Foreign Office, attributes to his Holiness the intention of giving gradually an absolute majority to foreigners, that is to say, to non-Italians. A Papacy which becomes more and more Italian would, after a brief interval, be no more than a Bishopric of Rome. On the other hand, M. de Gabriac argues, a Pontiff who enjoys the support of the whole Catholic world could always command the profound respect of the Italians themselves. In a subsequent conversation with the Pope, M. de Gabriac appears to have satisfied himself that his account of the situation was right. Side by side with this policy, M. de Gabriac says that the Pope proceeded to alter the personnel of his representatives at the principal foreign Courts; Leo recalled almost all the important Nuncios and substituted his own nominees, who were men of greater worth and distinction. As M. de Gabriac says, one of the most characteristic prejudices of the Holy Father is a horror of mediocrity.

The Contemporary Review.

It is a full number for February, though with few exceptionally eminent articles. Worthy of notice are Mrs. Crawford's paper on the Queen, and Mr. Townsend's negative study of Europe's influence on Asia.

A Good Word for Lord Wolseley.

"Nemo" speaks up for the late Commander-in-Chief with loyal resoluteness. He says:

September 1st, 1899, before the war began, the British Establishment was 161,000 men, and on the 1st September, 1900, that Establishment was 354,000 men. I do not say that with that marvellous result the life work of one man alone is to be credited. I do say

that if it had not been for Lord Wolseley we should have had no such army at all; that he, and he only, has fought through opposition that would have cowed almost any other man, and has been the one efficient cause.

On becoming Commander-in-Chief, he made the Glasgow speech which roused the nation, and forced the Government to larger preparations. For thus forcing their hand, the writer alleges, they have now turned him out.

Another View of the Second Coming.

Mr. D. S. Cairns takes exception to the criticisms of J. S. Mill and Mazzini that Christianity does not do justice to the claims of public life. After recalling the prophetic background to the Kingdom of God, Mr. Cairns goes on to treat of the Second Advent. He says:

In His teaching regarding it I believe that Christ is really saying, "I have not yet had My say out, and I am coming to say it and to do it. I have come in weakness, but I am coming again in glory, and in power. I have moved about among the weak and obscure, and I have dealt with common human personal interests, duties and privileges of the individual soul: but I have a law, too, for the great rulers, the great nations, the immemorial institutions of society, slavery, property, commerce and war. I am coming to master and penetrate these great spheres by My providence, My spirit, and My truth. I shall then deal with the life of nations and society, and shall lay my hand upon them for God. I cannot speak of these things yet, for Mine hour is not yet come, and ye cannot bear them now."

Other Articles.

Colonel Maude presses for a national military reform which would include many of our most needed social reforms. A better breed of men is wanted for soldiers. Therefore he recommends linking volunteering with technical education and the University Extension movement; drilling and feeding of Board School children; dealing effectively with unsanitary areas in large towns, and a system of feeding wives and children of men thrown out of employment by war. A Russian publicist chats somewhat discursively on Russian policy relative to the "open door," which he characterises as vacillating. Mr. William Graham reviews Mr. Leslie Stephens' "English Utilitarians." Mr. Herbert Paul writes forcibly on "the decline of the Government."

Blackwood's Magazine.

"Blackwood" for February is dull. The only interesting article it contains is that by Colonel Henry Knollys on "Maladministration of Messes," which is a protest against the extravagance of officers:

Lavish entertainment of mess-guests, expensive balls, race luncheon-parties, superfluous subscriptions, costly luxuries, and, above all, the unthriftness in interior economy, which is only divided by a thin sheet of paper

from downright embezzlement, are habitually defended on the plea of "keeping up the credit of the regiment."

No matter how poor an officer is, he is forced to subscribe to these extravagances. Colonel Knollys gives an account of some successful and unsuccessful attempts by commanding officers to reduce the expenses of officers. An attempt by Sir Hope Grant to impose frugality upon manoeuvring officers had the following result:

Certain regiments organised strings of nominally private traps, but really of contractor's transport, to move in their wake along public roads, with an audacity containing concealment, and conveying supplies utterly inconsistent with the training of tent-life. Thus, while the general was contenting himself with chops and sherry, subalterns and captains within a stone's throw were revelling in delicacies provided by an expensive French cook, and in champagne and claret-cup, and their mess-marquees were open to every rowdy Dick, Tom, and Harry who came touting to the site. The cost was, of course, enormous. In one case—I could quote the regiment—a single week's bill for some individuals amounted to £70.

Another commanding officer succeeded so far as to enable his subalterns to live on their pay and £100 a year. This Colonel Knollys regards as the high-water mark of reform. He maintains, however, that each officer's mess bill might be reduced £60 a year.

Amusing Without Morals.

The writer of "Musings Without Method" is always excellent. He is in a good humour this month over Lord Roberts' reception and Australian Federation. The only thing which ruffles his serenity is that the Worcester Conference ended so tamely:

No better instance of Imperial solidarity could be found than the demeanour of the Australians, who kept the rebels in check at the Worcester Conference. So anxious were they to show their sympathy with England, to demonstrate their dislike of sedition, that their commanding officer (it is said) had the utmost difficulty in controlling their temper. At the slightest warning, their Maxims would have been turned upon the conference of revolt, and we should have witnessed the spectacle of free and democratic colonists firing upon insurgent colleagues in the name of the mother country

The Nineteenth Century.

The "Nineteenth Century" for February is not a particularly good number. It opens with a sonnet on the Queen, by Sir Theodore Martin, and a prose tribute by Sir Wemyss Reid, in which there is nothing remarkable.

Punishing Criminals.

The Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, Mr. Robert Anderson, C.B., writes on "Our Absurd System of Punishing Crime." His chief argument is that habitual criminals should be punished having regard to their past offences, and not merely in the light of the last offence. He says:

It setting themselves to punish crime our criminal courts are pursuing a wrong system, a system unworthy of the age, a system begotten of medieval superstition and ignorance. In former times the doctor set himself to cure disease. The result to the patient mattered little. In our day it is not the disease the physician considers so much as the patient. He carefully studies his constitution and medical history, and regulates his treatment accordingly. It is highly discreditable to the age that a like change of method has not yet been introduced in penology. By all means let a prisoner be tried only upon a definite charge, and without reference to his antecedents. But once he is convicted, let us have done with this stupid and ignorant system of measuring his sentence by his latest offence. If a man traps a fox in his "fowl-run" he does not let it go again because, when caught, it had only killed a chicken or two.

The Soul of Ireland—the Language.

Mr. George Moore contributes an eloquent plea for the preservation and encouragement of the Irish language. He publishes, as evidence of what may be done in Ireland, translations of several Irish poems, which, in spite of translation, are much more original than nineteen-twentieths of current English poetry. Mr. Moore regards Irish as the soul of the Irish people, and he points to the revival of Bohemian and Flemish as a proof that it might be revived.

The Chinese Drama.

Professor H. M. Posnett gives a description of the Chinese play, "Pi-Pa-Ki," which Chinese critics regard as the masterpiece of their drama. As to the general tendencies of the Chinese drama, he says:

The object of serious drama has always been recognised by Chinese critics as moral, and very nobly do they express this object as "the presentation of the finest lessons of history to the ignorant who cannot read." Plays void of moral teaching they despise; and the second passage I have selected from the Chinese editor's preface to "Pi-Pa-Ki" contains the following severe attack on plays intended merely to amuse the multitude:—"What do you find in them? Foolish dialogue, scene after scene, in which one may hear the clatter of the streets, the low talk of the cross-roads, the coarse indelicacy of love intrigues. And what is the outcome of all this? That the life of man is confused and misled, that his heart follows the torrent of his passions, and in them is finally lost."

An Indian Ameer.

The Gaekwar of Baroda takes a leaf out of the Ameer's book, and publishes some details of his public and private life. The article is written in the form of a succession of short paragraphs. His Highness, unfortunately for his readers, shows, however, little trace of the Oriental naivette of the Ameer, and his paper cannot compare with the Ameer's book for interest. The following is his criticism of India, which he compares unfavourably with Europe:

In India, in order to live happily and to prosper, one must not attempt to be above the common herd. Prominence of intellect or originality of thought is disliked and looked upon with suspicion. There can be no statesmen or generals where there is no scope for the exercise of those qualities. The great majority of the people, on account of long thralldom, ignorance

and poverty, are incapable of right discernment. The absence of intelligent, independent, and effective criticism renders difficult any high standards of indigenous growth.

The National Review.

The "National Review" resembles most of its brethren in putting Army reform in the forefront.

Roumania and Her Jews.

The most interesting of the other articles is Mr. F. C. Conybeare's paper entitled "Roumania as a Persecuting Power." Roumania's independence was only assented to by the Powers on condition that she would reverse the edicts against the Jews which disgraced her statute book. In spite of this, Mr. Conybeare shows that the persecution of the Jews has increased and is increasing in severity. There are about 270,000 Jews in Roumania, who are not only deprived of all civic rights, but are subject to the grossest form of religious persecution. They are driven from the schools, they cannot hold commissions in the army, they are restricted in teaching their religion, and have had their trade ruined. They are not even taken into the hospitals, except when the sanitary interests of the Christian population demand it. All professions are barred to them. The Roumanian Government nominally aims its legislation against "aliens," but Mr. Conybeare has no difficulty in showing that under alien is meant Jew, for the Christian subjects of foreign Powers are free from persecution.

Nicaragua.

Mr. Maurice Low laughs to scorn those English writers who delude themselves into thinking that the American Government will withdraw an inch from its policy in regard to the canal. As to the hope of getting compensation from America, he says:

Let no man run away with the foolish notion that to compensate for the amended Hay-Pauncefote Treaty the United States will make concessions to reach an understanding in regard to Canada. Not a bit of it. Any one who talks that way does not know the American people. The same spirit of opposition which made the Senate amend the treaty will make it determined to reach no settlement unless it appears that America gains by it. There will be no surrender of territory or permission to Canada to own a port on the Lynn Canal. It would be very pleasant to settle all difficulties in this simple and satisfactory manner, but no man, unless he belongs to the school of Mark Tapley philosophy, will urge the acceptance by the British Government of the amended Hay-Pauncefote Treaty to be balanced by a quid pro quo.

Last month Mr. Low informed us that the Filipino War was at an end. He revises his opinion this month as follows:

The Filipinos are as full of fight as ever they were, and outside of a very small radius it is Aguinaldo, and not General McArthur, who holds control.

Bowling versus Throwing.

In an article entitled "To Bowl or to Throw," Mr. W. J. Ford makes the following suggestion:

I suggest that if a bowler is "called" twice for throwing, he be "put back a yard," as is done to the poacher of start in a foot-race, and be required by the umpire to bowl for the rest of the innings with both feet behind the bowling-crease.

Spain.

Mr. Lionel Holland writes interestingly on "The Outlook in Spain." For the Spanish people he has every hope, for the Spanish Government none. All Spanish history is a protest against misgovernment:

Spanish intellect is becoming pervious to modern ideas—so long shrouded from its perspective. They are quickening the aspirations of popular Catalonia. The tawny Catalan operatives—proud, reserved, yet with daring and restless energy glittering in their steel-blue eyes—are consumed by republican fervour. They constitute a dangerous element—never, Napoleon alleged, had he met a race with larger powers of resistance. The devotion of the sturdy Basque peasant is proverbial. Asturias and the Balearic Islands are peopled by an honest and healthy agricultural folk; while the despised Gallegos train into brave and hardy soldiers. A tourist who derives his ideas of the Spanish people from the careless Adaluces, or from the Castilians, gains but little perception of the human material on which may be built up a regenerated nation.

The Quarterly Review.

The "Quarterly Review" for January opens with the first part of an article on British Agriculture. We have dealt elsewhere with the articles on Army Reform, on the Settlement in South Africa, and on the parallel between Virgil and Tennyson.

The Victorian Stage.

In an article thus entitled, the reviewer evidently thinks that the present revival of interest in the stage is but a temporary one. He says that when books are much read the hold of the drama on the popular mind must decay, and with this must decay the merit of dramatic productions. Moreover, for the drama to attain its highest popularity and success, we require a light-hearted age. The eighteenth century was such an age. At present the political and social issues before the world are so engrossing that we have neither the time nor the energy to spend on the serious discussion of dramatic themes. The demand for amusement has increased, but it is the music-hall which meets it.

In the February number of the "Contemporary Review," Mr. Ernest Newman has an interesting article on Berlioz; and in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for February, Mr. A. E. Keeton has an interesting article on Rubinstein, "the king of pianists."

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

FAMOUS MEN AND WOMEN ON THE PLATFORM.*

Major Pond is a great man. He is the Thomas Cook and Sons of that stratum of the intellectual world which has the American platform as its central point. He is the genius who personally conducts other geniuses, whom he recruits where he can, for the edification, instruction, or amusement of the lecture-going public in America. Business is not what it used to be, but still the account of this modern Virgil, who has conducted an equally modern Dante through the dim regions of the American Inferno or Purgatorio or Paradiso as the case may be, can be read with interest by all those who like personal gossip concerning notable men, and also by those who desire to gain side glimpses into the intellectual and social life of the American of the present day. When Virgil conducted the great Florentine on his memorable tour of exploration, he mapped out a journey in sections. Major Pond, on the other hand, can give no guarantee to the lecturer who embarks under his auspices whether he will land in Hell, or Paradise, or in Purgatory. The interior of an American lecture-room or lyceum is an "unbekanntes Land," and many who enter its portals believing that they are on the way to triumph and fortune, creep out to the little end of the horn discomfited and dismayed. In this book, in which he has unkindly recounted the eccentricities of genius, Major Pond tells us how he fared, and gossips pleasantly concerning his successes and failures, both with lecturers and with audiences; and as the result we have a very interesting volume at which you can cut and come again, or from which you can pick as from a lucky-bag at random, and usually happen upon something which is worth looking at. In the course of his professional career, which has now covered a quarter of a century, Major Pond has had intimate dealings with many of the most notable men of the English-speaking world. With some the intimacy was very close and very continuous. With others it was casual, almost accidental, and if we may venture upon a Libermanism, it sometimes did not take place at all, as for instance in the case of Mr. Spurgeon, who absolutely rebuffed all efforts on the part of Major Pond to seduce him on to the American platform.

Great Talkers.

Of the notabilities to figure in this volume, the most conspicuous are: Henry Ward Beecher, Mark Twain, H. M. Stanley, and Ian Maclaren. Of these, Major Pond accords the first place unhesitatingly to Henry Ward Beecher, who, he tells us, was his nearest and dearest friend for eleven years. He was with Beecher throughout the time of his trial and tribulation, travelling with him in his lecturing tours in every state and territory in the Union, with the exception of Arizona and New Mexico. Beecher was in the habit of lecturing one hundred and fifty times a year, besides preaching every Sunday; that is to say, he lectured every other night all the year round. This was public life indeed. The popular American lecturer is a peripatetic person to whom the Wandering Jew would be but a stationary slug-abed, for the popular favourite of the lyceum in the days when Major Pond was at the zenith of his glory seemed to have lived all day on the rail, and all night on the lecture-platform. Of Gough, the temperance lecturer, Major Pond says that within the fifteen years between 1861 and 1886, he delivered

3,526 lectures. Between 1862 and 1870 he averaged 209 lectures a year. Altogether in the course of his career he appeared before 9,600 audiences, and addressed nine millions of hearers. The labourer was worthy of his hire, for his lowest fee for a lecture was £40; his highest £100. In the last year of his life he made £6,000 a year from lecturing. It took some earning, did this money, for Major Pond tells us that his two-hour lecture was an unbroken succession of contortions and antics that left him dripping with perspiration. As soon as Gough returned to his hotel, a valet at once set to work rubbing him down, as race-horses are groomed at the end of a race. After this process, he appeared apparently as fresh as ever, and took a bowl of bread and milk.

Wendell Phillips, in great contrast to Gough, never resorted to perspiration as an aid to his inspiration. He held his place as Lyceum lecturer from 1845 to 1885. Although he spoke very quietly and without any gestures, he was able to wield at will the fierce democracy quite as effectively as either Gough or Beecher. Major Pond tells that on one occasion at Boston the lecture-room was attacked by a mob that tried to howl him down. Phillips bent over the platform and talked in a low tone to the reporters, taking no more notice of his audience than if they had been non-existent. After a time, when they got tired of shouting, they became inquisitive to learn what he was saying. Phillips looked up for a moment, and said quietly, "Go on, gentlemen, I do not need your ears. Through these pencils I speak to thirty millions of people." After which he had no more trouble with his audience.

Mr. Chauncey Depew, in Major Pond's opinion, is the peerless, all-round orator of the present time, the most versatile public speaker of the day. He is not, however, available for lecture-platforms. In Mr. Depew's opinion, Wendell Phillips and Beecher were the greatest orators of their time, surpassing even Webster and Clay.

After Mr. Chauncey Depew, General Porter, now American Ambassador in Paris, received more applications to deliver orations, make after-dinner speeches, and lecture, than any other American. He also is not available for lectures. Frederick Douglas, who is a mulatto, is the only coloured man in the United States who deserves to be regarded as a real orator, although Mr. Booker Washington, the founder of the Normal and Industrial Institute of Tuskegee in Alabama, is a very popular lecturer.

Henry Ward Beecher.

But of all the men whose lectures he has managed, Major Pond found no one to equal Henry Ward Beecher. He quoted John Bright as telling him that Beecher was the greatest orator who spoke the English tongue; but Major Pond loved him, not for his oratory, but for his character. He says he was the most joyous, happy man that ever lived. His theory was that as a son of God, and in unison with his Father, he had a right to happiness, and this right he would allow no man or set of men to take from him. He had a power of abstraction by which he could put away all thoughts of care and trouble, and rise to a higher atmosphere, while his eyes and ears seemed closed to lower considerations. Major Pond ought to know, for he and Beecher travelled together between 1875 and 1887 nearly 300,000 miles, and Beecher lectured 1,261 times for Major Pond. He devotes many pages to an account of Beecher's adventures which illustrate his conception of the great preacher of Plymouth pulpit as

* "Eccentricities of Genius. Memories of Famous Men and Women on Platform and Stage." By Major J. B. Pond. With ninety-one portraits. (London: Chatto and Windus. Pp. 364.)

a man full of human sympathy, kindness of heart, and ready of speech, one well equipped both by nature and by grace to win the affectionate enthusiasm of all those who knew him. Beecher as a lecturer was as popular in England as he was in America. When he came over for the second time in 1886, he spent his summer vacation of fifteen weeks in this country. He preached seventy times, delivered nine public addresses and fifty-eight lectures. That is to say, he spoke eighty-four times in one hundred and eight days. From his lectures he cleared the sum of £2,320, and all expenses of himself and his wife. He was extremely generous, and gave away his money as fast as he earned it. He had a church of two thousand eight hundred members, every one of whom looked to Mr. Beecher to help him whenever he got into trouble. Major Pond tells a charming little story of how Mr. Beecher married a great railway manager, C. P. Huntingdon, to a prominent society woman. Several weeks after the marriage, Major Pond and Beecher were travelling on the cars, and Beecher went through what he called a general house-cleaning of his pockets, for in the course of their rapid journeys across country Beecher's pockets would get loaded up with letters and newspapers, which every now and then were cleared out on the cars. On this occasion Beecher happened to put his hand into the watch-pocket of his pantaloons, and there, to his surprise, found a little envelope, which he opened. As he did so, he remembered that it had been handed him by C. P. Huntingdon as he left the house after the wedding. He put it into his watch-pocket, and never thought of it till now, when he discovered that it contained dollar bills to the value of £800. "Now," said Beecher, "don't tell anyone about it, and we will have a good time, and make some happiness with this money. We will consider that we found it." When they got back to New York, they spent the whole £800 in buying presents for his friends. After Beecher was dead, Major Pond told Mr. Huntingdon what had happened to the money. Huntingdon replied: "It was all wrong. I should never have given him the money. It was all a mistake. Money never did him any good." Mr. Beecher never ate before breakfast, and not even at home on Sundays did he take breakfast. But he was a great coffee-drinker, and always required one or two cups of good coffee instead of a meal before sermons. Major Pond says that Beecher indicated Lyman Abbott as his successor in the Plymouth pulpit, but after ten years' very successful pastorate Lyman Abbott resigned. He said he wanted to reach the great public, and that he could do better by the press than by the pulpit.

Talmage.

As Henry Ward Beecher is the hero-saint in Major Pond's gallery, Dr. Talmage figures as the antithesis in every respect. We have the whole story set forth of Dr. Talmage's tour in Great Britain in 1879. No more characteristic story, both of Major Pond and of Dr. Talmage, could possibly be printed. Dr. Talmage has the greatest congregation of readers of his sermons of any man living. He is the greatest one-man attraction in America. Over 600 different weekly papers send out his weekly sermon as a patent inside. Dr. Talmage has his public which he has educated, which is adamant in its faith in him. He is said to be the richest minister in the world, and he has earned it all himself. His sermons are printed in the "Christian Herald" in London and in New York. No man of all those whom Major Pond had to deal with excited such an overwhelming enthusiasm as did Dr. Talmage when he visited England in 1879. A two-line paragraph in the "Christian Herald," announcing that Dr. Talmage was coming to England, produced five hundred letters next morning, and Major Pond was literally snowed under by applications from all parts of the kingdom. Every mail armfuls of letters were brought in to him, envelopes rained down upon him, and he found himself in the presence of an unprecedented boom. He had chartered Talmage to deliver one hundred lectures in England for £20 a lecture, plus the expenses of himself, his wife and daughter. This was good business,

for Major Pond found that large cities were willing to pay £300 a lecture. Before Major Pond discovered this he had re-chartered Talmage for £50 a lecture to the General Secretary of the Leeds Young Men's Christian Association for ten lectures in each of ten cities. This gentleman succeeded in making £1,000 out of his contract, which Major Pond grudges him to this day. When Talmage arrived, he found himself the centre of an extraordinary vortex of popular enthusiasm. When he went to Islington to preach on the first Sunday after his arrival, he was mobbed by thousands of people, who took the horses from his carriage and dragged him to the church. He was carried bodily over the heads of the mob, and thrust into the crowded church. "Some one got hold of his coat and succeeded in tearing off a piece of his coat-tails. 'I want this for a souvenir,' he shouted. Talmage was under signed contract to deliver his lectures for £20 a lecture, but as soon as he found he was the object of the most tremendous and overwhelming reception a minister ever had, he declared that the excitement was too much for him, that he would inevitably break down, and must give up the whole course of lectures unless his fee was raised to £50 a lecture. Major Pond groaned, but finally modified his contract, and accepted Talmage's written undertaking to go on for £40 a lecture, instead of £20. But when he went to Birmingham and Manchester the enthusiasm was such that Dr. Talmage declared that he could not stand such a tremendous series of ovations, must go home at once to save his life, unless he got £70 a lecture. "You have got to pay me £70 a lecture," he said. "You are making yourself or somebody else rich. I get nothing for it." However, after much bargaining, he consented to go on for £50 a lecture. The Talmage boom, however, burst. The people had expected that Talmage would deliver stirring religious exhortations, and his lectures upon the bright side of things made people laugh, but produced no effect upon their religious life. The religious penny papers had pictured Talmage as an ideal man of God, and when these people came to find the lectures more of a secular than of a religious character, their disappointment knew no bounds. His final lecture was a dismal failure. At Liverpool he was nearly mobbed, and the crowd gathered outside the hotel used language as intensely vituperative as possible, in order to stop short of profanity, and the net result was, that instead of a hundred lectures the tour was shortened to seventy, for which Talmage received £3,500. If he had kept to his original agreement he would only have netted £1,400, but by his eccentricity he made £2,100 more than he would have made if he had abided by his agreement. Major Pond made nothing. Hence it is not surprising to read that Major Pond has made very few engagements for Dr. Talmage since his memorable season.

English Talkers.

Major Pond was more successful with other preachers. Dean (then Canon) Farrar lectured every day and preached twice every Sabbath for three months. He received £200 each for his last three lectures in America. Spurgeon, however, was obdurate. His letters refusing to allow Major Pond even to speak to him are remarkable examples of a point-blank refusal, conveyed in the plainest English. "Dear Sir," Spurgeon wrote in 1879, "I am not at all afraid of anything you could say by way of temptation to preach or lecture for money, for the whole of the United States in bulion would not lead me to deliver one such lecture."

Of the Church of England dignitaries Major Pond can number among the personally conducted the Dean of Rochester, the Dean of Ely, and the Dean of Canterbury. The supply, however, of clergymen of high standing has somewhat fallen off. Of the Dean of Rochester, who stands six foot three in height, and whose body is built on the typical lines of John Bull, Major Pond quotes an American saying that he "is certainly one of the finest specimens of Elizabethan ecclesiastical architecture that England has ever sent to this country." Dean Hole came to America to raise money for the restoration of an arch in the tower of

Rochester Cathedral. He had the misfortune to be a wit, but he had the wit to discover at an early stage in his lecturing that the Americans did not wish for clergymen to tickle them on the platform. In Major Pond's phrase, he took only a short time to discover that in America the pews are as high as the pulpit, and he gave his audiences a scholarly and delightful entertainment.

The Bishop of Ripon was one of Major Pond's failures. He has had invitations to deliver lectures at Harvard and the Lowell Institute; but although he wishes to visit America, he has 310 parsons to look after in the diocese of Ripon, and he cannot make time to come. His wife told Major Pond that the palace at Ripon is a kind of public hotel for all the clergy, and that in one year they entertain more than 6,000 persons. The following statement is made on Major Pond's authority:—"The Bishop writes a personal letter to the Queen every month, and receives one in reply. He has a copy of every photograph that Queen Victoria ever had taken, with her autograph written on each one."

Dean Stubbs was very successful in illustrated lectures on Ely Cathedral, which drew big money. The other lectures were too scholarly for the American Lyceum in its present condition. Owing to his sneer at Chicago as a hateful and unlovely place, the Dean is the best advertised clergyman of the Church of England in all the United States.

Women Lecturers.

Major Pond began his career as general provider of lectures by the unexpected success which he achieved in carrying Ann Eliza Young, Brigham Young's nineteenth wife, on a lecturing tour round the Union. Ann Eliza Young, although a very intelligent woman, had never read any other literature than Mormon books before she came across a Methodist minister, who converted her. She then fled from her husband, and told the story of her life in public meetings all round the Union. In forty-eight hours after she had told her story at Washington, a law was passed for the relief of the oppressed in Utah. Major Pond says that in all his experience he never found so eloquent, so interesting, and so earnest a talker. At the end of the season she had earned over £4,000. Women speakers were more largely in demand twenty-five years ago than they are now—when the Woman's Suffrage agitation held its place with the anti-slavery discussions. Nowadays it would seem that the suffrage is no longer so much to the front on the Lyceum platform. Miss Susan B. Anthony, who is now eighty years of age, was one of the foremost and ablest of the pioneers. Julia Ward Howe, the authoress of the *Battle-hymn of the Republic*, was another popular lecturer. She is now past eighty years of age, but is still as prompt to fill engagements on the platform as she was thirty years ago. Major Pond mentions in his account of Miss Howe that her famous battle-hymn came into her brain when she was asleep. She woke up in the early morning, feeling that the lines were arranging themselves in her brain. She immediately scrawled them down, almost without looking at the paper, and fell asleep again. When she woke up there was lying before her the famous poem which became the battle-hymn of the Federal armies.

Another famous woman lecturer who is no longer on the platform was Miss Anna E. Dickinson, who in vituperation and denunciation had no rival among living orators. She made her debut at a woman's rights meeting held under Quaker auspices. She was hardly out of short clothes when her soul was stirred within her by hearing the sarcastic attack made by a man upon women's suffrage. She got madder and madder as she listened, and as soon as he sat down she jumped up and poured out a fiery baraque which astonished everyone by its splendid rhetoric and logical force. She astonished them still more by leaving her place and walking down the hall to where the man stood. She shook her fist in his face as she answered him. After leaving the platform she took to the stage, only to fail as an actress as signally as she had succeeded as a

speaker. Mrs. Livermore, whose name is ever associated with the splendid work done by the Sanitary and Christian Commission, is still living. She was the widow of a leading Universalist minister. She edited her husband's paper, organised soldiers' aid societies, and for twenty-five years was the most conspicuous of women orators. Major Pond says she has the widest range of topics of any woman lecturer—lectured on an average a hundred times a year. "Sometimes she lectures six times a week, and then preaches twice on the Sunday, besides morning addresses before schools and societies of women." Miss Lucy Stone, who died in 1893, had to face much opposition at the beginning of her career. When she made her debut the following announcement was made by the pastor of a Congregational church: "I am requested to say that a hen will take to crow like a cock at the Town Hall this afternoon at five o'clock. Anybody who wants to hear that kind of music will, of course, attend." On another occasion, when speaking in New England, a pane of glass was removed from a window behind the speaker and a hose run through it. Miss Stone was deluged with ice-water. Wrapping her shawl closer about her she calmly finished her address.

Miss Ellice Potter was not a lecturer but a personator, who, in the seventies made a fortune by imitating the popular favourites in dress make-up and manner on the stage. Her imitation of Gough was so good that the audience often thought they were listening to Gough himself. She made £4,000 in her second season, and retired after eight years with a competence.

Humourists.

Major Pond's collection of funny fellows includes Mark Twain, first and foremost, Josh Billings, Thomas Nast, Petroleum V. Nasby, Max O'Rell, Bill Nye, and J. W. Riley.

Of Mark Twain, Major Pond gives us any number of letters, and tells once more the story of how, when his firm had failed in 1894, leaving liabilities to the amount of £16,000, the indefatigable humourist earned the whole of that money and paid off his creditors in full by using his voice and pen in a tour round the world. Mark Twain thoroughly enjoyed his tour. He wrote: "Lecturing is gymnastics, chest expander, medicine, mind-healer, blues-destroyer, all in one. I am twice as well as I was when I started out." Mark Twain only eats when he is hungry. Major Pond has known him to go days without eating a particle of food. At the same time he would be smoking constantly if he was not sleeping.

Of Max O'Rell Major Pond says: "He is the heroic mirth-provoker of his time, unlike any other humourist or lecturer. His audiences are kept in convulsions of laughter from beginning to end. I have never known a man give audiences more delight." Max O'Rell is an exception to the rule which Major Pond lays down that audiences cannot be kept laughing all the time. Almost all his comic lecturers have to intersperse their humorous readings with something of pathos. The muscles of the face exercised in laughing get tired after a time.

H. M. Stanley.

Major Pond knew Mr. Stanley of old. He was first attracted to him by Mr. Beecher, who told him that Stanley was one of the greatest men we have. When he first lectured before he was in Major Pond's hands, he had been a most dismal failure. In 1886 he tried again, and undertook to deliver fifty lectures at £20 a-piece, which was subsequently raised to 100; but he hardly got well started before he was summoned back to Africa in order to head the expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. He had then only delivered eleven lectures. When he came back from Africa he promised to complete the remaining eighty-nine. Major Pond does not state what sum he paid him. Stanley was offered by another lecture-agent £300 a lecture for his 100 lectures. Major Pond's offer would probably not be less than that. Whatever it was, he made money out of it, because the gross receipts of the first Stanley lecture in New York amounted to £3,750. He says

that Stanley's tour was like the march of a triumphal hero. He delivered 110 lectures, and showed signs of steady improvement all the time, but before he had finished he was the best descriptive speaker Major Pond had ever heard. He is also, he says, one of the most conscientious men he ever met, and one of the best read men. He says: "I have never parted with a client with greater regret, or had one holding me in a bond of friendship and respect in a greater degree." He quotes several letters which he received from Stanley, dealing with South African and other affairs.

Some Notable English Lecturers.

Major Pond has some interesting gossip about Irving. Among other things he says that in 1863, when Henry Ward Beecher stood before a great English mob for four hours in Manchester before they would let him speak, Irving had stood the whole time in the crowd, and was so intensely interested that he had not time to be tired. Mr. Irving and Ellen Terry went to hear Mr. Beecher at Plymouth Church, and dined with Beecher after the service. Miss Terry was the first actress to whom Mrs. Beecher had ever spoken, and made a complete conquest of the old lady, and a friendship began which was more like that of mother and daughter than of mere friends. When Beecher died, Major Pond received a cablegram from Henry Irving asking him to place a wreath on the coffin, with a card, "Adieu, noble friend—Henry Irving." Major Pond says that he has been frequently offered £200 if he could secure Miss Terry for one afternoon's readings in a drawing-room of wealthy people in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. One of the most notable of Major Pond's team as a man of letters, Matthew Arnold, was one of the most dismal failures as a lecturer. When he made his debut in New York, every seat was sold at a high price. General Grant was there with his wife, but when Matthew Arnold began to speak the audience saw his lips move, but there was not the slightest sound audible, excepting by those immediately in front of his desk. After a few minutes General Grant said to Mrs. Grant:—"Well, wife, we have paid to see the British lion. We cannot hear him roar, so we had better go home." They then left the hall, with very many others. When he went to Boston, Arnold was urged to take lessons in elocution, in the hopes that he might render himself audible to his audiences, but only made the performance more ridiculous than before. Arnold had his manuscripts copied in very large letters in flat cap paper, and bound in portfolio style, which he mounted on an easel at his right, would throw his eyes on the manuscript, and then recite a sentence to the audience, turn his head for the next sentence, and recite that in a loud monotonous voice, and in that way he went on till the end of the show. Notwithstanding all this, the best people in America paid \$5. a ticket to see him, and he returned to England, says Major Pond, with a very handsome sum of money, which he must have needed, or he would never have allowed himself to be subjected to so ridiculous a spectacle as he made of his performance.

Another great man of letters, Ralph Waldo Emerson, was the hero of a career on the platform of a very different kind. Emerson was then eighty years of age, but he consented to lecture in order to save the old South Church of Boston. He began all right, and the audience listened with the greatest attention. But in a few minutes he lost his place, and his granddaughter stepped towards him, and reminded him that he was lecturing. He saw at once that he was wandering, and with an apologetic bow resumed his speaking—an incident that affected the audience deeply. Some one said, "Please have the audience pass right on," and rushing up to Mr. Emerson said, "Thank you so much for that delightful lecture." He had probably been speaking about fifteen minutes. The audience passed out, many of them in tears. It was Ralph Waldo Emerson's last public appearance.

Sir Edwin Arnold.

Sir Edwin Arnold was engaged for 100 readings, which introduced by discourses which were a kind of con-

versational lectures, for which he received £4,000. According to Major Pond no lecturer was more popular. He recited his poems rather than read them, and his voice was melodious, excellent in compass and timbre. "It is among the very best for use and wear that the lecture audiences had heard during twenty years." The modulation was perfect, was indeed sometimes thrilling. He is one of the few poets who can both read and declaim their own poems. His memory is so marvellous that he can both read and recite Shakespeare from beginning to end. "On one occasion Major Pond tested him by giving him the first line from any scene at random, and he immediately gave the whole scene. He held his audiences entranced and spell-bound. Naturally Sir Edwin was delighted with his reception. He said on his departure, "I came to America her friend; I go away her champion, her servant, her lover."

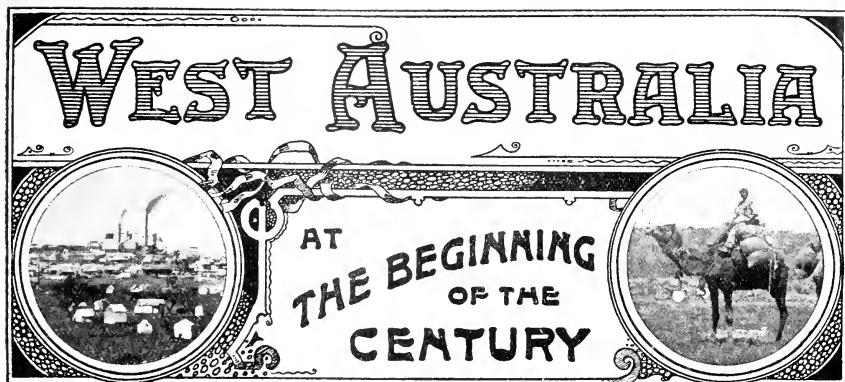
Ian Maclaren.

Ian Maclaren addressed as many as ninety-six American audiences between October 1 and December 16, 1896. Major Pond accompanied him, and says that he thinks he saw more happy faces during that period than he was ever privileged to see in the same length of time. No one ever leaves while Ian Maclaren is speaking. Horace Greeley used to say that he thought he had a successful lecture in a place where more people stayed in than went out before he finished. Major Pond said Ian Maclaren recalls Henry Ward Beecher very distinctly. Dr. Watson explained that his pseudonym could be pronounced in three different ways. If you pronounce it like an Englishman you will say Ian. If like a Scotchman, EE-an; and if like a Highlander, EE-on. Wherever he went Dr. Watson was received with enthusiasm by the Scotch, who abounded especially in Canada. "You need," says Major Pond, "to have Dr. Watson under your own roof to know what a buoyant, soul-reviving, happy spirit he possesses." The furore to hear him was increased day by day as he went about the country, until at Boston the advance sales at the box office brought in £3,000. Major Pond offered Dr. Watson £4,800 for twelve more weeks, and cannot understand to this day why Dr. Watson refused it.

Conan Doyle.

Conan Doyle came to America in 1894, and gave forty public readings. His personality attracted people, but he was not the most satisfactory reader of his writings. Conan Doyle, says Major Pond, seldom wears an overcoat, even in the coldest weather, and when he had a matinee lecture he took off his waistcoat before he went on to the platform. He liked everything in America, excepting the way in which they heated their ears, halls and lobbies. He is a golf fiend, and spends all the time possible, cold, wet, rain, or shine, upon the links. He was tendered more honours from clubs and societies generally than any other Englishman, and was one of the most appreciative Englishmen who ever came to America. Major Pond said that he would give more money to-day than any Englishman he knows if he would return for one hundred nights. He says he must be a great disappointment to his old teacher, for when he had finished school the master called the boy up and said solemnly: "Doyle, I have known you now for seven years, and I know you thoroughly. I am going to say something to you which you will remember in after-life. Doyle, you will never come to any good."

I will conclude the notice of this interesting book by quoting the advice given to Major Pond by his first employer when he was a printer's devil. "Always associate with people from whom you can learn something useful. The greater a man is, the easier he is to approach. You can choose your companions from among the very best, and a man is always known by the company he keeps. It is easier to ride than to carry a load." This advice, said Major Pond, has helped me always when I set out to try to secure some celebrity, and has invariably proved true.



By J. S. BATTYE, B.A., LL.B., PUBLIC LIBRARIAN OF W.A.

This colony, the first Australian land sighted by vessels from the old world, is the least populous, and, until a few years ago, was the least important, of all the Australian States. Established as far back as 1829, its progress was slow, and the difficulties which the hardy settlers had to endure were many. But by the discovery of gold in the early nineties the eyes of the world were

attracted to the colony, and a change for the better was quickly manifest. Capital flowed in from other countries, and a period of unexampled prosperity was entered upon. The Cinderella of the group has rapidly grown in importance since that time, and to-day commands as much of the public attention as any other State in the Commonwealth.



FREMANTLE HARBOUR WORKS.

W.A. Geography.

Geographically, Western Australia embraces all that portion of the continent lying to the west of the 129th meridian, and occupies practically the whole area between long. 112 deg. and 129 deg. East, and lat. 13 deg. 50 min. and 35 deg. South. Its greatest length and width are, respectively, 1,490 and 850 miles, and the total area of the colony is estimated at 975,876 square miles. Some idea of its vast size may be obtained by comparison: It is more than eight times as large as the United Kingdom, whilst it could hold New South Wales three times over, and still have a spare corner for Victoria. The physical features of the country, though interesting from many points of view, can scarcely be said to exhibit any remarkable beauty or grandeur. With the exception of a few rivers in the north, the Darling and Stirling Ranges, stretching from Geraldton to Albany, form a decided watershed, from which the various streams, which, with one or two exceptions, are merely channels for carrying off storm waters, descend westward to the sea, irrigating the land in the south-west portion of the State, and making it more or less valuable for agricultural purposes, whilst the interior and northern districts consist for the most part of sandy deserts, interspersed with tracts of a better description, where pastoral pursuits are largely carried on. Notwithstanding its thousands of miles of coast line, Western Australia is singularly deficient in natural, as opposed to artificial, harbour accommodation. The only first-class natural harbours are Princess Royal, at Albany, and Cambridge Gulf, in the extreme north. Apart from being a safe anchorage, the former of these possesses many beautiful features, though it cannot for a moment compare with that magnificent creation with which nature, under special dispensation, endowed New South Wales, and for whose magnificence every inhabitant of Sydney considers himself to some degree personally responsible. As a naval base for purposes of defence, however, Albany and its harbour are unsurpassed in Australia, a fact which will doubtless be quickly recognised by the Commonwealth Government, especially as the present Federal Minister of Defence has for many years past been pressing that view upon the British authorities.

In the matter of scenery Nature cannot be held guilty of extravagance towards Western Australia, yet much of the country in the south-west portion of the State is far from uninteresting, and some of the views on the Swan and Canning Rivers, within easy reach of Perth and Fremantle, will compare favourably with similar scenes elsewhere. It is probable, however, that the repu-

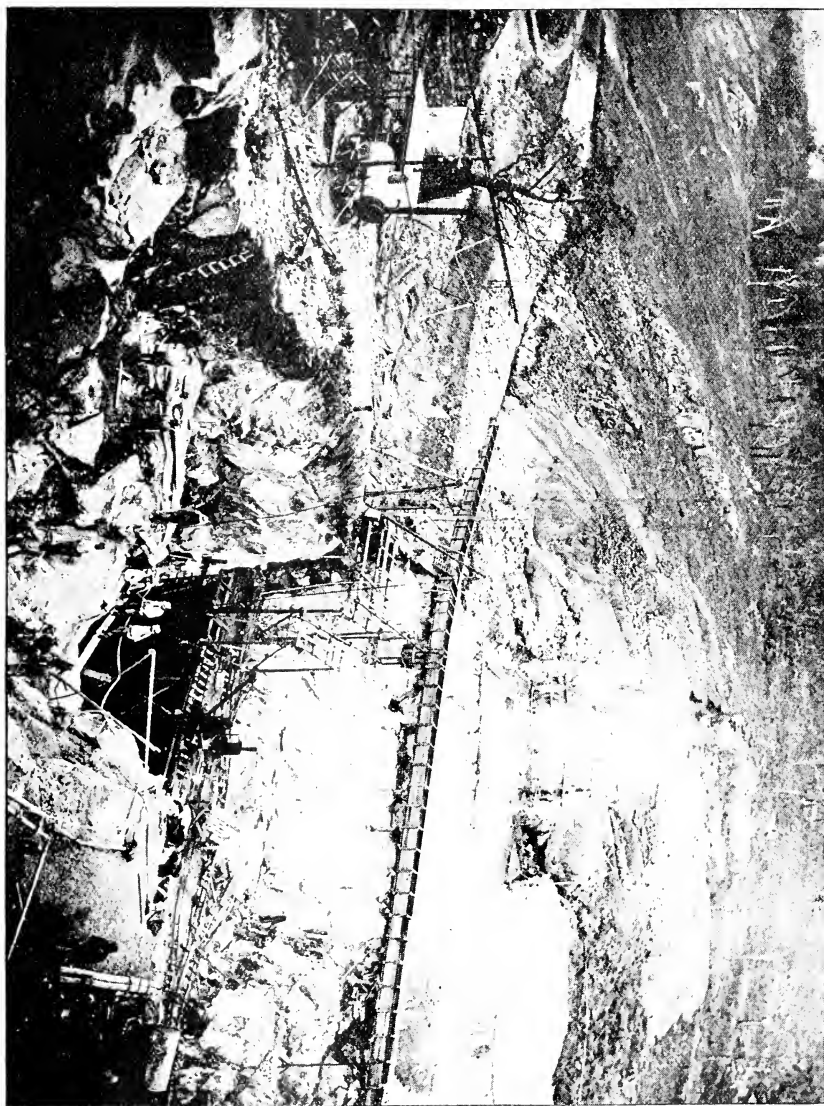
tation of the West in this respect will rest almost entirely, in years to come, on the Margaret River Caves. These are situated in undulating limestone country within easy distance of the coast, thirty-five miles south-west of Busselton, and in the heart of the karri timber country. The temperate climate, the fishing and shooting that may be obtained, all combine to make the district an ideal pleasure resort. The caves are of stalactitic formation, and number about forty-five in all. Competent critics who have had the opportunity of visiting them pronounce them superior to the famed Jenolan Caves of New South Wales, and efforts are being made to induce the Government to guard them, and render them safe and easy of exploration, in the same way as the authorities of the sister State protected and improved the beautiful caves in the Blue Mountains.

A Land of Flowers.

However, though we cannot lay claim to scenery of enchanting loveliness, we have some compensation in our wild flowers. Whilst Sydney boasts of her harbour, and Melbourne of her magnificent city, Western Australia is proud of her flora. How many people who carefully cultivate and ardently admire the boronia are aware that it is a West Australian wild flower? And this is only one of the myriads of beautiful flowers that during the springtime make the country a garden fit for the gods. The traveller at this period of the year feels that he is passing through a fairy land of many-hued flowers—a land gloriously redeemed from all suspicion of barrenness, and clothed with all the beauty that Nature can bestow. West Australians, I have said, are proud of their flowers, and rightly so, for to few other countries has such wealth of floral beauty been vouchsafed.

It is scarcely possible to speak of the climate of a vast country like Western Australia, the northern portion of which is within the tropics, and the southern portion far down in the temperate zone. It has really three climates—northern, intermediate, and southern. In the north we have purely tropical conditions, with the wet season during the hottest months, from December to March. Inland from the coast the air loses its humid character, but over the whole district the heat is severe. The southern and south-west part of the State are subject to a mild though perhaps somewhat enervating climate. The winter is never too cold, and only on rare occasions is the heat unbearable in summer. Taking the year round, the atmospheric conditions are all that could be desired, and the climate ranks second to none. In the intermediate portion, which embraces the north-west and the eastern districts, the only thing certain is the summer heat, which

THE COOLGARDIE WATER SCHEME.



is usually very severe and continuous for some months during the year. It is within this area that the much-dreaded cyclonic disturbances, locally known as "willy willies," occur. In the coastal towns the residents find it necessary to chain their houses to the ground,—a protection that often proves useless against the fury of the storm, which is rarely satisfied with anything short of total demolition. The rainfall, like the temperature, varies considerably. Whilst it is fairly good in the coastal districts, it is scanty or non-existent in the interior, and from this fact springs the greatest of all difficulties that the people of the colony have to face—the difficulty of obtaining water. If it were possible to supply that need, Western Australia would be one of the richest agricultural countries in the world, and

arid, sandy waste, incapable of cultivation, and devoid of almost every natural resource; and even to-day the opinion is widely prevalent that the only prop upon which the prosperity of the place rests is the mining industry. Granted that the present mainstay of the State is its mining, that should not completely overshadow the rapidly-increasing importance of its agricultural, pastoral, and timber resources. And here let me make one remark. It is not fair to look upon the Western Australia of to-day as the product of seventy years' colonisation and development. Up to the establishment of responsible government in 1890, followed shortly afterwards by the discovery of the Eastern goldfields, the country was practically in a state of stagnation. Its popula-



SOME WILD FLOWERS OF THE WEST.

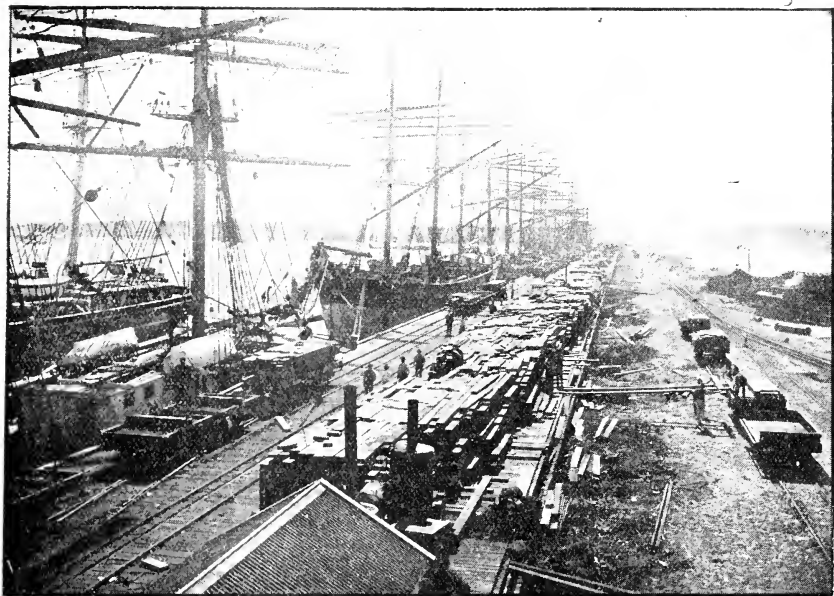
would no longer be looked upon as a place that stands only on one leg. The want of water has been the greatest hindrance to the development of the country. No one has recognised this more clearly than the Government, to whom is due the greatest praise for the strenuous efforts they have made in the direction of artesian boring and the construction of dams to preserve what little rain does fall.

How the Colony has Grown.

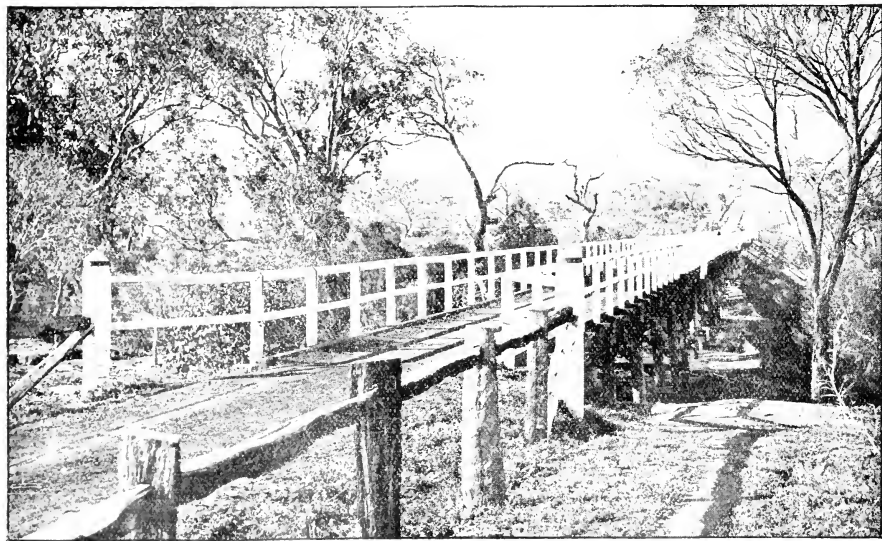
Having thus briefly outlined the physical and natural conditions of Western Australia, let us turn to those resources upon the development of which the progress and wealth of the State depend. Till within the past few years it has been the custom to regard Western Australia as an

tion increased but slowly—how slowly may be judged from the fact that at the end of its first sixty years' existence it numbered less than 45,000 souls. The real development of Western Australia has taken place within the last decade, and a comparison between the years 1890 and 1900 is full of interest, showing, as it does, the immense impetus in all directions that the discovery of gold has imparted.

The population has increased from 45,000 to 180,472, the land under cultivation from 69,678 acres to 186,367 acres, and the gold output from 22,000 oz. to 1,580,950 oz., which is far and away above the present output of any other State in the Commonwealth, whilst the revenue has gone, by leaps and bounds, from less than half a



SHIPS LOADING JARRAH AT FREMANTLE.



A BRIDGE OF W.A. JARRAH—660 ft. IN LENGTH.

million pounds sterling to over two and three-quarter millions. These figures speak for themselves; yet they give but a poor idea of the general improvement. Only those who from the vantage ground of residence and personal observation have witnessed the abnormal development, can form anything like an adequate conception of what took place, particularly from 1895 to 1897.

Natural Resources.

It is an old cry, and has much of that fictitious respect that is often the accompaniment of age, that as an agricultural country Western Australia must always be a failure—that there is not sufficient suitable land to grow enough for domestic requirements, let alone for export. It is true that taking the soil all through there is not that proportion of agricultural land that we find, for example, in Victoria; but, nevertheless, there are millions of acres that only need clearing and cultivating to yield the richest returns. It is a fact, though perhaps not generally known, that the much despised Western Australia can show a better return per acre for all kinds of crops than South Australia, and in some cases it ranks above Queensland and Victoria as well. Until very recently the people here have had other means of becoming rich, which were quicker and more exciting; but as mining becomes more of an industry and less of a speculation, attention is being turned to the soil, and the acreage under cultivation, is increasing so rapidly that there is every confidence of soon meeting, not only local demands, but of exporting, at any rate, large quantities of fruit. When that time arrives, Western Australia will become a serious factor in the affairs of the Eastern States. Being almost a week nearer the markets of the old world than they, she will have a better chance of placing her fruits on those markets in a satisfactory condition, and will certainly prove a competitor by no means to be despised. This is no mere chimera. I remember, seven years ago, when the price of fruit was almost prohibitive. To-day it is but little dearer than in the east, and every year the output is increasing. As to quality, it is quite equal to any fruit grown in Australia, with, perhaps, one exception—cherries.

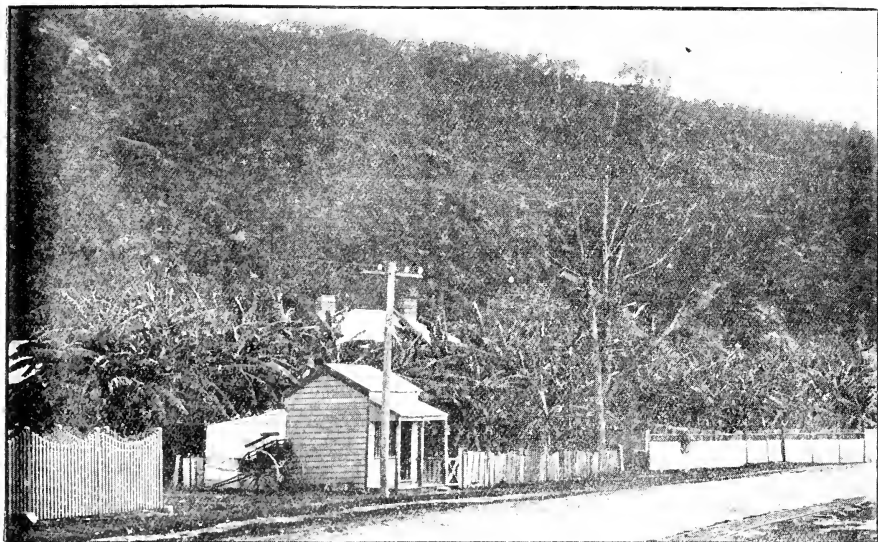
Passing from agriculture to viticulture, the culture of the vine certainly promises to be one of the most important resources of Western Australia. Her gold-may-give-out, and her magnificent forests may become exhausted, though that is not likely to happen, according to competent authorities, for centuries; but so long as the world exists, grapes will be eaten and wine will be consumed, and the capability of Western Australia to produce grapes equal to any in the world will endure until the sun shall shine no more.

The industry, like all others in this practically newly-discovered country, is only in its infancy, but the little that has been done in the way of viticulture and wine-making bears out the opinion of experts, who unanimously agree that the colony possesses all the natural advantages for becoming one of the greatest wine producing countries of the world. So far, of course, the wine suffers from a suspicion of newness, but in that it in no way differs from everything else in the colony; fortunately it is a defect that time will cure, and then, given the necessary skill and appliances, I have no hesitation in saying that Western Australia will be able to put on the market a wine equal in all respects to any wine of southern Europe.

As regards the pastoral industry, we certainly cannot pretend to compete with our neighbours in the east. There are undoubtedly very large areas suitable for live stock and wool-growing to be found in the State, but so far we have never made the most of our opportunities in this direction. The uncertainty of rain in the north-western districts may in some measure account for this. A succession of waterless seasons may destroy the labour of years, and render it impossible to hold on till the good time comes again. In addition to that, there are large areas otherwise suitable for pastoral pursuits which are cursed by poison plants. There are many varieties of these plants in the colony, and all are alike fatal to livestock, though harmless to human beings. To find that his stock has struck a patch of these troublesome growths, and is dying in hundreds, does not give much encouragement to the squatter. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, there are many stations in various parts which are upholding the credit of Western Australia as a pastoral country. Another thing which has retarded the growth of the industry is that the holdings, especially those in the north, are to a large extent understocked. This is due to the fact that the abnormal increase in population of recent years has, of course, brought with it an increased demand for meat, and a somewhat short-sighted policy has induced the pastoralists to send all the animals they could possibly spare to the markets, without thinking of the consequent detriment to the future of the industry.

A Farm for £2 10s.!

"Settle the people on the land" has for many years past been a leading principle for those who have been entrusted with the task of guiding the destinies of English colonies. The wisdom of this policy is evident to all, for the wealth of a country must ultimately rest on the natural resources of its soil. That the Government of Western Australia have recognised this is proved



BANANA PLANTATION ON THE SWAN RIVER, NEAR PERTH.



DESERTED IN A NIGHT.

(The above was one day a goldfields township, the next a collection of tent poles.)



PERTH, FROM THE SUMMIT OF MT. ELIZA.

by the exceedingly liberal land laws of the colony. It is doubtful whether any other country, not excepting New Zealand, that home of advanced socialistic legislation, offers more enticing terms to desirable settlers. And liberal as the land laws are, settlement is made still more tempting by the wise and sympathetic administration of them by the late Minister of Lands (Hon. Geo. Throssell)—now Premier of the colony.

Under the Land Act, 1898, every person who is the head of a family, or a male over the age of eighteen years, and who does not at the time own more than 100 acres of land in the colony, can, on application and on payment of a fee of £1, obtain a homestead farm of not more than 160 acres in the most fertile position of the colony. The conditions are, that within six months he must take up his residence on the block, and proceed to carry out certain improvements during the succeeding seven years. At the expiration of that time, provided the conditions, which are lenient in the extreme, are satisfied, the settler, on payment of an additional 30s., becomes entitled to the Crown grant of his homestead: 160 acres for £2 10s.! Can anything better be asked for? And yet further provision is made, by which the settler can obtain land up to 1,000 acres, at the rate of 10s. per acre, payment for which is spread over a term of twenty years. These easy terms, of course, imply residence. Non-resident holders have to spend twice the amount in improvements that is required from residents. Provision is also made for pastoral and grazing leases, and working-men's blocks. The whole Act has but one object—the desire to promote settlement, and thus help to sustain the people

without the necessity of importing agricultural produce.

I have spoken of certain improvements in their selections that the settlers have to make. To do this requires capital, and here, again, the Government comes to their assistance with the agricultural bank—a State institution, from which the money to effect improvements can be borrowed at the rate of 5 per cent. interest, and repayment of principal spread over a term of thirty years. As might be expected, advantage has been taken of all this generosity, and at the present time over 145,000 acres are held as homestead farms, one and a half million acres under conditional purchase, a million under timber license, and 92,000,000 under pastoral lease.

A somewhat new departure has also been made, with a view of promoting closer settlement. Power has been given to the Government to expend £200,000 in buying back large estates whose owners have allowed them to remain uncultivated. These are then split up and thrown open for selection, and as they are all in the vicinity of the railway they are eagerly taken up. At present the policy has scarcely gone beyond the experimental stage, but so far as it has been carried out it promises excellent results. There are indications that in the near future owners of large properties who lack either the means or the ability to improve them will be compelled to recognise the duty they owe to the State, or part with their lands to those who have a better sense of their responsibility.

I have said, I think, sufficient to show the immense strides that are being made in the development of agricultural pursuits in the West, and all

this is taking place, remember, in a territory which the wise men of the east have looked upon as a sandy, waterless desert, too poor to grow sufficient food for rabbits,—a statement which, happily, is receiving practical refutation.

A Land of Forests.

And now a word as to our forest resources. I do not propose to enter into the relative merits of jarrah and blue gum, or of karri and kauri; but I do want to make known the enormous possibilities of our timber industry, and the value of our forests as an asset of the State. The forests of the colony, at any rate as far as the commercial timbers are concerned, are all found in the south-western division, and cover something over twenty million acres of ground. The estimated value of the matured timber growing on this area is so enormous that one hesitates to name it. The late Mr. Ednie Brown, for some years Conservator of Forests, and one of the best timber experts known, considered that he under-estimated the value when he placed it at 125 millions sterling. The principal timbers are the jarrah and karri. They are both species of eucalyptus, and are both endemic to Western Australia. Jarrah is, of course, the principal tree. It is pre-eminent above all others, both in the extent of its forests, and the many uses to which it can be applied. Locally it is used more than any other wood, and that, perhaps, is the best guarantee of its value. Jarrah and Western Australia are practically synonymous terms, and as long as any of the timber is left are likely to remain so. For all purposes where strength, durability and hardness are required, it is doubtful whether it has an equal in the world.

The karri has not been tested to the same extent as jarrah. It is said to be not quite as durable, but that is open to question. For many purposes, such as bridge flooring and wood-blocking, it is, perhaps, better than jarrah, as wear does not render it slippery.

After these comes the sandalwood, an ornamental timber, possessing a remarkable fragrance, which is much used in cabinet-making, and large quantities of which are exported to the East as incense.

At the present time only a very small portion of the whole area is being worked, but the increasing demand for the various woods is steadily developing the industry, and there is every probability that in the near future its timber trade will become one of the largest sources of revenue to the colony.

But although we in Western Australia are accustomed to consider our forests from the standpoint of commercial usefulness, we are by no means blind to their beauty and grandeur. The karri (*eucalyptus diversicolor*) is the finest of all the trees of the colony, if not of the continent. Rising in height to 200 feet and over, it is graceful in its proportions, with a trunk clean and straight as a gun barrel. The "King Karri," growing at the present time at Karridale, is nearly 300 feet in height, and is thirty-four feet in circumference at its base. Its first branch is over 160 feet from the ground, and the bole of the tree up to this first limb contains 6,000 cubic feet of timber. Imagine hundreds of square miles covered with trees like these, and you have some idea of the karri forests of Western Australia.

Before passing on to that greatest factor in the prosperity and progress of Western Australia—its



ALBANY, FROM THE FLAGSTAFF.

gold—let me just mention the pearl fisheries. For more than a quarter of a century these have been a source of profit to the colony, and though for some years past there has been a somewhat decreased output, brighter times are dawning, and a revival of the industry is believed to be at hand. Many pearls of great beauty and lustre have from time to time been found, the most valuable being one that brought, at first hand, £1,500, and was afterwards resold at a much higher figure.

A Golden Realm.

I have, so far, endeavoured to show that Western Australia, apart from its gold, has something

which, actuated, no doubt, by a desire to stem the tide of emigration, laboriously set themselves to prove that, whatever resources Western Australia might possess, payable gold in anything like large quantities was not one of them. We have established our claim as the greatest gold-producing State in Australia, if not in the world, and we are vain enough to imagine that what we are is as nothing to what we shall be. Apart from the fact that the districts already opened up have been, for the most part, merely scratched, there are hundreds—ay, thousands—of miles yet untouched which there is every reason to believe is gold-bearing country.



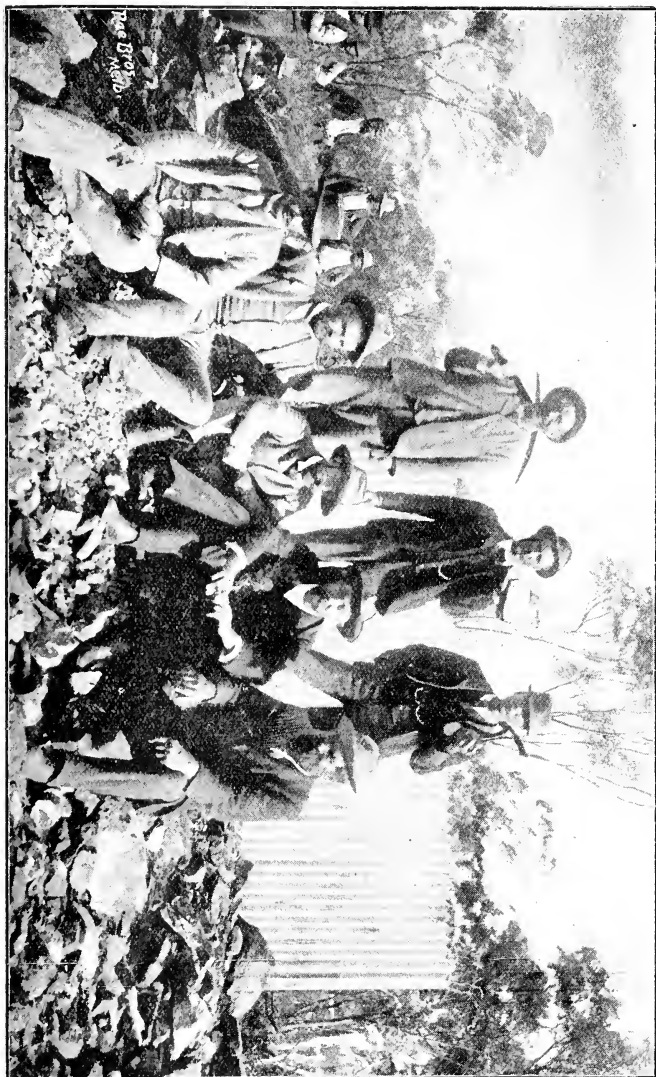
THE COOLGARDIE WATER SCHEME—AT FLOOD TIME.

to depend upon; but at the present, at any rate, all these supports fade into insignificance beside that great factor to which, far and away above everything else combined, this colony owes its rapid development and present prosperity. When we go back only a decade—to 1890—and find that the total exports amounted to £671,813, of which £86,664 represented the value of gold, whilst in 1899 the total exports were £6,985,642, and that amount included gold to the value of £5,451,368, we can form some idea of the immense impetus that the colony has received from the opening up of its goldfields. In the face of these figures, I often wonder what those journals must think

To deal adequately with the mining it is necessary to trace at some length its history; fortunately that history is practically the history of the colony, or, at any rate, of that part of it best worth remembering.

As long ago as 1855 Richard Austin, the leader of an exploring party over the district now embracing the Murchison goldfield, wrote the following paragraph as part of his official report:—

"I beg to direct your attention to the first and second items, as indicative of a fertile country to the eastward; and to the latter as confirmatory evidence in support of an eminent geologist's



AN HISTORICAL PICTURE.

Breaking up the surface at Bayley's Reward, soon after the discovery of gold in Coolgardie.

opinion that we have in this hitherto unexplored and inprudently neglected portion of our territory probably one of the finest goldfields in the world."

Surprise has often been expressed that in face of this and many other reports, no effort was made in those early days to find out whether payable gold existed or not. But we must remember that at that time the population of the colony consisted merely of a small band of settlers, principally in the south-west coastal districts; and these had sufficient hardships to bear, and difficulties to face, without taking on fresh and more hazardous ones for the purpose of investigating what, after all, might prove a mere will o' the wisp. In addition to that, settlers, spurred on, doubtless, by the discovery of gold in the east, had prospected the more accessible portions with worse than indifferent results.

The First Rush.

The attention of the colony was never really turned towards the question of finding gold until the Government geologist (Mr. E. T. Hardman) showed, in 1884, that payable metal was to be found in the Kimberley country. This led to the then famous, but now almost forgotten, Kimberley rush. Practical miners flocked in from the eastern colonies, and there were great hopes of a second Victoria. These expectations, alas! were not fulfilled, and soon the road to the diggings was dotted with abandoned plant and supplies. The results, however, were far from disastrous to the colony. Those disappointed at Kimberley turned their attention to other parts, and persevered in their search. The reward of their labours was the gold output of to-day. The indomitable energy and pluck of those early pioneers can never be over-estimated. Leaving friends and comforts, they went forth into the desert, braving all the horrors of privation and thirst, risking their lives in their lust for the yellow metal. To men like Bayley, Ford, Hannan, and hosts of others, Western Australia owes an everlasting debt of gratitude, for they laid the foundation of that prosperity which she now enjoys. Governments may assist, and assist greatly, to develop a country, but individual effort and individual daring must first prove that it is worth developing. These men, we are told, went to serve their own ends; granted that they did, is that any reason for belittling the enormous service they rendered to Australia—ay, to the whole world? So long as this continent can produce men like those who, undeterred by fever, exhaustion, and thirst, opened up the gold-fields of Western Australia, situated, as they are, amid the harshest surroundings that Nature can show, she need not fear the evils of decadence.

The marvellous progress of West Australian mining from the time when Bayley electrified the world with his sensational discoveries at Coolgardie, and Pat Hannan pitched his tent on the site of that wonderful city—Kalgoorlie—to the present, reads like a romance from the Arabian Nights entertainments. Rip van Winkle could scarcely have been more astonished than is the traveller who, conversant with the fields in 1893-4, re-visits the scene of operations to-day. Towns have risen, flourished, and passed away so quickly that even their names are only vague memories of an almost forgotten past. But a few short years ago the weary prospector trudged sturdily on through the sand and scrub of the desert, with nothing certain but the heat and dust and thirst, towards a possible Eldorado; to-day the traveller in the West makes that same journey in a well-appointed express train, not in search of problematical goldfields, but to view what is perhaps the richest belt of country in the world. The hardships of camp life have given place to the comforts of a good hotel; instead of the sandy tracks, there are the properly made and brilliantly lighted streets of a modern city, rising like a creation of the genie out of the midst of a waterless and barren desert; and the windlass and bucket of the prospector have given place to the latest and most elaborate scientific gold-mining machinery.

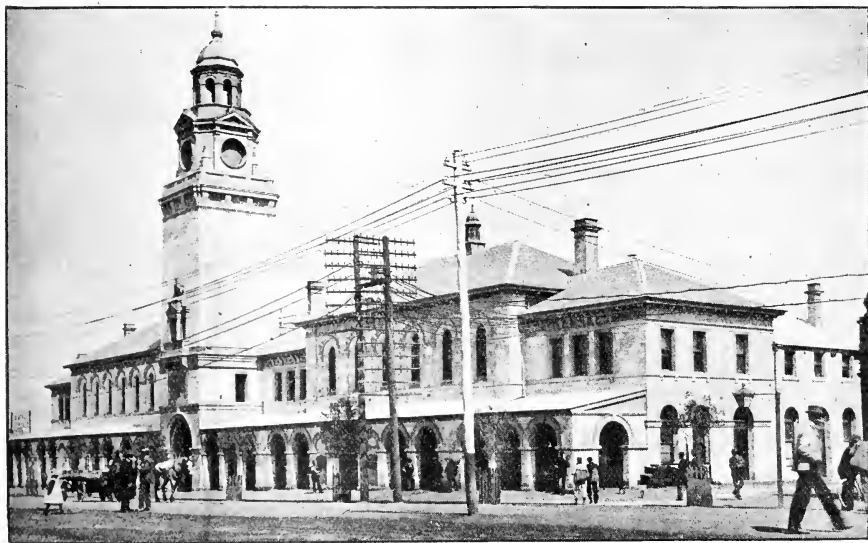
Scientific Mining.

Although mining operations are being carried on (and this at a profit) at many other places in the colony—Southern Cross, Coolgardie, Kanowna, Menzies, and all that district, Murchison, Pilbarra, Kimberley—the headquarters of the industry are at Kalgoorlie. It is here that we find the Lake View series, the Associated, Great Boulder, Perseverance, Golden Horseshoe, and many other marvellously rich interests. Limited in area to about 600 square miles, the East Coolgardie field is unquestionably supreme amongst the gold-fields of Australasia, and in auriferous wealth is probably richer than any equal area of country in the world. It is almost impossible to convey in words anything like an adequate idea of the magnitude of operations. Practical acquaintance is necessary, and for choice that should commence at night.

Proceeding from Coolgardie across the intervening desert, there suddenly looms up out of the surrounding darkness a brilliantly lighted patch, apparently a distant view of a large and prosperous city. Within the compass of these lights, however, is the famous "Golden Mile" of Western Australia, comprising all the rich mines I have mentioned, and from which is annually procured not only more gold than from all the other fields of

the colony combined, but more than the output of any other State in Australia, Queensland only excepted. From one mine alone (and that by no means the largest—the Golden Horseshoe) the monthly return is 15,000 ounces. A personal visit to any of the large mines reveals the fact that here mining is more than manual labour and mechanical process. Upon it have been brought to bear some of the greatest scientific discoveries of the world. The old-time manager whose gold was crushed from the stone by battery, has little place here. The guiding hand must know and be able to take advantage of the latest metallurgical processes. This is rendered necessary, as much of

supply is keeping fairly abreast of the demand, the total quantity available is by no means inexhaustible. In the near future we must look to coal to provide the requisite fuel, and luckily there is every prospect that the coal industry of the colony will be able to meet the strain that, sooner or later, must be laid upon it. The water difficulty, thanks to the enterprise of the Government, will within a little time be practically overcome by the successful completion of the Coolgardie water scheme. The idea of this scheme—one of the greatest conceptions of modern hydraulic engineering—is simplicity itself. The rainfall in the Darling Ranges, which is abundant and certain, is to be stored in



PUBLIC BUILDINGS AT KALGOORLIE.

the gold is found in the form of tellurides and sulphides; in fact, to the prevalence of these the richness of the field is in large measure due. As may be expected under these circumstances, the cost of plant is enormous and the working expenses abnormally heavy; but, notwithstanding that, the dividends paid by the Kalgoorlie mines from 1895 to the end of 1900 amounted to nearly four millions sterling!

A Vast Scheme.

The great drawbacks to development have always been wood and water. The whole district is but lightly timbered, and though by means of tramways into better-timbered country the wood

a vast dam at Mundaring, and from there it will flow through wrought-iron pipes for a distance of some 350 miles, and finally be delivered on the eastern goldfields at the rate of something like 5,000,000 gallons of water daily. But though the idea is simple, there has been much diversity of opinion with regard to its practicability. It is said, on the one hand, that evaporation and leakage will give a dry pipe at the goldfields end; and, on the other, that these will not appreciably affect the volume of water. In face of all this opposition, however, the Government have tenaciously clung to the scheme which is to cost a trifle of two and a half millions of money, and have pushed the work

on with all their power. Speaking at the Mundaring weir the other day, during the visit of the Rt. Hon. C. C. Kingston, the Premier said that "he could assure them that there was nothing in the way now. The pipes would all be made before the end of the year. The weir was practically finished, the main part of it having been done. The pipe line was made all the way to Coolgardie, the pipes were being distributed, and they were going to set to work in a day or two with the joining together of the pipes. The financial arrangements had all been made, and there was no bother to finish the work; so that, for all practical purposes, it was finished."

Whilst its completion is, perhaps, not quite so near at hand as would appear from these remarks, it is hoped that within about eighteen months the people of the gold-fields will have the pleasure of revelling in the luxury of unaccustomed fresh water. All who have the welfare of the State at heart are anxious that the project should be a success. If it is, and if the water can be sold at the stated price of 3s. 6d. per 1,000 gallons, what a boon it will be to those who are now paying 8s. and 10s. per 100 gallons for condensed water! More than that, the success of the Coolgardie water scheme will revolutionise the mining industry. There are scores of low-grade mines which at present cannot be made payable, but which, with cheap water, will return handsome results. The success of this scheme means the development of these mines, and will set at rest for ever any doubt as to the permanence of mining in Western Australia. The conception of the scheme, as I have said, is great, and the faith in the colony, which has been the mainspring of the Government's action in carrying it out, is greater still; but greater than all will be the honour due to Sir John Forrest when this artificial river brings health, comfort, and greater prosperity both to our goldfields and our colony. Having the courage of his opinions, he has manfully pushed forward against all opposition, and whatever credit shall in years to come arise from the success of this daring project, let it be given to him to whom it is rightfully due.

Other Minerals.

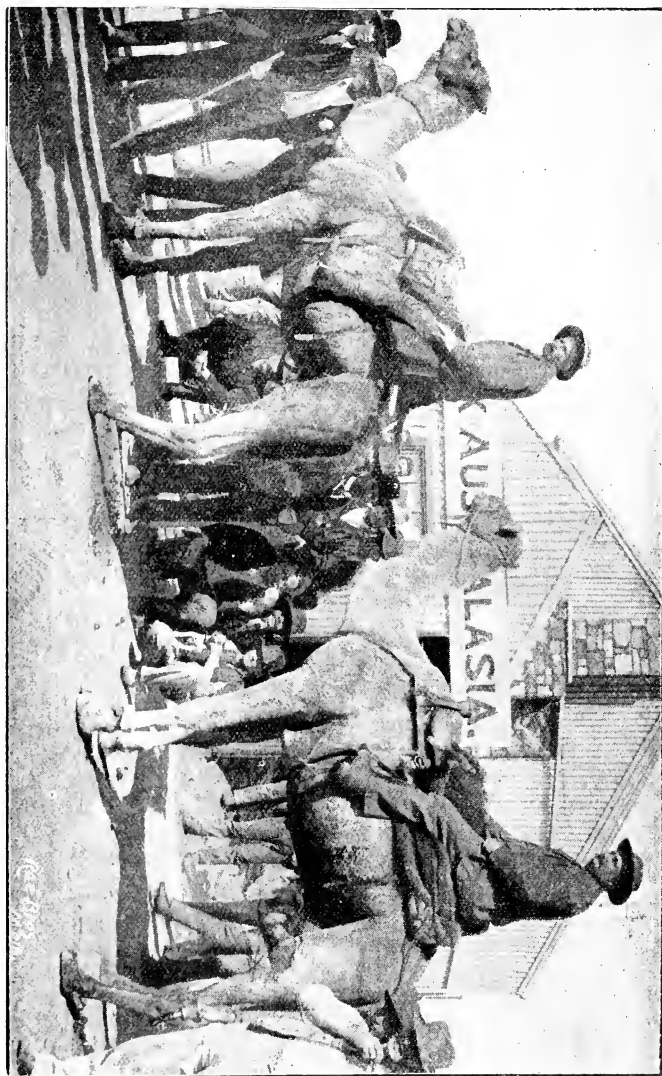
Like mining countries the world over, Western Australia has had her period of sensational finds and wild-cat schemes. This period has now passed, and the mining has developed from a doubtful speculation into a permanent industry. The output has increased year by year till it now reaches something over one and a half million ounces yearly. Those who have made the colony their home look confidently forward to an ever-increasing output, that ere long

will rival, if not surpass, that of Victoria in her palmiest days. It may be said that the wish is father to the thought; but even so, those who know Western Australia best know that there is solid foundation for both wish and thought.

But we must not allow the glamour of the most precious of all metals to hide the fact that there are other minerals in the colony. Fully fifty years ago indications of copper were known to exist, and for many years operations were carried on for the smelting and export of this metal. A drop in prices, however, made it impossible to compete with the copper mines of the Old World, and the industry fell into abeyance. Lately it has shown signs of revival, and, as many of the lodes are of phenomenal richness, it should be possible, with increased facilities of transport and communication, to work them with satisfactory results. Associated with the copper lodes are often found large quantities of lead; and in the district of Greentushes, in the south-west, tin ore is plentiful. Almost every other mineral one could mention is also found in large or small quantities in some part of this enormous territory. In fact, it is hard to say whether, as the country is opened up, any limit can be placed on its mineral possibilities.

It has been stated that in the future the mines must depend on coal for fuel. It would seem as if a kind Providence, aware of this, has placed in the colony large beds of that useful product, as a sort of compensation for the absence of wood, in the gold-bearing country. The coal beds are in the south-west, the principal being those on the Collie River, near Bunbury. The seams vary in thickness from four to seventeen feet and over, and examples examined by Mr. Robert Etheridge were pronounced equal to the better class coals of South Wales and the North of England. The district has been connected by rail with the capital, and is making great progress. The supply is rapidly increasing, and promises soon to be able to meet the demands. In one property—the Wallsend—it is estimated that there are about seven million tons available.

And now I have finished with the resources of this wonderful country—wonderful in what is already known, and still more wonderful in the possibilities as yet unproved. Lightly thought of, lightly treated as she has been, what other State can show that it is better equipped than Western Australia in all those resources that make for human happiness and the welfare and prosperity of a nation? Agricultural soil, mineral wealth, commercial products—all are here; and here, too, are the grit, energy, and pluck necessary for their development.



STARTING OUT ON A GOLDFIELDS EXPLORATION.
(Hon. A. Forrest is the right-hand rider.)

The factories and foundries that one looks for as the natural sequence of these things, however, are not to be found. Some small attempts at the establishment of manufacturing industries exist; but there is nothing on the scale that the rapid extension both of mining and agriculture would warrant. Unquestionably there is a great opening in Western Australia, where so much machinery is in daily use, for fully equipped foundries. At the present time, all machinery is imported, and most of the important repairs necessary from time to time are effected in the other colonies. This should not be, especially in a country possessing its own coal supplies. A rich return for capital invested assuredly awaits anyone with sufficient enterprise to launch out in the direction named.

Perth.

Perth, the capital of the colony, on the Swan River, has a position that can scarcely be excelled by any Australian town. Situated on the north bank of the river, close to where it is joined by the Canning, there stretches before it a magnificent expanse of water, at once the glory of residents and the envy of visitors. To the west of the city, and abutting with somewhat precipitous face on the water, is Mount Eliza, a picturesque hill, which the Government, with commendable foresight, have reserved and made into a national park. The Darling Ranges, some few miles away, give the necessary background, and the whole combine to make Perth one of the most prettily placed cities on the continent.

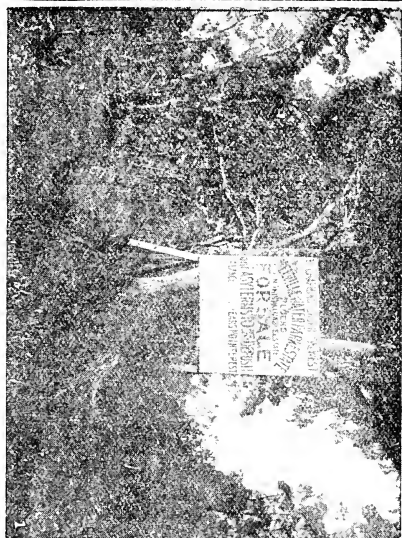
Founded in 1829, coincident with the foundation of the colony, its population at the census of 1891 was only 8,447—sufficient evidence of the slow progress of the colony up to that time. The influx due to mining discoveries soon altered that, and at the end of last year the total population of the city and suburbs was slightly over 40,000. When I first saw it in 1894, just after the rush had begun, it had the appearance of an antiquated village trying to adapt itself to modern requirements. There was an utter absence of that bustle which one associates with a metropolis. The shops were apparently not over-anxious for custom; whilst the buildings in most cases could scarcely be called imposing. The streets outside the immediate business portion of the city were, with the exception of the main thoroughfares, merely avenues of sand, in which the unfortunate pedestrian sank nearly to his ankles—a state of things he had to grin and bear, as there were no other means of reaching his destination. To-day Perth is one of the most up-to-date cities in Australia. Its streets are well made, some of them wood-blocked, and are illuminated both by gas and electric light. Large and

imposing shops and warehouses line the streets, and Government and other public buildings of majestic proportions are everywhere to be seen. Communication with the suburbs is by means of an efficient electric tram service, controlled by private enterprise, but reverting to the municipality at the end of a certain term. The change that has taken place in less than seven years is such that even those who have lived through it scarcely realise its scale, and those who have not seen it may be forgiven for being somewhat sceptical.

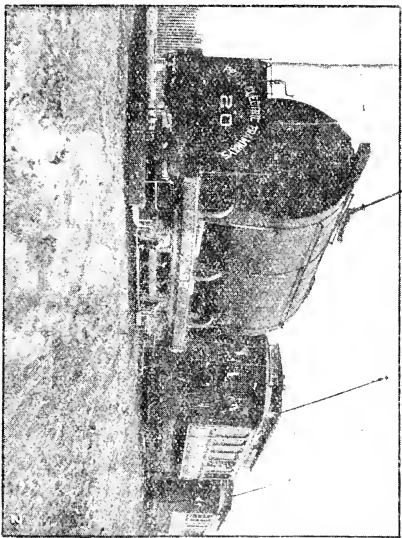
Of the Government buildings worthy of mention, apart from those used for purely administrative purposes, are the Mint, the Observatory, and the Public Library and Museum. These are all fine architectural structures, erected at some considerable cost, and the latter are evidence of the fact that the Government have not been slow to recognise the value of scientific and literary institutions as a necessary factor in the education of the people. Parliament Houses and Supreme Court are, however, a disgrace to a civilised community. The Legislative Assembly holds its sessions in a building attached to the Town Hall; whilst the old Post Office has to satisfy the present requirements of the Legislative Council; and the Supreme Court is uncomfortably housed in a building that under the old regime did duty as a commissariat store. Parliament, however, has decided upon the erection of buildings for these purposes that shall in some measure be commensurate with the dignity of the colony, and this long-standing reproach will soon be a thing of the past. The principal public buildings are, of course, the churches; and of these the Anglican Cathedral has pride of place, followed closely by Wesley Church, to the enterprise of whose trustees the city is indebted for a magnificent hall (Queen's Hall), which has few equals and fewer superiors in Australia.

The port of Perth is Fremantle, situated at the mouth of the Swan River, about twelve miles below the capital. It has all the usual characteristics of a seaport town, and is chiefly known because of its harbour works. The Fremantle harbour in its natural state has been aptly described as a commodious shelter, bounded on the west by Madagascar, and on the north by the Indian Empire. When first the idea of building moles and then dredging away the shallow mouth of the river, and so making a harbour that could accommodate any class of vessel, in all weathers, was mooted, the project was looked upon with doubtful eyes by the leading authorities on such subjects. Nevertheless, the Government persevered, buoyed up with the hope that, should they succeed, the ocean liners would make Fremantle instead of Albany their

1.—A SUBURBAN LOT—RELIC OF THE BOOM.
2.—TREATING TANKS AT WANHOE.



3.—A PERTH STREET WATERER.
4.—IN THE JARRAH COUNTRY.



port of call. The magnitude of the work may be imagined, and the results achieved may be realised from the statement that such vessels as the *Barbarossa* and the *Grosser Kurfurst* can berth today where a few years ago there was not sufficient water to float a decent yacht. The harbour is not yet finished, but it is so far complete that all the mail lines have now substituted Fremantle for Albany as their calling place, and with the advent of the transcontinental railway it is hoped, in fact confidently expected, that Fremantle will become not only the first, but also the final port of call in Australia for the mail steamers.

has come to stay. As a place to live in, it is, perhaps, not the pleasantest, as the dust and heat are at times almost unbearable; but with the expected advent of an abundance of fresh water these disagreeable features will be largely done away with. Taking the district as a whole, it forms a monument of the grit, energy, and endurance of her sons, of which Australia may well be proud.

Coolgardie, whose very name a few years ago was a thing to conjure with, and whose smallest doings were cabled the world over, is now reckoned amongst the places that "have been." Over its portals may be written "Ichabod," at present; but



THE SWAN RIVER: SEVEN MILES ACROSS.

Kalgoorlie.

The second—in the opinion of some, the first—city of importance is Kalgoorlie. It is undoubtedly one of the wonders of modern times. Less than eight years old, and built in the midst of a waterless desert, hundreds of miles from the coast, it has, with Boulder City, a population of nearly 50,000 people. Its streets are broad and well made, and are lighted by electricity. The buildings, which at first were merely temporary structures, are now built of solid material, and the whole place gives the unmistakable impression that it

with the advent of cheap water, making it possible to work its low grade mines, it will doubtless come again, and perhaps even eclipse its former glory.

W.A. Politics.

And now, amidst all this material prosperity and abnormal expansion in every direction, what has been happening in the political world? During the whole period since the inauguration of responsible government there has been but one Premier—Sir John Forrest. It is also said that there has been but one Ministry, notwithstanding the fact



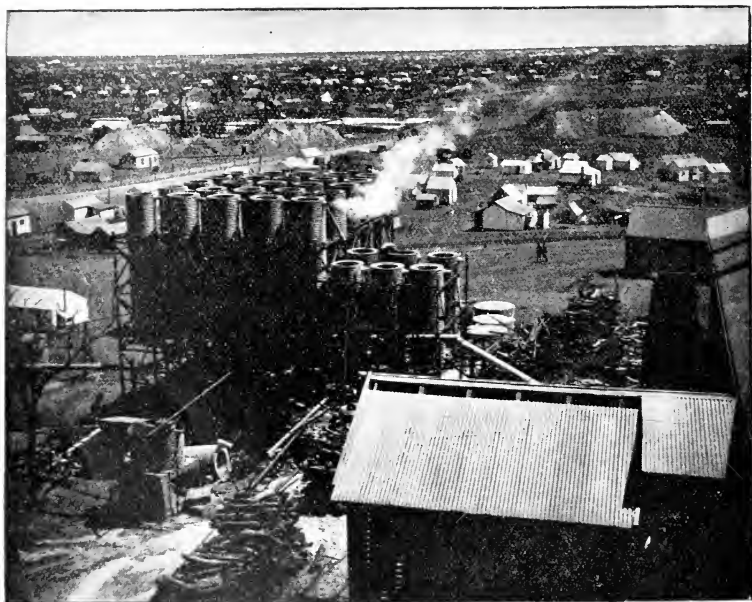
Photo, Greenham & Evans.]

THE RICHEST MILE IN THE WORLD.

The above strips, placed side by side, show a series of the richest mines in the West, from the Kalgurli on the right to the Great Boulder on the left.

that not one member of the Cabinet of 1890 is found in office to-day. If he has done nothing else, Sir John has at any rate established a record in Australia for length of service as Premier, and for the ease and rapidity with which he has changed his colleagues. But apart from these things, the Parliament of Western Australia can claim that it has performed fair service. Throughout their whole existence the Forrest Ministry have recognised the necessity of fostering the agricultural and mineral industries by an extensive policy of public works. Evidence of this is found on all hands. Railways have been built in all

tail elsewhere. It has been accused of losing its head during the boom times, but that failing was by no means confined to the Legislature. Money rolled into the Treasury in amounts unheard of previously in the colony, and it must be confessed that it rolled out again with equal ease. A spirited public works policy was necessary, and even if, as it is accused of doing, the Government went too far, that was better than hoarding the revenue and starving the country. We are said to be suffering now from the results of that policy; but, in spite of that, the colony was never more prosperous than it is to-day. The man in the street invariably



SNAPSHOT FROM BOULDER CITY, SHOWING KALGOORLIE IN THE DISTANCE.

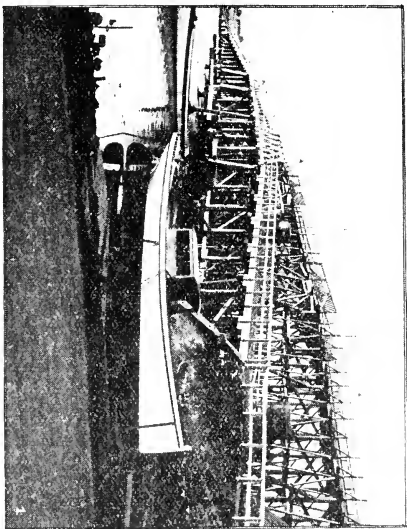
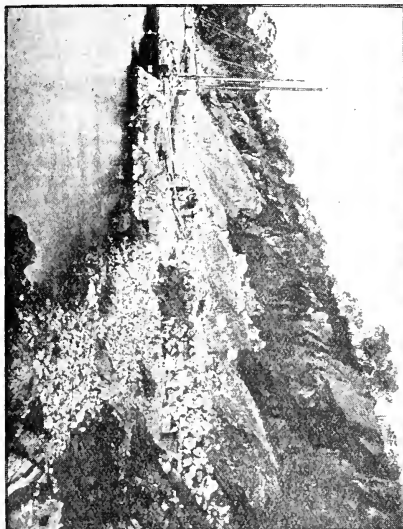
directions, connecting the goldfields with the coast, and opening up the various agricultural districts. Lighthouses, jetties, harbour works, and other means of increasing facilities for transit and communication have been the order of the day. Education has been fostered by the generous application of revenue to the building of schools, and telegraphic communication has been extended throughout the length and breadth of the colony. The two public works that have always stood in the forefront of the Government policy are, of course, the Coolgardie Water Scheme and the Fremantle Harbour Works, mentioned in greater de-

tail elsewhere. It has been accused of losing its head during the boom times, but that failing was by no means confined to the Legislature. Money rolled into the Treasury in amounts unheard of previously in the colony, and it must be confessed that it rolled out again with equal ease. A spirited public works policy was necessary, and even if, as it is accused of doing, the Government went too far, that was better than hoarding the revenue and starving the country. We are said to be suffering now from the results of that policy; but, in spite of that, the colony was never more prosperous than it is to-day. The man in the street invariably

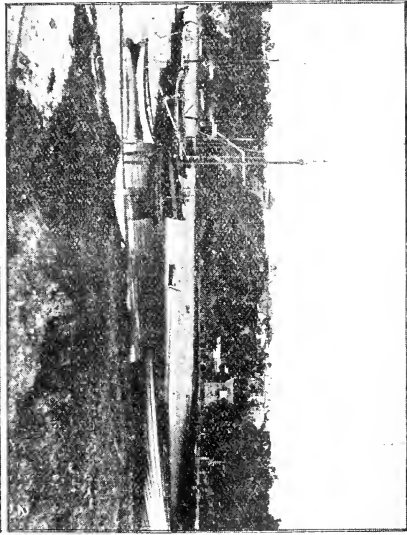
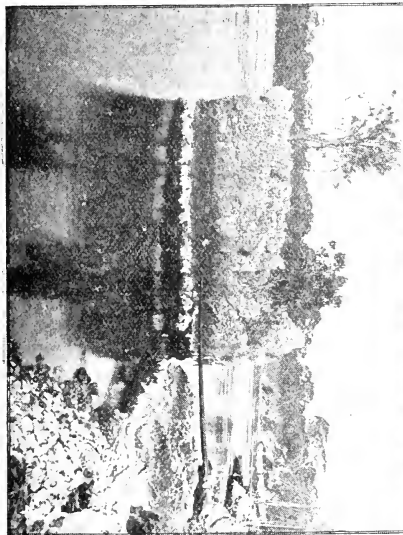
can do better than the one charged with the responsibility of carrying out any national task, and no Government is free from that class of criticism. As for throwing money away to catch votes, "that," as the Grand Inquisitor in the Gondoliers remarks, "is always done," and Western Australia is no greater a sinner in that respect than her neighbours.

Sir John Forrest and his Government can claim that while in office they have honestly endeavoured to do what was best for the country. Legislation, like the public works policy, has been chiefly directed towards one end—to meet the re-

1.—THE SWAN BRIDGE AT FREMANTLE.
3.—THE SWAN STONE QUARRIES.



2.—WHERE THE MINING MAGNETITE LAY.
4.—NATURAL FORMATION AT QUARRIES.



quirements of a rapidly growing population. The Constitution has been several times amended, and seats in Parliament re-distributed, whilst the franchise has been made more liberal, so as to bring it more nearly into line with that in the other colonies. Denominational grants in aid of schools have been abolished, thus getting rid of that bogie to Australian thought—State aid to Churches. In dealing with the agricultural questions, I have mentioned the exceedingly liberal land laws, which have for their object the encouragement of the settlers. In the same way the Truck Act, and the Conciliation and Arbitration Act, have been passed in the interests of the industrial classes, and the female heart has been made glad by the concession of Women's Suffrage, which was first taken advantage of at the time of the Federal referendum.

The opposition to the Government has all along been chiefly from the people on the goldfields. By them the administration has been compared with that of the Transvaal, generally with a saving clause in favour of the Boers. This is distinctly ungrateful, for no part of the country has received as great a share of the public time and public money as the mining centres. It is for their benefit that the whole population is now cheerfully bearing the taxation rendered necessary by the Coolgardie Water Scheme. And yet, like Oliver Twist, their continual cry is for more.

W.A. and Federation.

The question of Federation scarcely comes within the range of local politics, but cannot be passed over in silence. There is no need to recapitulate the history of the delay that occurred in sending the Bill to the people. Federation is an accomplished fact, and those who opposed it have laid down their arms, and are loyally working with their fellow-colonists to build up the new nation. Evidences are not wanting that the fears of those who opposed the movement were largely chimerical, and the feeling is growing rapidly that, by joining, Western Australia will not lose, but gain; that under Federation, her progress and prosperity will be even greater than they have been. The great boon that the colony looks for is the transcontinental railway, and it is hoped that this will be one of the first matters to engage the attention of the Commonwealth Parliament. Until this work is carried out, the State must necessarily be practically isolated from the others—a condition that in no way conduces to good government,—and that freedom of intercourse which is so necessary a feature in a nation's life must be largely restricted.

One distinct advantage that we have gained from the adoption of Federation is that much of the dissatisfaction and distrust within our own borders has been allayed. Ever since the goldfields were established, the people on them, who consisted largely, in fact almost wholly, of newcomers, principally from the Eastern colonies, have displayed a feeling of antipathy towards the coastal districts, and the older element of the population. The catalogue of their grievances rivalled the manifesto of the Uitlanders in South Africa, but had not the same solid basis of complaint. The delay in sending the Commonwealth Bill to the people made this antipathy more acute; threats of separation were rife, and petitions towards that end were prepared and forwarded to the Secretary of State. However, all that is now of the past, and the various sections of the population are more in harmony than they have ever been.

The social and religious life of the colony is, in many respects, different from that of the Eastern States. Mining naturally attracts men of all shades and opinions, and a place not yet free from the influence of the rush is naturally more Bohemian in character than an older and more settled community. In Western Australia the mild winter climate, and the long summer, when the evening is the most pleasant part of the whole day, are conducive to outdoor life and exercise, and home life has not that restraining influence that is evident in colder countries. On the goldfields Sunday is the day usually preferred for football, cricket, and other recreations, to the disgust and annoyance of that better part of the community, who, even though not over religious, are accustomed to regard the Sabbath as a day of rest. It is a pity that so very little has been done to put a stop to this Sabbath desecration, which must, of necessity, be offensive to the feelings of all right-thinking people. The Churches have done, and are doing, their best to put it down, but so far, I am afraid, with very little result.

Sir John Forrest.

No sketch of Western Australia would be complete that did not include some reference to that one figure; who—king in all but name—has ruled the colony with practically autocratic power during the whole period of its expansion and progress. Strong-willed, even to the point of obstinacy, Sir John Forrest was the man the circumstances required. Whilst, at times, he may have used his power somewhat despotically, he has never abused it, either personally or politically. Looking back upon the past, after closing his lengthy term of office, he has the abiding testimony that, though at times he may have made mistakes, for human nature is not infallible, he has passed

out of the sphere of local politics with clean hands, and with the warmest respect and admiration of his fellow-colonists. For many years to come his influence will be felt in West Australian affairs, and it is not too much to say that his advice and vast knowledge of the colony will at all times be at the service of the people.

I have purposely avoided, throughout my remarks, any reference to events earlier than 1890. It is matter of history that the earliest visitors to Western Australia were the Portuguese, about 1529, that Dirk Hartog called in 1616, and that Pelsart was wrecked on the islands in 1628. Dampier was the first Englishman to touch here, in 1688, but Captain Stirling, in search of a new convict settlement in 1827, was the first to suggest the use of the Swan River neighbourhood for that purpose. Settlement did begin, but without convicts, in 1829, and proceeded slowly during the sixty years previous to the period dealt with here. Convicts were sent, but only at the request of the colonists, who required labour for roads and bridges, as well as for agricultural purposes, and transportation ceased completely in 1868. It is curious and interesting to turn back the files of newspapers, and find such things as the arrival of a ship chronicled as important events. But let us not decry the work that the early colonists did. Their trials and difficulties were often almost insuperable, and it speaks volumes for their patience and endurance that they held on. To-day those yet alive are reaping the harvest of that endurance and patience, and well do they deserve it. Newcomers are prone to forget that some credit is due to the pioneers who, at any rate, opened up the coastal districts. But, as I have said, we are, at present, only concerned with more recent events, and I cannot close my sketch more appropriately than by giving a brief comparison of the state of things in Western Australia at the beginning and the end of the last decade of the nineteenth century, and no better words for that

comparison can be found than those which the Premier used when delivering his Budget speech during the latter half of 1900:—

It is a great satisfaction to me to know that I shall hand over to my successor a solvent and flourishing colony, with an increasing population (it was 50,000 at the beginning of 1891, whereas it is now 180,000, with an expanding trade (it was only about two millions at the beginning of 1891, whereas it is eleven and a half millions now), with an increased revenue (in 1891 it was half a million, whereas now it is nearly three millions), with a greatly increased gold production (the whole production of gold in the country from 1886, when we first discovered gold, up to the beginning of 1891, was less than a quarter of a million, whereas at the present time the gold production has reached a total of twenty-one millions sterling), with mines of coal (these coal mines at the Collie, which are supplying nearly all our wants on the railway at the present time, and which are a source of wealth to the community . . .); with mines of copper, and tin, and lead (which are now flourishing, but which then were either undiscovered or unworked); with a magnificent harbour at Fremantle (at which the P. and O. and Orient steamers call, the metropolis being now on the high road, and not, as it used to be, out of the way, round the corner); with a permanent water supply for Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie assured; with railways, telegraphs, water supplies, public buildings, wharves, jetties, and roads all over the colony; with free education for our people, with adult suffrage, with liberal land laws, and, generally, I say with confidence, with all these adjuncts necessary to enable a self-reliant and industrious people to work out their material and political advancement. This is our record, and it is a record which no one can ever take from us. It is our record; this is what you and I have been doing during the last ten years.

And now my work is completed. I have endeavoured to put before readers of this "Review" a clear and concise statement of our colony as it stands to-day, and the task has been a labour of love to one who, during a residence of some seven years, has watched with feelings of gladness the expansion and development of this fair land, and is proud to-day to be called a West Australian.

[Some of the photos used with this article are by Messrs. Greenham and Evans, Perth; and others have been lent by the proprietors of the "North Coolgardie Herald."]

Western Australia.

ABUNDANT AND CERTAIN RAINFALL.

SPLENDID SOIL. **LAND GIVEN AWAY.** GRAND CLIMATE

GOOD HARVESTS, AND AN EXCELLENT MARKET.

Easy Facilities of Transit. A Large and Increasing Gold Yield. Coal, Lead, Iron and Copper Mines. MAGNIFICENT TIMBER RESOURCES. Pearl Shell and other Fisheries.

Many Thousands of Pounds are sent out of the Colony every month to pay for Imported Food Supplies. In order that these supplies may be raised in the country, the Government, as an inducement, give

160 ACRES OF LAND FREE

to anyone who cares to avail himself of it: an order for which can be had on application to the Agent-General. If more land is required it can be obtained at the nominal rent of 6d. per acre per annum, for twenty years; and, upon the performance of exceedingly easy conditions, the freehold of the land may be obtained: and the Government, by means of the Agricultural Bank, assists the settler by loaning him sums of from £50 to £800 on easy terms of 5 per cent. per annum, repayable by instalments covering a period of thirty years.

FARMS, ORCHARDS AND VINEYARDS

are located in various parts of the State, particularly the South-West portion, most of them returning a HANDSOME INCOME to their fortunate owners, who, in a great majority of cases, started with only a few pounds.

There are Hundreds of Thousands of Acres of the same class of Land open for Selection.

THIS AFFORDS A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY for a man to better his position, and earn a competency. RAILWAYS RUN THROUGH ALL AGRICUL-

TURAL LANDS. STEAMBOATS RUN EVERY DAY BETWEEN THE STATES. WEEKLY MAIL SERVICE WITH ENGLAND. SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, and AGRICULTURAL HALLS exist even in the smallest centres. Considering all things, no other country in the world offers such terms and conditions to the man with brain, muscle, and pluck, and with a small amount of capital, who is willing to endure the hardships of colonial life.

FOREST LANDS.

THE HARDWOOD TIMBERS (EUCALYPTUS) OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA ARE UNSURPASSED. JARRAH, KARRI, TUART, AND OTHERS HAVE A WORLD-WIDE CELEBRITY for the purposes of STREET PAVING, BRIDGE-BUILDING, THE CONSTRUCTION OF WHARVES, JETTIES, RAILWAYS, WAGGONS, and, in fact, buildings of every description.

For all Purposes where Timber is required to resist White Ants and Teredo, JARRAH is unequalled. There are many instances of this Timber having been in the ground or in water for over HALF A CENTURY, and then being as sound as on the day it was put in.

TIMBER LANDS may be procured for a term of from one to twenty-five years' licenses, at the rate of £20 per annum per square mile. The maximum area granted to any individual or corporation is seventy-five thousand acres.

RATES OF PASSAGE FROM ENGLAND TO WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

ORIENT STEAM NAVIGATION CO. Open berths, £15 15s.; closed cabins, £17 17s. 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C. WHITE STAR LINE. Open berths, £14 14s.; closed cabins, £16 16s. and £18 18s. 30 James-street, Liverpool. NORTH GERMAN LLOYD LINE. Open berths, £14. 2 King William-street, E.C.

Orient Line once a fortnight. White Star and North German Lloyd Steamers leave once a month.

FULL AND DETAILED INFORMATION, with Publications and Plans, may be obtained gratis from the Agent-General for Western Australia, 15 Victoria-street, Westminster, and by letter from the Department of Lands and Surveys, Perth, Western Australia, by persons in any part of the world.

C. J. MORAN, Minister for Lands.

MOUNT LYELL MINE AND RAILWAY.

In geological maps no older than 1890, an oblong blot of yellow colouring, signifying "gold area," with a green streak down its centre, notifying "silver," covered a patch of Tasmanian West Coast country that, before a dozen years had passed, was destined to become famous as the richest copper district in the southern hemisphere. The yellow blot extended from Mt. Tyndall south over Mts. Sedgwick, Lyell, Owen, and Jukes to the foot of Mt. Darwin. Roughly, it was situated half way down the western side of the island, about thirty-five miles inland. The country from the sea-coast was ruggedly beautiful for the first ten miles, and made up in ruggedness what it lacked in beauty for the rest of the way. In the valley of the King River wonderful patches of gold-bearing quartz had been found, and for upwards of twenty years hardy prospectors had scratched—not unprofitably—for gold and silver round the bases of all the mountains mentioned. The Mt. Lyell lease itself, or part of it, was held as a gold prospecting area, but in 1890 a discovery was made that revealed the presence of a treasure-chest buried in the heart of the mountains—a discovery that created an enormous stir in the mining world, and affected for good the future of the whole island. The name of Dr. E. D. Peters, junr., who reported, as expert, on the property, is almost as well known in connection with the birth of the mine as its original lessees, Messrs. Bowes Kelly, Knox, Orr, and Schlapp, who engaged him, and who were advised, in most sanguine terms, of the richness of their property. The natural difficulties to be overcome in order to reap the benefits of the discovery were, of course, enormous. In the case of the Burra Burra copper mines in South Australia, £12,300 prepared the way for winning £5,000,000 of mineral; but in the case of Mt. Lyell the preliminary expenses amounted to £400,000. But the chest soon proved worth unlocking, and in a wonderfully short time an army of men was on the spot, obstacles were swept aside, and a mountain of mineral was travelling by rail and boat to the sea-coast for export.

The position of the Mt. Lyell Mine to-day is unique. In six years it has attained the rank of fourth copper mine in the world. It stands equal in Australia's jewel-casket with Mt. Morgan and Broken Hill, and has a history as eventful as either. The railway-avenue that winds from the magnificent entrance gate at the King River mouth to its front door at Queenstown is as rich in natu-

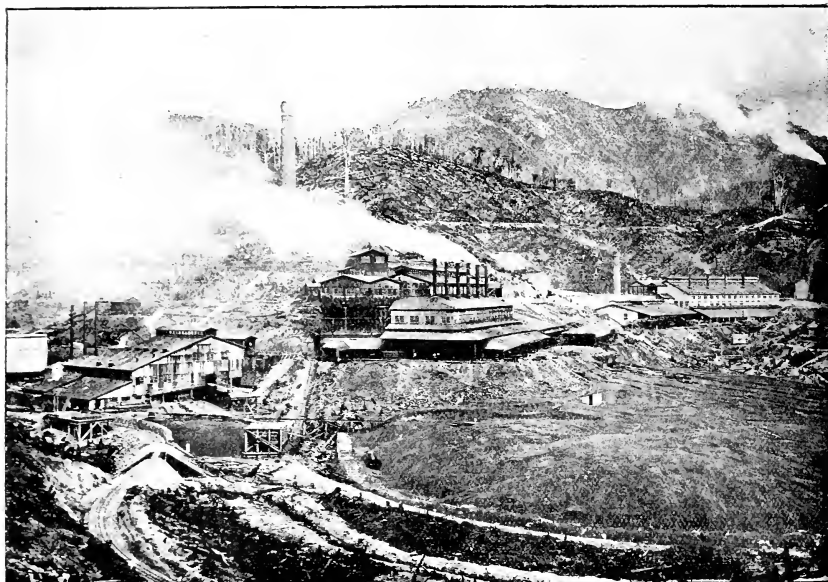
ral beauty as its coffers are full of unmined mineral wealth. It is a huge industrial exhibition of mining, railway construction, township building, and scenic effect; an object-lesson in the triumph of man over the obstacles of nature, and an easily accessible show-spot for tourists who visit Tasmania.

Some Figures.

Few people have any idea of the extent of the Mt. Lyell Company's sphere of action, and it is to be feared that even with the aid of photos and authentic figures little more can be done than to convey a tourist's impressions of the spot to readers, and a recommendation to go and see for themselves. The company's capital is £900,000, represented by 300,000 £3 shares, of which 275,000 are issued, fully paid up. To date, more than £700,000 sterling has been divided in dividends, and the calls have been nil. Since smelting was begun in June, 1896, a grand total of 900,000 tons of ore has been treated, and the output of metals has been 30,000 tons of copper, 2,600,000 ozs. of silver, and 104,000 ozs. of gold. The mine, as an asset (at cost), is put down at just under half a million; its railway rights and construction, with rolling stock added, is reckoned at close on £250,000, and its haulage and trams at over £35,000. It has built, and supports, a couple of townships—for if there were no Mt. Lyell there would be no Queenstown and no Gormanston. In its direct employ it has more than 2,000 men, whose wages total over £6,000 a week. Six hundred of these are engaged in the open and underground workings; 1,400 in work connected with the smelters, and a detachment of several hundred strong goes forth every day to cut and drag timber to feed the furnace fires.

Over the Mine.

Queenstown has been referred to as the front door of Mt. Lyell. The Linda Valley is thus its back-yard; and perhaps the best way for a visitor to see the mine is to start from the valley and work up to Queenstown. An appropriate time to arrive is at four o'clock in the afternoon. Looking forward from the bottom of the valley, where the Linda, a mere stream, trickles along a devious course, we see before us the rough semi-circle of hill ramparts which form the reverse side of the great mine. These ramparts are really the terraces or open workings.



THE SMELTERS AND CONVERTERS.

Their prevailing colour is a greenish grey, for the crust of brown earth that once covered them—known as the overburden—has been stripped off, to lay bare the ore. On the left, Gormanston straggles across a quarter of a mile of hillside, and right in the centre of the mine itself a giant stairway, whose steps are the sleepers of the tramway haulage, runs from base to skyline. Half a dozen buildings, toy houses in the distance, stand on as many different points. The largest, at the foot of the stairway, is what might be termed a despatch store. The ore from the terraces is trucked to it, and from it sent by haulage and sky-trams to the smelters that lie in the valley on the other side of the mountain. The haulage is interesting from the sheer angle of the line up which the large ore trucks are drawn, but there is something fascinating in the system of aerial trams, which assist in the work of carrying. Imagine a gigantic cash tramway in a draper's shop, with a mile and a half of wires and boxes that hold half a ton, and you have some idea of the system. The car, which does not sit on the wire, but hangs suspended by a long arm, is filled with ore, swings out from the shed, and, without any visible means of propulsion, climbs steep inclines, threads its tight-rope across deep gorges, discharges its load

at the smelter, and comes back on the parallel line for another, having travelled 2,000 yards in twenty minutes.

From the picture which accompanies this article, only a very inadequate idea of the character of the open workings can be obtained. It may be non-technically explained that the terrace mining consists in blasting away the crust of rock and laying bare the ore that lies near the surface. For the deeper-buried ore, underground workings are, of course, necessary; but for the casual tourist the surface work is a much more interesting and at any rate a much more comfortable performance to watch.

Having examined the terraces and the workshops, we prepare to ascend the staircase. The whistle sounded five some time ago, and up near the top are three or four figures that look like big, dark-coloured beetles, but are really home-going miners, wearing the inevitable "bluey"—a cross between an overcoat and a blanket-shirt—that is worn by all Queenstownners, and is the most indispensable garment on the West Coast. It rains—or if it does not, it surely will within the hour, from mere force of habit—and the moist air leaves a peculiar metallic taste on the palate, increasing in bitterness as we climb skyward. Half-way up we pause

for a breather, and look back. There is hardly a vestige of vegetation, and scarcely a sign of animal life. The haulage has stopped running, but the aerial cars slip almost noiselessly down the hill, disappear into the store-house, and swing out again re-loaded. The red flag on the hilltop explains the deserted appearance of the mine, for it notifies that firing is about to begin. All day long, men have been drilling and charging holes, and up to the present the result of their work appears small. But the climax is come. A man walks quietly along the lower edge of a terrace, stooping occasionally to the ground. Presently he runs to a small, solid-looking hut, and disappears within. Then as you watch there is a puff of smoke, a sharp report, and a drayload of the hillside jumps forward and rattles down the slope. It is so like a gunshot that you unconsciously wait for a thud of the ball on the opposite hill; but before it comes there is a second report, and a dozen more after that, coming with the irregularity of a badly-working machine-gun, and sending loud echoes jumbling down the valley. The performance is repeated along another terrace till some sixty shots have been fired, and the results of the concentrated efforts of the day's labour lie ready to be shovelled aside or carried to the smelters for treatment. The blasting is one of the sights for Mt. Lyell visitors,

and some day an enterprising camera fiend, with his insurance policy in one hand and a kodak in the other, will secure some snapshots that will make his name famous.

If the booming of the dynamite charges had reminded us of a battlefield, the effect was heightened on topping the big staircase and descending the other side. Not a green thing visible, only blackened stumps sticking up through the fire-blasted hillsides; half a dozen chimney tops seen indistinctly through billows of blue and white and coppery smoke; long ramparts of sandbags built up to a height of twenty feet; what might pass for an armoured train crawling round a bluff; huge barrack-like buildings with a Union Jack on one staff and a Red Cross ambulance flag on another; and in the distance Queenstown, converted by the haze into a tented field.

On closer acquaintance, however, the theory that a devastating army has swept over the place is promptly exploded. It is the never-ending war of elements, fire and water, that has blasted and scarred the hills. The armoured train proves nothing but a string of trucks; the sandbag ramparts serve only to repulse the rush of black slag from the smelters; and the Union Jack celebrates, not a victory, but the birth of a new century. The smoke billows, too, that appeared so awesome from



RAILWAY YARDS, QUEENSTOWN.

above, just catch the last sun rays, and their tints turn and change, blending in schemes of delicate colour fit for the making of sunsets in Fairyland. Descending the stairway, and following the tram-line, we pass between the smelters and the huge smokestack that carries off the fumes from the converters, pass a huge dam of granulated slag, and so reach Queenstown in time for tea.

Queenstown.

There is no lack of accommodation, and the choice lies between a dozen large, well-furnished hotels. Everything at Queenstown worth consid-

solved the difficulty by slicing off the top of a hill just on the outskirts of the town, and on its levelled crown his residence commands whatever view there may be. From this elevation you see the rails that streak over a considerable portion of the town in a bewildering tangle, with more points than a Scotch sermon. The rails curl away round the valley slopes, past the cricket ground, with its wooden pitches, and the black slag patches, with their sandbag ramparts, to the smelters, and away to the foot of the haulage. Mankind, in mine or mart, depends here on what the train can bring—for horses are naturally not plentiful where no



A 70-FT. CUTTING, MT. LYELL RAILWAY.

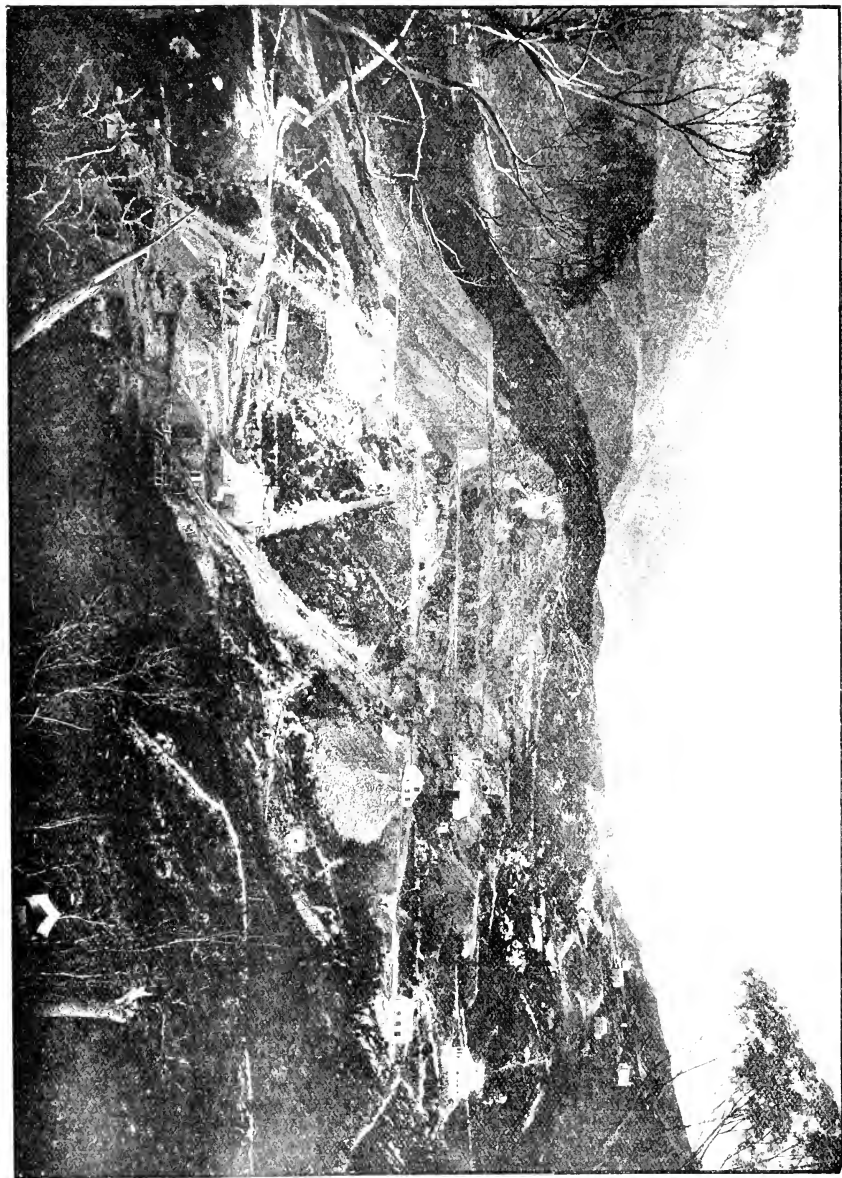
ering owes its existence to the Mt. Lyell Company, and it is only fitting that the hub of the township should be the Company's railway station. The directors, with a fine faith in the future, have set apart a goodly patch of the most eligible building sites in the city, so that the railway traffic may have room to grow and spread. Comfortable and well-appointed offices and capacious goods sheds have been erected at the foot of Queenstown's best street, and one can almost step out of the hotel into the train—a consideration where 118 wet days in the year is a fair average. There is not much level ground in the town. Mr. Sticht, the general manager, looking for a level piece of ground,

grass can grow and where the "dewy fields" are dotted with discarded condensed milk tins rather than "browsed by deep-uddered kine."

The Smelters.

If Nature barred the road to the Mt. Lyell treasure store, she made ample amends in other ways. Timber for the furnaces was to be had for the cutting, water for the channelling, and fluxing material for the quarrying. True, each year sees the timber-getters sent further afield for their logs; but water is always abundant—too abundant, say the "bluey"-attired tourists—and the flux quarries are wide and deep. The smelting process

THE COPPER TERRACES OF MT. LYELL.



(to condense a technical explanation) is by rapid oxidation. First the ore is reduced by pyritic smelting in blast furnaces to a copper matte, which is enriched and converted by what is known as the Bessemerising method into pig copper.

Sightseers of the casual order set forth in the darkness (and probably the rain), not to criticise rapid oxidation and pyritic smelting, but to "see the fire-works," and the "fireworks" are of a variety not readily forgotten. It is a bare quarter of a mile from the township to the first smelting plant, and at a step we pass from pitch blackness to vivid brightness. Half a dozen furnaces burn redly — ruddier in contrast with the electric lights — their fires fed with coke from Port Kembla. 600 miles away, and timber from the hills outside. Black figures stoke the fires or tap the furnaces with crowbars. A youth, with an iron vessel like a huge inverted "bowler" hat set between a pair of wheels, approaches the furnace. A couple of vig-

ness from its A B C on the mine—kindly acts as our guide. "Hot air," he explains, looking up at the enormous pipes that girdle the furnaces. "That's the forehearth," pointing with his foot; "separates the matte from the slag, you know." We nod, half-understanding, and follow upstairs to where the ore and fluxing materials are being

shovelled — not promiscuously, but in carefully weighed proportions—into the gaping jaws of the furnaces. It looks queer fuel to the novice, and the flames that writhe and wrestle in the furnaces vary in shade from white and brown to red and gold.

The second nest of smelters resembles the first, and the Bessemer converters are like both, only grander in spectacular effect. On the whole, a trip through the Lyell smelters at night would be a red-letter event in any tour, and no West Coast tourist would grudge a night in Queenstown for the purpose.

The Railway.

An early train is scheduled from Queens-

town every morning, and from the platform of the last carriage as the train hauls out of the station we get a reverse view of yesterday's scene. Again it is weirdly picturesque rather than beautiful. In a very few moments the huge hotels are lost sight of, and the fine new hospital on the hill is left behind, for Queenstown does not straggle nearly



A PEEP FROM THE TRAIN WINDOW.

ilions digs sets the molten stream flowing, and he wheels away his load of liquid fire and spills it out to cool with as little concern as if it were a half-hundredweight of potatoes. An occasional splash from the bowl falls on the wet ground in transit, and bursts into a hundred sparks with a pistol-shot report. A young assayer—who has learned his busi-

so much as do most mushroom mining townships. But, then, it exists practically for the "big mine" alone, and all live just as near its works as possible. Fortunately, sulphur fumes do not travel very far down the valley, and bareness and bleakness soon give place to luxuriousness again. Old John Bunyan once observed that he beheld a pathway leading down to hell even from the very gate of heaven, and certainly scenery most strikingly suggestive of both of them is remarkably close to either end of Queenstown. The erstwhile muddy mining race rapidly develops into a pleasant stream sweeping the fern fronds as it rushes to meet the King River. And now the reasons for calling this the most lovely scenic line in the Commonwealth become more

sprinkle the forest as the track rises to cross the mountain range.

Men who travel along the line frequently, often take books with them; but they never read—the restful beauty that surrounds them is too attractive to become stale. The ever-varying light and shade effects, and the wondrous variety of shape and colour, never fail to greet the eye with some fresh charm. The carriages, too, are models of comfort and convenience, and are built so that one can have clear views of the scenery both from car and platform.

One wonders how the tangle of glorious green can give any chance for a bush fire, especially in the rainy season, which lasts from January to



DOWN THE KING RIVER VALLEY.

apparent. Yet the beauty is of the kind which baffles description and defies the camera. The softest shades of green and long cool avenues of shade are lost and flattened even in the best attempts at reproduction.

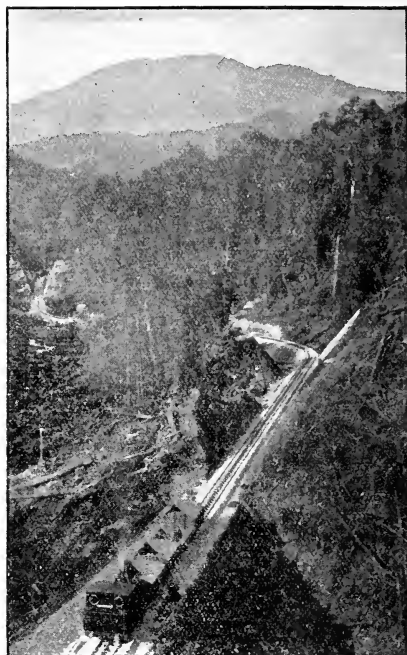
The lower stretches of the valley are filled with all sorts and conditions of green in pine and fern, but wild flowers are few, and the eye lights with gladness on the pocket-handkerchief patch of gay garden on the left. How exquisite the common red geranium and the gaudy gladiolus look to the man from Queenstown, who has never seen a flower growing there! But presently the wild flowers

December. In fact, the ground never has time to get dry. But then one forgets that the trees are resinous pines, and that you may fell the greenest of them, and it will burn fiercely at once, even in the rain. The smoke is certainly rather pungent, but that is a trifle. The ground, as well, is but a peaty mass of the pine droppings of the past, and once afire, will smoulder and burn for days.

Ahead of the engine the mountain pass lifts up, but no tunnel is visible. Instead, a placard announces that the beginning of Abt section has been reached. Looking down midway between the

rails, you see a double row of cogs, with hole and tooth set alternately, and you hear the click-clack of the engine as it climbs the mountain side, with never a slip, even on wet rails. Steadily up and up, at a delightfully moderate speed, which allows you to drink in the loveliness of the pass, you go with an ever-widening view of the Lyell Range. The hillside slips away from the very lines down to feathery depths and mossy dells, through which the babbling brooks trickle onward looking for the sea. Suddenly the Abt cogs cease their chatter, and the train rests on the level floor of the summit, while the engine takes a long and well-earned draught from a crystal spring which bubbles over from the top of the cutting.

Soon the engine grips the cogs again, finding them not less useful in going down than in ascending, and the train sweeps out into the sunshine. The prospect is lovelier than ever. The famous King River Gorge is before you, and every leaf and twig sparkles with glistening raindrops in the clear morning air. The sun brings out new beauties of colour, and all is exquisite, both in distance and in detail. The tinkle of one tiny waterfall is noticeable even above the train jar, so close is it; and there another ten times its height drops in distant silence from the hills. Lush dandelions star the newly made embankments, and the mountain berries have lost no time in covering the man-made bareness with new beauty. Skirting the mountain slopes with many a twist and curve, the happy passengers slip down through a garden of wild flowers. The Christmas tree flings its balmy petals down to give the Old World traveller memories of driven snow, hiding their little lilac-tinted centres in the falling. Even the pines, not to be outdone by their smaller companions, sport clusters of blooms like wild white briers, and the clematis climbs over all. Glimpses of the King River come up through the brown trunks, and first it is a rushing, turbulent torrent, with no indication of the perfect stillness of the lower reaches further down. But it is always beautiful. Now the track runs along the bank above it, side by side, and then a sudden sweep round an elbow makes a different scene, with long river vistas up and down. By and by, when the river is crossed again, it has become wider and more calm, with islands floating on its surface to increase its beautiful diversity. Long before one can weary of the wild and rugged splendours of the Gorge, the train glides down to



THE ABT SECTION OF THE RAILWAY.

the water's edge at far-famed Teepookana, passes the picturesque piners' huts and stops at the bridge head amongst the flowers. For several miles the broad river flows within a few yards of the window, and its new forms of loveliness are enchanting visions of most perfect mirror pictures seen through winding glades. The scenery is simply superb, and fills the soul with a deep and solemn harmony, leaving in the mind an imperishable treasure of never-to-be-forgotten loveliness. The river broadens and the verdure grows less luxuriant as with a fitting finish the way leads round a quiet bay, doubles a point or two, skirting the shores of Macquarie Harbour for a while, ere it joins hands with the line that leads by Strahan to Burnie and the wide world again.

FEDERAL ELECTION SUPPLEMENT.—II.

CANDIDATES FOR THE COMING COMMONWEALTH PARLIAMENT.

[The coming Australian Commonwealth will need the service of the best political brains in the six colonies. On an area equal to that of Europe, if Russia be omitted, and greater than that of the United States if Alaska be put aside, a nation has to be built! It is a happy circumstance that, in all the colonies, the ablest men are offering their services for this great task. We give in this Supplement some account of the views and personal record of the candidates for the Federal Houses.—Ed. "Review of Reviews."]

RIGHT HON. EDMUND BARTON, P.C., New South Wales, Candidate for the House of Representatives.

PERSONAL RECORD.

HON. EDMUND BARTON, K.C., M.A.—Sydney University; Barrister-at-Law (admitted 1871); for sixteen years member of the New South Wales Legislative Assembly; Speaker, 1883-7; M.L.C., 1887-9; Attorney-General, 1889, and again in 1891; Member of Federal Convention, Sydney, 1891; Senior Representative, N.S.W., to Federal Convention, 1897 (98,540 votes); Leader of Federal Convention, Adelaide, Sydney, Melbourne 1897-8; Leader of Opposition, 1898; Fellow of Senate, University of Sydney; Trustee Free Public Library.

Residence:

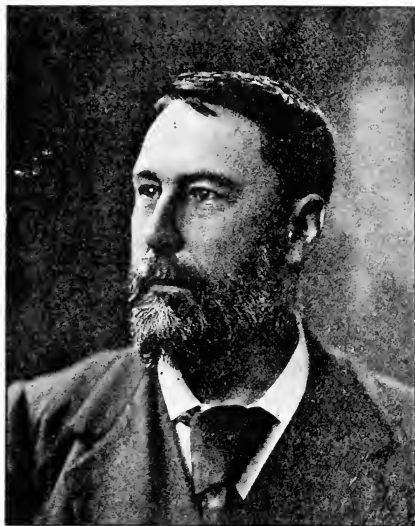
"Miandetta," Carabella Street,
North Sydney.



HON. EDMUND BARTON, K.C. 

THE HON. R. E. O'CONNOR, N.S.W.,

CANDIDATE FOR THE SENATE.



HON. R. E. O'CONNOR.

POLITICAL PLATFORM.

1. A Policy, which will make effective the Federal spirit of our Constitution. The combining of the States into a strong, progressive nationality, in all Australian affairs, taking care at the same time to interfere as little as possible with the independent development of resources and the political activity and vitality of the several States.

2. By every act of administration and legislation to make the change from the old to the new order of things with the least possible disturbance of existing industrial, financial,

and commercial conditions in the several States.

3. A Fiscal Policy which in the amount to be raised will give due consideration to the needs of the Commonwealth and the financial requirements of the several States, and in the methods of raising it, will aim at constancy and certainty in yield, and also, wherever possible, at the development of Australian resources.

4. The early attainment of uniformity in the Franchise of the Commonwealth by the adoption of adult suffrage.

5. The early removal of every obstacle to the internal trade of Australia by fair and Federal adjustment of inter-State railway rates, and the creation of an inter-State Commission with adequate powers.

6. To put the Defence of Australia, both Naval and Military, on a footing which will have due regard to the importance of her interests, her position in the Pacific, her proximity to the Far East, and her place in the British Empire, and which yet will have due regard to the necessities of reasonable economy in such expenditure.

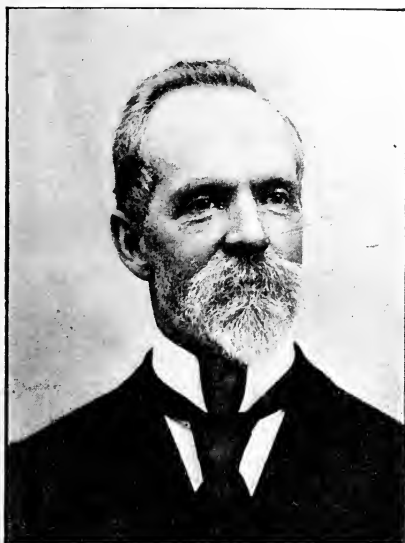
7. A white Australia.

8. The early recognition of the duty of the Commonwealth in regard to Old Age Pensions.

9. Conciliation and Arbitration.

10. Uniformity of Laws in all matters of Australian mercantile interest.

MR. J. T. WALKER, N.S.W., Candidate for the Senate.



MR. J. T. WALKER.

PERSONAL RECORD.

Born at Leith Walk, Edinburgh, 1841. Arrived in New South Wales, 1845. Returned to Edinburgh with parents, 1849. Joined London staff Bank of N.S.W., 1851. Joined head office, Sydney. Saw 26 years' service with that bank. Rose to position of Inspector of Branches. In 1885 was appointed first general manager of the Royal Bank of Queensland. Now occupies position of President of Bank of New South Wales. Prominently connected with Bankers' Institute of London and Bankers' Institute of N.S.W. Director of A.M.P. Society. Has gained great prominence as a financier. Has always taken an active interest in Federation. Was a member of Bathurst Convention. Was ninth on the list of successful candidates at the Federal Referendum. Has been a prime factor in inducing Queensland to come in.

Residence, "Rosemont," Woollahra.

Mr. J. T. Walker, in his candidature for the Senate, and in reply to a requisition signed by 6,752 electors, issued on 31st January a lengthy address, of which the following may be considered an epitome. He begins by mentioning the impossibility of canvassing the whole Colony, and, for his past Federal record, refers to his conduct as a representative of New South Wales in the Federal Convention in 1897-1898, and to his public addresses during the Referendum campaign of 1898-1899; his opinions remaining practically unchanged since then in matters Federal. His planks are: (1) Free-trade, (2) Federalisation of the Railways, (3) for defence and other purposes, construction of railways connecting Western Australia with South Australia, Adelaide with Port Darwin, completion of the line Sydney to Broken Hill, and extension of the Queensland railway system to join with the transcontinental line to Port Darwin; (4) Government legal tender note on a convertible gold basis under control of non-political Commissioners; (5) early selection of Federal Capital site, and thereafter the immediate erection of Government public buildings; (6) enlargement of field of Government action re British possessions in Southern Pacific; (7) settlement of existing disputes re dual control of the New Hebrides; (8) economies in all Federal Departments consistent with efficiency; (9) cultivation of a broad, rather than a narrow, spirit in legislation affecting the common weal, so as, if practicable, to abolish provincial prejudices. Mr. Walker foreshadows legislation to minimise the danger of recurring financial crises, and anticipates that by the consolidation of the debts a substantial annual saving in interest will be gradually effected. He further looks forward to New Zealand, Fiji, and New Guinea becoming component parts of the Commonwealth.

HON. A. J. GOULD, N.S.W., Candidate for the Senate.



HON. A. J. GOULD.

PERSONAL RECORD.

Entered Parliament January, 1883, representing Patricks Plains; continued to represent that electorate, subsequently called Singleton, until July, 1898; Minister for Justice in the Parkes Government, March, 1889, to October, 1891; Minister for Justice in Reid Government, August, 1894, to August, 1898. Admitted solicitor, 1870; major Fourth Regiment, N.S.W. Infantry; member of the Government of Sir Henry Parkes when Federation was initiated, and assisted in passing legislation to give practical effect to the proposals by means of the voice of the people; entered the Legislative Council, 1899; was a prime factor in inducing Queensland to join the Commonwealth.

POLITICAL PLATFORM.

The future prosperity of the people of this vast Commonwealth will be largely dependent upon the intelligence, the wisdom, and the patriotism shown by its representatives in Parliament. The external influence of the Australian Commonwealth will call for the exercise of statesmanship, patriotism, and prudence apart from all feelings of politics or party influence. It will be the duty of our people to guard carefully the control and administration of the internal affairs of the Commonwealth. I have espoused, and still believe in, the principle of Free-trade so earnestly and honestly advocated by the Right Hon. G. H. Reid, and by the late Sir Henry Parkes, by whose exertions Federation was brought within the arena of practical politics.

A revenue tariff cast upon Free-trade lines as against a policy which has for its object the continuance of that baleful system of Protection which has had its existence in the sister State of Victoria for so many years. New South Wales, under its Free-trade policy, has increased by leaps and bounds, the material interests of the State having during this time made giant strides; agriculture also having increased from under 850,000 acres in 1891 to nearly 2½ million acres in 1899.

The first session of the Federal Parliament should decide the fiscal policy of the Commonwealth.

The lands of the Federal State should not be alienated, but should remain the property of the State.

The selection of a site for the Federal capital calls for prompt decision, and should be one of the first questions dealt with by the Federal Parliament.

The exercise of economy in the administration of the Commonwealth finances is of paramount importance.

I favour the establishment of a system of old age pensions, but for financial reasons consider the time inopportune for the Commonwealth to deal with a measure involving so great an expenditure.

The dominance and purity of a white Australia should not, in my opinion, be imperilled.

And, finally, to assist all liberal, democratic, and progressive measures for the promotion of the interests of Australia and its people, irrespective of class, creed, or condition, will be my aim.

R. D. MEAGHER, M.P., the Federal Democrat, is a Candidate for the Senate.



R. D. MEAGHER, M.P.

Sir Henry Parkes, St. Leonards Campaign, General Elections, 1894:—

"My gifted young friend is a conundrum to me. I cannot understand why his admirable reasoning faculties do not lead him out of the shadows of Protection."

This was in answer to a speech by Mr. Meagher, wherein certain Free Trade arguments by the deceased statesman were traversed and refuted; 10,000 copies of the speech were printed and distributed by the National Protection Union.

POLITICAL PLATFORM.

- 1.—Old Age Pensions.
- 2.—Conciliation and arbitration.
- 3.—Nationalisation of area Federal capital.
- 4.—Preservation racial purity of white Australia.
- 5.—Volunteer system of defence; greater facilities for naval training.
- 6.—Protection to native industries; a wage-fund for our own people.
- 7.—Amalgamation of railways; solution of gauge problem.
- 8.—Consolidation State debts; immense savings, as in Canada.
- 9.—National Bank; National Life Insurance; and Federal Public Service Board, where employees shall have direct representation in appeals, etc.

Mr. Meagher holds the unique position, notwithstanding the congested state of public business, of placing two important measures on the Statute Book, viz., The Criminal Law Evidence Amendment Act, and Medical Practitioners Act; is a sterling Democrat, believing in "Rights for all, and privileges for none," and will prove a vigilant sentinel for State rights.

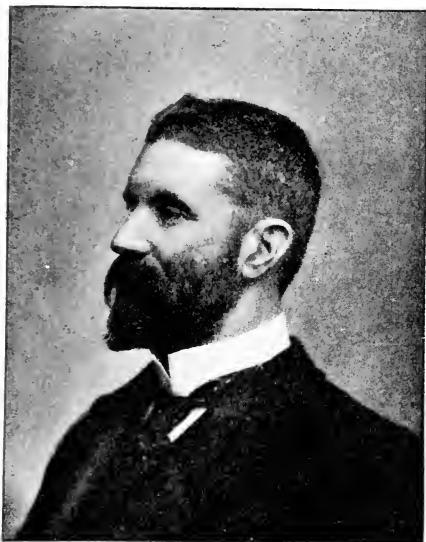
FEDERAL ELECTIONS.

SIMON FRASER

Is a CANDIDATE for

THE SENATE.

HON. ALFRED DEAKIN, Victoria, Candidate for the House of Representatives.



HON. ALFRED DEAKIN.

PERSONAL RECORD.

HON. ALFRED DEAKIN.—Melbourne University; Barrister-at-Law (admitted 1877; for twenty years member of the Victorian Legislative Assembly; Minister of Public Works, 1883; Solicitor-General, 1885; Chief Secretary, 1886; Senior Representative Imperial Conference, London, 1887; Member of Federal Council, 1889-95-97; Member of Federation Conference, Melbourne, 1890; of National Australian Convention, 1891; of National Australian Federal Convention, 1897-8; Victorian Delegate to London to secure passage of the Commonwealth Act, 1900; Author of "Irrigation in Western America" (1885); "Irrigation in Egypt and Italy" (1889); "Irrigated India" (1892); "Irrigation in Australia" (1893); "Temple and Tomb" (1894).

Residence: South Yarra, Victoria.

CONSTITUENCY: BALLARAT, VIO.

POLITICAL PLATFORM.

- 1.—The adoption of a Federal policy recognising the interests, conditions, and aspirations of the several States, and harmonising them upon a national basis.
- 2.—The organisation of the Commonwealth for defence, and for the efficient exercise of all its powers.
- 3.—Provision for raising the revenue necessary for the Commonwealth in such a manner as will secure stability to the finances of the States.
- 4.—The progressive development of all the resources of the Commonwealth within the scope of its jurisdiction.
- 5.—Overland railways to the western and northern seaboard, and the opening up of the interior of the continent.
- 6.—Encouragement of an Australian marine.
- 7.—An uniform Federal franchise.
- 8.—An Australian tariff.
- 9.—A "white" Australia.
- 10.—Conciliation and Arbitration.
- 11.—Old Age Pensions.
- 12.—Vigilance in regard to Australian interests in the Pacific.

. . THE . .

Royal Portrait Portfolio.

In consequence of the death of the Queen we have published a Royal Portrait Portfolio, containing various portraits of Her late Majesty at different periods of her life. In addition, the Portfolio contains excellent portraits of the King and Queen Alexandra, Duke of Cornwall and Duchess of Cornwall, which were specially taken at private sittings granted to the "Review of Reviews."

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THE FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN AUSTRALASIA.

By "AUSTRALIAN."

Commerce of the Commonwealth.

Considering that 1899 brought a very large expansion in the bulk of Australia's extractive industries, combined with improved prices for many staple products, and the advance of 60 per cent. in wool, it was scarcely expected that the trade figures of that year would be equalled, much less exceeded, by the commerce of 1900. Such has been the case, however, according to the official returns which have been compiled. The severity of the drought in Queensland and the north-west of New South Wales again reduced the weight of the wool clip from those areas, while gold and wheat production were smaller, the values of wool from 50 to 60 per cent. down, tallow cheaper, hides lower, and sheep skins but half the value of the previous year, all factors tending to contract the aggregate value of our trade. On the other hand factors tending to increase the same were the heavy receipts from wool sold in London at the close of 1899, at higher prices, coming forward in the shape of larger imports, the tendency to import more largely, in anticipation of tariff changes, and the general prosperity of the country inducing more extensive local trade, and, therefore, advances in purchases. Taking first the total trade of the Commonwealth, plus New Zealand, we have the following:—

Total Trade.		Total Trade.	
1825.. ..	£511,998	1895.. ..	£112,810,793
1851.. ..	8,957,610	1896.. ..	129,139,621
1861.. ..	52,228,207	1897.. ..	138,101,106
1871.. ..	69,474,084	1898.. ..	147,287,268
1881.. ..	101,710,967	1899.. ..	161,024,104
1891.. ..	144,766,285	1900.. ..	164,834,463

Total trade of the Commonwealth, 1900	£141,136,848
Total trade of the Commonwealth, 1899	140,346,116

Increase £790,732

It will be seen that all previous records were passed, the total trade with foreign countries and between States and colonies being more than £20,000,000 greater than ten years back. Considering the awful drought, financial crisis, and withdrawals of foreign capital, this result must be regarded as most satisfactory.

Turning to imports, from the causes detailed above, there has been a general increase in the six States and one colony. The figures are as follow:—

	IMPORTS.		
	1900.	1899.	Increase.
	£	£	£
New South Wales ..	27,561,071.	25,594,315.	1,966,756
Victoria	18,301,607.	17,952,894.	348,713
Queensland	7,052,212.	6,764,097.	288,115
South Australia ..	8,034,532.	6,884,357.	1,150,195
Western Australia ..	5,962,178.	4,473,532.	1,488,646
Tasmania	2,073,657.	1,769,324.	304,333
Commonwealth ..	68,985,277.	63,438,519.	5,546,758
New Zealand	10,646,096.	8,739,633.	1,906,463
Australasia	79,631,373.	72,178,152.	7,453,221

PHŒNIX



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RESIDENT SECRETARY.

The improvement is satisfactory. In exports, with the exception of Tasmania and New Zealand, there has been a considerable decline. The cause have been previously referred to. The decline comparatively was a small one, being £3,642,862 for the whole of Australasia. Considering that exports of wool declined by £6,500,000 alone, it will be seen that in all other headings there has been a fair increase. Taking the individual figures we have the following result:—

EXPORTS.

	1900. £	1899. £	£
New South Wales	28,164,516	28,445,466	dec. 280,950
Victoria	17,422,552	18,567,780	dec. 1,145,228
Queensland	9,072,675	11,942,868	dec. 2,870,183
South Australia	8,029,157	8,385,366	dec. 356,209
Western Australia	6,852,034	6,983,642	dec. 131,588
Tasmania	2,610,617	2,577,475	inc. 33,142
Commonwealth	72,151,571	76,907,957	dec. 4,756,026
New Zealand	13,051,519	11,938,355	inc. 1,113,164
Australasia	85,203,090	88,845,952	dec. 3,642,862

On the whole the figures are satisfactory. All things considered, if the 1901 figures were to be taken on the same basis a considerable improvement could be expected. But this year we will have a different system, inasmuch as inter-State trade will not be taken into consideration. The total foreign trade for 1900 is estimated at £100,750,000. The value of imports from foreign centres into the Commonwealth only, during 1900, was, approximately, £37,500,000, of which, perhaps, £28,000,000 to £30,000,000 consisted of what might be termed goods dutiable for Commonwealth purposes.

Victoria's Trade.

Last month the figures of the trade of Victoria for 1900 were referred to, but the full return, giving the individual totals, is to hand, containing some interesting particulars. Taking the items which were affected by the war, in the export trade we have the following:—

	1900.	1899.
Live cattle	£160,935	£53,169
Horses	282,109	139,306
Sheep	253,376	156,957
Biscuits	59,955	44,366
Butter	1,489,935	1,404,830
Cheese	20,188	15,717
Oats	285,012	38,230
Wheat	892,480	1,252,131
Flour	199,194	236,161
Hay, etc.	316,355	257,526
Jams and jellies	51,526	26,132
Bacon	60,074	34,868
Hams	6,338	3,919
Frozen beef	56,924	22,002
Frozen mutton	229,976	229,534
Frozen poultry	7,521	2,228
Frozen rabbits	145,178	116,726
Preserved meats, etc.	73,560	56,202

The increases, it will be seen, are extensive in all except wheat and flour, where, owing to smaller production, the quantity fell away. Taking the pastoral produce a very different result is obtained:—

	1900.	1899.
Wool	£4,217,018	£5,701,410
Fallow	174,985	141,334
Sheep skins	221,563	406,213
Hides	11,715	13,135
Horns, hoofs, and bones	1,635	1,851

Total... £4,626,936 £6,263,943

The decline under these headings is an extensive one, amounting to £1,537,007.

The South African war brought some blessings to this colony, as shown above. As a matter of fact,

the trade done by Melbourne merchants was much more extensive, for enormous quantities of New South Wales and Queensland meats, Tasmanian jams and oats, New Zealand oats, bran, and many other lines were trans-shipped through this port on Melbourne account.

Federal Finance.

Politicians have shrunk from the question of Federal finance, and the few who have made any reference to the question left details alone, treating the question very generally. As many questions have been asked concerning the points involved, and their influence on the finances of the various colonies, it will be interesting to see what the Commonwealth will actually do with the revenue and expenditure it has taken over.

SURRENDERED TO COMMONWEALTH.

State.	Revenue.	Expenditure.
New South Wales	£2,560,000	£1,357,000
Victoria	2,872,000	1,033,000
Queensland	1,917,000	770,000
South Australia	919,000	380,000
Western Australia	1,157,000	370,000
Tasmania	542,000	170,000
Total	£9,967,000	£4,080,000

RETAINED BY STATES.

State.	Revenue.	Expenditure.	Deficit.
New South Wales..	£7,414,000..	£8,575,000..	£1,161,000
Victoria	4,579,000..	6,286,000..	1,707,000
Queensland	2,671,000..	3,770,000..	1,099,000
South Australia ..	1,934,000..	2,557,000..	623,000
Western Australia	1,718,000..	2,246,000..	528,000
Tasmania	402,000..	702,000..	300,000
Total	£18,718,000..	£24,136,000..	£5,418,000

Now, the Commonwealth's new expenditure will be £590,000 to £600,000 in the first year, and considerably more thereafter. Therefore the total expenditure will be £4,680,000. It takes over revenue, exclusive of customs and excise, £2,338,000—mainly from posts and telegraphs—and therefore will need to raise £2,342,000 to balance accounts. This amount, added to £5,418,000, the amount of the State deficits, would give a total necessary of £7,760,000; but now the "Braddon Blot" comes into play. That necessitates four times the Commonwealth expenditure of the customs and excise revenue being raised, so that three-fourths may be returned to the States. Plainly the position is put by a Sydney expert thus:—

Expenditure transferred	£4,080,000
New expenditure	600,000
Commonwealth expenditure ..	£4,680,000
Revenue (apart from tariffs) ..	£2,338,000
Required from Customs and Excise..	2,342,000
	£4,680,000
Tariff needed by Commonwealth ..	£2,342,000
Less cost of collection	250,000
	£2,092,000

This sum would represent the one-fourth for the Commonwealth; and three times its amount must, in addition, be raised for the States. Thus we arrive at the following:—

Commonwealth, one-fourth	£2,092,000
States, three-fourths	6,276,000
Total Commonwealth tariff	£8,368,000

Add £250,000 as the cost of collection, and the total tariff is £8,618,000.

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and children.

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Now as to distribution and results. From the
£8,620,000 raised, £6,276,000 is the amount to be re-
turned to the States on the population basis. This
leads to the following:—

	Customs Re- venue Re- turned.	State Deficits.	Result.
N. S. Wales . . .	£2,415,000..	£1,161,000..	£1,254,000**
Victoria . . .	1,905,000..	1,707,000..	198,000**
Queensland . . .	780,000..	1,099,000..	339,000*
South Australia . .	525,000..	623,000..	98,000*
Western Australia . .	425,000..	528,000..	103,000*
Tasmania . . .	246,000..	300,000..	54,000*
Total . . .	£6,276,000..	£5,418,000..	£858,000**

*Deficit; **Surplus.

Thus we find that the "Braddon Blot" necessitates
the Commonwealth raising, actually, £858,000 more re-
venue than it requires, and that at the same time
two States have surpluses, and the remaining four
deficits. New South Wales, the colony which stood
out against Federation, takes the modest sum of
£1,254,000, and is doing her best to spend it prior to
receipt. Queensland will have to resort to more
direct taxation—a stunning income tax, probably, es-
pecially for absentees, which will affect Victoria ma-
terially. The foregoing figures are taken on the basis
of 1900. The revenue for 1901 will be much lighter,
first, for the reason that the Federal tariff will not
come into force prior to July on most articles, and at
the end of May on spirits, tobaccos, oils, teas, sugar,
etc.; and, secondly, because, with increased duties
necessary in some States, imports can be calculated on
to be light for some time to come.

Australian Gold.

The gold yield of the colonies for the first two
months of the year shows a further slight decrease.
Western Australia's individual returns show a moderate
increase; Queensland's a considerable drop; and those
of New South Wales have also fallen heavily. Vic-
toria is slightly down, but both Tasmania and New
Zealand show advances. The figures are as follow:—

	1901. Oz.	1900. Oz.
Western Australia . . .	274,194 ..	261,568
Victoria . . .	115,669 ..	122,760
Queensland . . .	117,417 ..	144,807
New South Wales . . .	42,249 ..	59,906
New Zealand . . .	75,297 ..	56,414
Tasmania . . .	14,768 ..	14,079
Totals . . .	639,594 ..	659,534

In reference to the gold yield of the world, it is
interesting to note that the circulation of the state-
ment that the world's stock of gold is 1,100 tons, of
which 196 tons are in coin, still continues. It is also
stated that the annual production is $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons, and that
jewellers alone are taking 120 tons per annum, while one
ton is lost every year in wear and tear. To show the
absolute absurdity of this statement, it may
be mentioned that, from this, the stock of gold in the
world must be decreased at the rate of about 119 tons
annually. Now, in 1885 the stock of gold was es-
timated at 6,000 tons, and we certainly regard it as
being materially over 10,000 tons at the present mo-
ment. In 1,000,000 ounces troy there are 30 tons
12 cwt. 27 lbs. 6.86 oz. avoirdupois, and the gold
production in the year 1900 of the world was, roughly,
about 13,000,000 oz. (it would have been about 17 to
18 million ounces had the South African mines been
working). Therefore, the annual production of gold
is equal to more than 400 tons. And if 120 tons are
used annually in the fine arts, and one ton is lost
by wear and tear, what becomes of the balance?
Question for the writer in the London "Express"
who first circulated this extraordinary statement.

The Union Bank of Australia.

The balance-sheet of this excellent institution is to hand by a late mail, and the accounts, as set forth, clearly show that a very large expansion in the Bank's business has taken place. A comparison of the leading items of the balance-sheet and profit and loss account are as follows:—

Liabilities.	August, 1899.	February, 1900.	August, 1900.
Capital paid	1,500,000..	1,500,000..	1,500,000
Reserve fund	750,000..	750,000..	825,000
Contingent account ..	250,000..	250,000..	175,000
Notes	448,051..	489,083..	439,205
Deposits	14,943,078	15,793,602	15,226,186
*Bills, etc.	2,063,529..	2,307,642..	1,808,665
*Including reserves held against doubtful debts.			
Assets.			
Specie and bullion, etc...	3,766,063..	3,338,498..	3,676,775
Money at call, etc., in London	875,000..	585,000..	530,000
Investments	1,193,853..	1,145,746..	1,438,222
Bills, advances, etc. ..	13,465,271..	15,412,706..	13,697,372
Premises and property..	600,471..	601,603..	602,470
London premises	129,361..	129,134..	128,904
Profit and Loss.			
Gross profits	159,885..	203,459..	195,221
Directors and staff (colonies)	70,218..	69,561..	70,403
Do. do. (London)	14,275..	14,451..	14,515
General expenses	26,096..	26,617..	28,348
Income tax	781..	828..	2,129
Net profit	48,514..	92,001..	79,825

The Union Bank has clearly set itself out to perform a certain work. That is to absolutely re-instate the £250,000 taken from the reserve proper in 1894, and placed to the Contingency Fund. It will attain this end by taking the amounts from the half-yearly profits. By this means the Bank will do away with the whole of the Contingency Fund, and increase its Reserve by £250,000; but, inasmuch as the Contingency Fund at present exists, it is actually writing that Fund off altogether, and, we presume, applying the proceeds to inner reserves, of which the Union assuredly will have plenty. The management is most conservative in its business, and by its policy of refusing anything doubtful, in building up strong reserves, and in not throwing away large sums annually in dividends, it has attained its present invulnerable position.

The Outlook.

It is satisfactory to be in a position to state that the last month has seen a very great change in Queensland. Heavy rains are reported from many leading pastoral districts, and though, in some centres, more is still wanted, yet the pastoral industry has received a very great lift there, and, with fair weather, should once again come upon times of plenty. In the back country of New South Wales the position is decidedly better. Further south there has not been so much rain as required, and this, also, applies to Victoria and South Australia, farmers being anxious everywhere to get on with ploughing operations. Feed for stock is fairly plentiful; but the butter yields, which promised to exceed all previous seasons, have rapidly pinched out. In Western Australia, so far, the season is good. Tasmania and New Zealand report well. On the whole there appears to be good ground for considering that 1901 will be more prosperous than 1900, which, in its turn, marked a considerable advance on 1898 and 1899.

THE CITY MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED 1879.

HEAD OFFICE: HUNTER, BLIGH AND CASTLEREACH STS.,
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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

The Most Liberal and Progressive
Life Office in Australia.

GEO. CROWLEY, Manager.



Registered under the "Companies Act 1890" as a
Company having secured Assets in Victoria.
It has also deposits, as required by law, in Great
Britain, U.S.A., Canada, and other parts of Australasia.

Examples Premium Rates.

The premiums, which may be paid monthly, quarterly, semi-annually, or annually, at the option and convenience of the policy-holder, on a policy of £100, are as follows:—

Age.	Monthly Premiums.	Age.	Monthly Premiums.
18 ..	1/7	40 ..	3/6
20 ..	1/8	50 ..	6/1
30 ..	2/5	54 ..	8/3

I.O.F. Policies (premiums as above) secure

- (1) Assurance payable at death;
- (2) Payment to the member on Total Permanent Disability of half the sum assured, with
- (3) Other half paid to heirs on death of the member, and
- (4) Exemption from premium paying after such disability;
- (5) Termination of premium paying, in any event, at 70 years of age, and
- (6) A member disabled wholly on account of Old Age has the right to receive, so long as thus disabled, a tenth of the sum assured, annually, till exhausted (in case of earlier death any balance is paid to the heirs) with
- (7) The option of converting this Benefit into the "Old Age Pension and Burial Benefit."

Men and women, between the ages of 18 and 54, both inclusive, are accepted on equal terms.

Prospectus on Application.

• • • • •

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HON. A. J. PEACOCK, M.L.A.
EDWARD TRENCHARD, ESQ.

Solicitors:

DAVIES AND CAMPBELL.

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NATIONAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA LIMITED.

Trustees:

THE TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS, AND AGENCY
COMPANY LIMITED.

THE TRUST SECURES:—

Life assurance upon most advantageous terms.

A five per cent. simple interest investment to all members who do not survive the closing of the trust in twenty years.

A fund for the advancement of the members of a family.

A handsome cash division at the end of the trust period.

A solid investment.

A really negotiable security.

THE TRUST is formed by the members insuring their lives, or those of their nominees, under a Special Table, HR 20, in the NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA LIMITED, and transferring these policies to the Trust, which terminates in twenty years. At the end of that time the existing members have the Accumulated Funds divided between them, and their Policies, upon which there are no further premiums to pay, transferred to them; meantime those members, or their nominees, who do not survive the twenty years, have repaid to all their premiums paid, with 6 per cent. simple interest added.

For prospectus and all particulars apply to

HOWDEN & COMPANY PROPRIETARY LIMITED,

93 Elizabeth-street (The Block), Melbourne.

ASSURANCE UNDER THE TRUST LIMITED TO £500,000.

Insurance News and Notes.

His Majesty King Edward VII. is reported to be the heaviest insured man in the world, the insurances on his life totalling over £2,000,000.

* * * * *

The Australian Mutual Provident Society, during the ten years ending December 31, 1900, has paid to the representatives of deceased members over five and a half millions sterling, in addition to a sum of nearly a million and three-quarters to policy-holders themselves, under claims maturing during their lifetime. The cash profits allotted to members during that time exceeded £4,500,000, equivalent to over nine millions of reversionary bonuses. This great company has made wonderful strides during the decade above referred to, and a comparison with its figures for the previous ten years is interesting. The number of policies in force has increased from 101,340 to 161,554; the sums assured, including reversionary bonuses, from £40,500,568 to £57,000,000; the total annual income from £1,741,387 to over £2,350,000; and, perhaps most important of all, the accumulated funds made the astonishing advance of from £9,736,873 in 1890 to sixteen and three-quarter millions in 1900.

* * * * *

The London Committee of Fire Offices is considering the advisability of extending the usefulness of the London Salvage Corps. Although a costly organisation, the expense has been found fully justified, and it is now proposed to create more stations in the outlying districts of the great metropolis. It is difficult to obtain the exact value of the property saved by the Corps during a year; but it is estimated to be nearly a quarter of a million sterling.

* * * * *

The Victorian Board of the Northern Assurance Co. have passed the plans for their new office premises, to be erected in Collins-street. Tenders will be called for immediately.

* * * * *

The Citizens' Life Assurance Co. have concluded an important purchase of city property, having acquired the block of buildings known as Ferguson and Urie's adjoining their present freehold in Collins-street, Melbourne. It is the Company's intention to make extensive alterations to the block; to convert it into one building, thus giving increased office accommodation to the rapidly growing business of the Company in Victoria.

* * * * *

The total insurances on the life of Her late Majesty the Queen amounted to about a quarter of a million sterling, and in most instances were very profitable to the offices concerned, owing to the long life of Her Majesty. Some eighty companies had issued policies for a "full" life, varying from £2,000 to £10,000. The policies were mainly in connection with leases which ran for the term of the Queen's life. For the past ten or twelve years it has been practically impossible to secure policies; but for a few years previous to then the rate was £11 (eleven) per cent. At Lloyd's recently there have been a few insurances placed on the Queen's life, up to a given rate, and they came principally from West End tradesmen, theatrical managers, and such-like, to whom an upheaval of trade caused by the Queen's death meant large losses. Many insurances were taken out at Diamond Jubilee time to cover, over the term of the rejoicings, the large sums which had been outlaid, and which, in the event of Her Majesty's death, would have been lost. Over these, of course, the insurance companies made good profits.

* * * * *

Cable advice is to hand that a fire has occurred on the P. and O. Co.'s new steamer, the Syria, which is being built at Linthouse, on the Clyde. The damage is estimated at £8,000. The P. and O. Co. are their own underwriters; but, in this instance, as the vessel is still in the builders' hands, the loss will fall on

ADVERTISING IN NEW ZEALAND!

Those desirous of Advertising in NEW ZEALAND PAPERS would do well to arrange their Contracts through

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Advertisements inserted in any Newspaper. Clients' interests carefully guarded.

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the contractors, who will probably be covered by insurance.

* * * * *

Mr. John Fitzsimons, who was recently appointed by the Citizens' Life Assurance Co. to proceed to London to open up a branch of the Company in the "world's metropolis," and act as manager for Great Britain and Ireland, has arrived in London. All arrangements for commencing operations there are now complete. Files of prominent English journals to hand are uniformly congratulatory to the advent of the "Citizens'" in Great Britain.

* * * * *

Mr. Walter Church, who for the past twenty-five years has been manager of the Australian Mutual Fire Insurance Co., in Sydney, died suddenly on the 28th February last, while engaged in business at his office. The deceased gentleman was seventy-three years of age.

* * * * *

A peculiar case will shortly come before the Victorian Supreme Court, following the issue of a writ by the Crown to recover £1,013 15s. 3d. from the Australian Alliance Assurance Co. The case arises out of the embezzlement, some time back, by William Hurst Buckley, late accountant to the Crown Law Department, of a considerable sum of money belonging to the Crown. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced. Up to twelve months of the time the defalcations were discovered, Buckley was guaranteed by the Australian Alliance Co., and about that date transferred his policy to the Colonial Mutual Co. When the defalcations were discovered, an audit of his books showed that twelve months previously his accounts showed a deficiency of £1,013 15s. 3d. The Crown alleges the Australian Alliance were liable for this sum, and that the Colonial Mutual were liable for a further sum of £243, embezzled after the transfer of the policy. There is no dispute about the latter sum, and the Colonial Mutual acknowledge their indebtedness; but in the former case the Australian Alliance deny liability, hence the issue of the writ.

* * * * *

The following letter has been received by the Citizens' Life Assurance Co.:-

"Premier's Office, Adelaide, Jan. 16, 1901.

"Sir.-In compliance with your request of the 10th inst., I have much pleasure in stating that your Company gave this Government every satisfaction in the matter of the insurance of the lives of the members of the First Contingent, consisting of 115 troops, despatched from South Australia to South Africa, I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

"General Secretary, "F. W. HOLDER,"
"Citizens' Life Assurance Co. Ltd.,
"Sydney."

* * * * *

From the latest figures available, industrial assurance seems to have made great strides during the last year. It is estimated that the total policies in force of all companies were 22,500,000, yielding a premium income of about £9,000,000. These figures do not include the returns of Friendly Societies and other fraternal orders. The initiator of the system, Sir Henry Harker, is still alive to see the great progress it has made. During 1900 the industrial companies paid away about £50,000 in claims in connection with the war in South Africa.

TO THE DEAF.-A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave £5,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. 500 N, The Nicholson Institute, Longcott, Gunnersbury, London, W.

DIRECTORY

OF THE

STOCK EXCHANGE OF ADELAIDE.

SILVER & ESPIE

(Members Stock Exchange of Adelaide),

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ADELAIDE,
and 7 and 8 ELBURN CHAMBERS, KALGOORLIE.

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FOREIGN STAMPS.

Our Superior A A Series of Packets, All Post Free :-

	S. D.		S. D.
1,000 (all different)	27 6	250 (all different)	2 6
500 "	9 6	200 "	1 9
400 "	5 6	120 "	1 0
300 "	3 6	60 "	0 6

We have called attention to the large sale of our Foreign Stamp Packets (13,500) last year. This month a young man, writing from a large town of New Zealand, says-"Your Packet is splendid! I have got two Agents for you; directly they saw my packet, they said 'Yes!' A lady, from Canterbury, N.Z., says 'They are the best value I have ever got for the money; I enclose half-sovereign for further order.' A doctor (Sale, Victoria) writes-"Received the stamps; very satisfactory."

BLANK ALBUMS.-Our "COMMONWEALTH BLANK ALBUMS" are neatly printed with squares for placing stamps in. The pages needed for any country can be all used at will, as names of countries require to be written or printed in by hand. New issues and surplus stamps can always be provided for by **Loose Sheets** (Four Pages), each sheet containing 168 printed spaces for stamps, at 6d. per doz. **Bound Albums**-4,400 Spaces, 1s. 2,200, 6d. Post Free.

Send out-all African Packets and 50 Asia. None till Easter. **WHOLESALE.**-For the sake of encouraging Stamp Collecting in country districts and places we cannot touch ourselves, we are prepared to supply customers with Wholesale Parcels. Specially Cheap. Quotations on application. A capital chance to commence dealing.

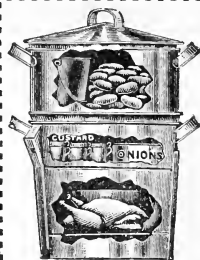
HOSHER FOREIGN STAMP CO.,

27, Armadale St., Armadale, Victoria.



BROTHERS IN TRIBULATION.

John Bull: "Don't you wish we could start the New Century in peace, Samson?"



Study Health, . .
Fuel and Economy

BY USING THE

PEERLESS STEAM COOKER.

THE only contrivance that Cooks by Compressed Steam, hermetically closed, retaining in the food the whole of its delicious flavours and nutriment without the slightest intermingling of flavours. Highly recommended by the Medical Profession as the only really Hygienic principle of Cooking.

The same heat that boils the Kettle will cook a whole family meal.

No roasting fires. No heated kitchen.
No crowded Stove.

A BOON TO THE AUSTRALIAN HOUSE-WIFE.

✓ SUPPLIED IF DESIRED WITH A BODY OF POLISHED COPPER WHICH LASTS A LIFETIME.

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"PRECIOSA"
KNITTING
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MANGLES
With Wringers.

**WONDERFUL
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**HAPSBURG PIANOS.
ELECTRA CYCLES.**



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(OPPOSITE MARKING).

Depots in every Town
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CATALOGUES
ON APPLICATION.

INSPECTION
INVITED.

Cures all Diseases of the Skin

**Eczema, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Rashes, Pimples,
Blackheads, Boils, Ulcers --- All Due to Impure Blood.**

Read how this young girl was cured with

Ayer's Sarsaparilla



Mrs. May Watson, 9 Rose Road, Surry Hills, Sydney, New So. Wales, sends us the above photograph of her daughter, together with the following testimonial:

"My daughter was suffering terribly from eczema on both her hands and feet. I had tried many remedies without success. Remembering I had received great help from Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla myself, I began to give it to my daughter. Soon she showed signs of improvement, and after taking a few bottles the sores disappeared and she is now free from the slightest symptom of the old complaint. She is as fresh and healthy as any girl could wish to be. This makes me strongly recommend this wonderful medicine to any one needing a good blood-purifier."

Such cures always follow the use of

"The World's Greatest Family Medicine."

You cannot feel well unless your blood is pure, and it must be rich, too. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla will give you both of these, — pure blood, rich blood. That is what you need and what you can quickly have if you will only give this old, reliable remedy a good trial. Get your blood right and you will no longer suffer with depression, nervousness, general debility, or some form of skin disease.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Brings Comfort and Good Cheer.

Is your tongue coated? Are your bowels constipated? **AYER'S PILLS.**

For mutual advantage when you write to an advertiser please mention the Review of Reviews.

SIXTY ART PLATES FOR ONE POUND.

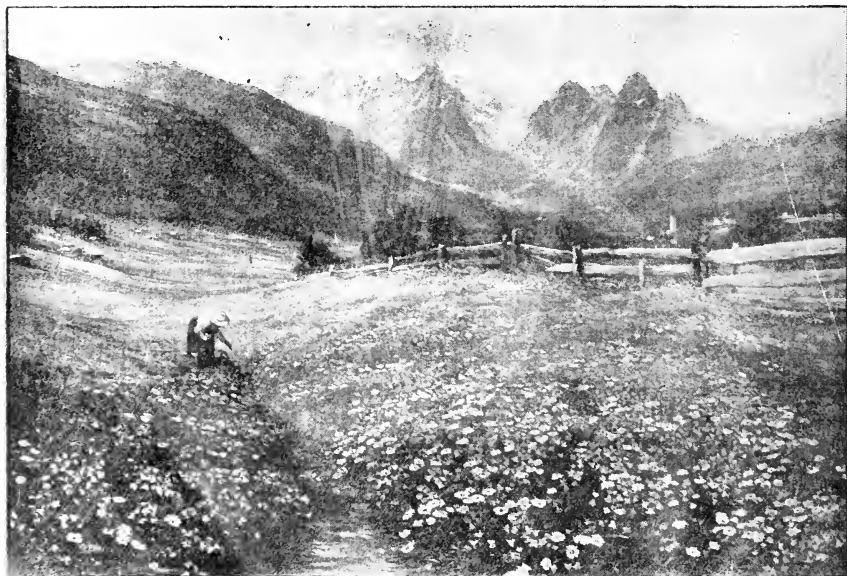
THE MASTERPIECES OF THE MASTERS.

COMPLETION OF THE MASTERPIECE ART SERIES.

If we are to have Art for the People, we must render Art accessible to the people. If the influence of pictures is to sweeten and sanctify our daily life, we must have pictures that we can see every day. This, no doubt, is a truism, but is it not time that something was done to render it possible for everyone, even the poorest of us, to have an Art Gallery in every house—nay, to have a Picture Gallery in every room of our house? As an effort towards meeting this want, the Proprietors of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia" are glad to be able to announce the completion of the **Masterpiece Art Series**. This Collection of Pictures consists of Five Portfolios (containing over 50 pictures in all), and Five large and very beautiful Collotypes—a process that, in the opinion of the Art Director of the National Gallery, surpasses in faithfulness of interpretation and delicacy of detail either steel engraving or photography. From all parts of the world we have received letters from artists and correspondents of every station in life in praise of these Works of Art.

The set of **Ten Parts** will be sent, post free, to any address in Australasia on receipt of **20s.** in money order or postal notes. Single Portfolios will be forwarded to any address for 2s. in cash or money order, or 2s. 3d. in stamps or postal note. Single Collotypes will be sent to any address for 2s. 6d. in cash or money order, or 2s. 9d. in stamps or postal note. In the following pages will be found small reproductions of some of the pictures and a brief description of each of the ten parts of the series.

Address all communications to **T. SHAW FITCHETT, "Review of Reviews" Office, 167-9 Queen Street, Melbourne.**



JUNE IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL.

By J. McWhirter, R.A.

Original is a beautiful Collotype measuring 20 x 25 inches. It forms Part 8 of the Masterpiece Art Series sold for 20s. This picture is sent to any address in postal tube for 2s. 6d. in money order (stamps or postal note 2s. 9d.)

MASTERPIECE ART SERIES.

PORTFOLIO No. 1: MODERN PICTURES.

12 Plates measuring $12\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ each, with Presentation Plate in Collotype measuring 19×10 inches.

Post Free to any address in Australasia for 2s. In Cash or Money Order, and 2s. 3d. in Stamps or Postal Notes.



THE GOLDEN STAIRS.

By Sir Edward Burne-Jones, R.A.

Collotype Presentation Plate with Portfolio No. 1.

No. 1 consists of a portfolio of twelve pictures, reproduced by a special process, with a good margin of white paper, which are quite sufficient for the four walls of any single room in an ordinary house. It is a picture-gallery in miniature, containing many specimens of some of the best work of our best known modern painters. Although published in a portfolio, they are primarily designed for exhibition upon the walls. They are the simplest, cheapest, and best form of mural decoration published to date. The selection of pictures which are produced in this portfolio have all been chosen from modern painters. They are widely varied in their scope. One or two of them may be thrown out by some which would be favourites with others, but we venture to think that no one could put them all up on a bare wall and live in front of them for a week or a year without finding benefit therefrom.

In order to ensure the immediate success of the project, we have added to the twelve pictures constituting the two-shilling Portfolio, a presentation plate of one of the most famous pictures of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The picture is that of "The Golden Stairs," and has hitherto been unprocurable, excepting as a 10s. 6d. photograph, or as a reproduction not exceeding in dimensions six by two-and-a-half inches. This collotype reproduction measures ten by nineteen inches, and places, for the first time, one of the favourite pictures of this great modern artist within the reach of everyone. This in itself is worth the price of the Portfolio.

Portfolio No. 1 contains pictures by such men as Sir E. J. Poynter, Leighton, Millais, Leader, Gilbert, Constable, Tissot and Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

MURILLO FOR THE MILLION.

PORTFOLIO No. 2.

6 Plates measuring 13×16 each, with Presentation Plate in Collotype measuring $12\frac{1}{2} \times 10$ inches.

Post Free to any address in Australasia for 2s. In Cash or Money Order, and 2s. 3d. in Stamps or Postal Notes.

By the kind permission of Mr. Alfred Beit, we have been permitted to reproduce the famous set of pictures by Murillo, illustrative of the parable of the Prodigal Son, as Portfolio No. 2. These formerly belonged to Lord Dudley, and were bought by Mr. Beit. One of them was for many years regarded as one of the chief treasures of the Vatican. There is no doubt as to the Murillo pictures of the Prodigal Son being Masterpieces. They tell the whole story of that marvellous parable with great feeling and dramatic force. From first to last all the pictures are instinct with life, and as you pass from picture to picture the whole parable unfolds itself before the eye.

As these pictures are produced on a large scale than those in the first Portfolio, we are only able to issue six of them, together with the presentation plate of Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," that perfect embodiment of womanly beauty, of maternal love, and of childlike grace and glory.

FAMOUS PICTURES OF ANIMALS.

PORTFOLIO No. 3.

18 Plates measuring $12\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ each, printed in different tints.

Post Free to any Address in Australasia for 2s. In Cash or Money Order, and 2s. 3d. in Stamps or Postal Notes.

The third Portfolio differs in character from either of those which have preceded it. Instead of using six or twelve pictures, with the presentation plate,

we have published eighteen pictures. We thought it well to try the experiment as to whether the six extra pictures would not be preferred to one presentation plate.

The pictures in No. 3 portfolio consist exclusively of animal subjects. The portfolio contains several of the best-known specimens of Landseer, and three of Mme. Ronner's inimitable cats and kittens, the right to reproduce which was graciously conveyed to us by the artist herself. Besides the Landseers and the Ronners, the portfolio contains pictures by T. Sidney Cooper, R.A., H. W. B. Davis, R.A., R. W. Macbeth, R.A., Paul Potter, J. H. Herring, and F. R. Lee.

This portfolio includes a wide range of animal life. Looking over the eighteen pictures, we find that they include pictures of horses, donkeys, dogs, cats, lions, bears, cattle, sheep, apes, geese, and pigeons. Children, as a rule, like animal pictures best of all; and for the decoration of rooms, whether children's bed-rooms, or nurseries, or school-rooms, this series of eighteen pictures will be found invaluable.

FAMOUS PICTURES OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

PORTFOLIO No. 4.

12 Plates measuring 12½ x 9½ each, printed in different tints, with Presentation Plate in Collotype measuring 10 x 16½ inches.

Post Free to any address in Australasia for 2s. in Cash or Money Order, and 2s. 3d. in Stamps or Postal Notes.

Our fourth Portfolio is devoted to types of female beauty. The presentation plate is Mr. Edward Hughes' celebrated portrait of the Princess of Wales (now Queen Consort), and there are twelve pictures, reproducing some of the most famous paintings of beautiful women by English and foreign artists.

Such artists as Greuze, Mme. Lebrun, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Romney, are represented in this Portfolio.



"BLOSSOMS," By Albert Moore, R.A.

Original is a beautiful Collotype nearly 20 times as big as this, forming Part 6 of the Masterpiece Art Series. Post free, 2s. 6d.

PORTFOLIO No. 5.— Two fine Collotypes.

Post free to any address in Aust. alasia for 2s. in Cash or Money Order, and 2s. 3d. in Stamps or Postal Notes.

CONTAINING

"The Cherub Choir," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., measuring 16 x 13½ inches.

"Venice," a picture of world-wide fame, by J. W. Turner, R.A., measuring 13½ x 9.

PARTS 6 TO 10— COLLOTYPES.

Parts 6 to 10 of the "Masterpiece Art Series" consist of very beautiful single Collotype Pictures. It is impossible here to give any description of each beyond repeating the opinion of the Director of the National Gallery, Melbourne, that they surpass photographs or steel engravings. The Director of the Queensland National Gallery also writes: "I should consider them cheap at four times the price." Small reproductions of some of these pictures appear in these pages, and a full-page reproduction of Part 9 appears as a frontispiece to this Review. The following are the titles of the five parts of the Masterpiece Art Series, each of which may be had for 2s. 6d. in money order, or 2s. 9d. in stamps or postal notes.

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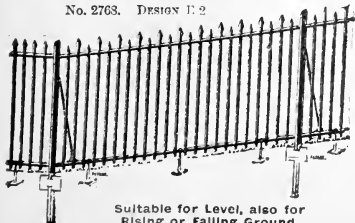
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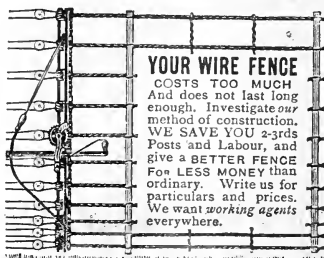
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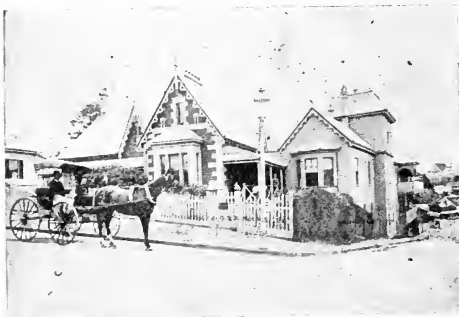
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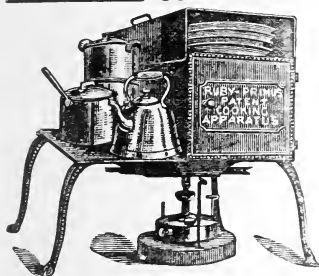
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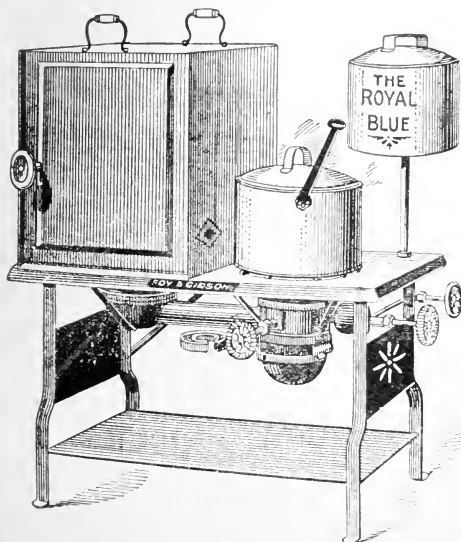
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